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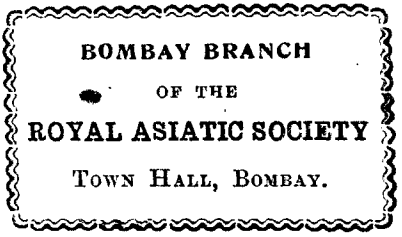

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A

WALKING TOUR ROUND IRELAND.

LONDON
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A

ALKING TOUR ROUND IRELAND

IN 1865.

BY

AN ENGLISHMAN.

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Il n'y a point de description de voyage sans défaut, ni aucun voyageur exempt de tout préjugé, ainsi le parti le plus sage c'est de ne pas défendre ses opinions avec opiniâtreté.

NIEBUHR.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLING
Publisher in Ordinary to Her
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PREFACE.

THIS WORK owes its existence mainly to design, but partly also to accident. From the commencement of my travels I took notes of my daily journeys; but as I proceeded, many Irish gentlemen took it for granted that I intended to write a book about the country, and they expressed the greatest possible interest in the idea of such a publication. The general intention I originally formed thus gained ground, and it occurred to me, that if the Irish people themselves take an interest in knowing what an English stranger has to say about their country, there was hope that still greater attention would be paid to such a work in England, and that an adequate public might therefore be obtained such as to justify or excuse, if not to ensure the success of, the present publication.

Before I went to Ireland, and by way of preparation for my tour, I read many works of travel and handbooks or guides relating to the country, but I did not take extracts or make notes from these sources. I only allowed the information thus obtained to pass through the mind, without making any attempt to find a resting-

place for it there. My work professes to give a strictly original account or description of Ireland as it appeared to—I hope I may say—an intelligent and well-informed Englishman. I have also endeavoured to be impartial. With regard to my opportunities for observation, these may be briefly summed up. I spent nearly ten weeks in Ireland, visited more or less twenty out of the thirty-two counties, and walked upwards of a thousand miles.

I feel of course conscious that the present work must be to a great extent superficial in its character. Ireland to the enquiring stranger appears under several aspects. To the antiquary it abounds with round-towers, castles, and other interesting remains of bye-gone ages; to the botanist there are many plants and shrubs requiring his attention; and the naturalist feels some interest in the country on account of the absence of snakes, if for no other cause. Something is here also for the geologist. To the politician Ireland is an ever-recurring problem, while the social reformer and philanthropist take a deep interest in the system of education, the management of workhouses, the subject of fisheries, and the general statistics of the people. Again, the land and church questions are topics of great interest and importance. But in order to give definite information and elaborate statistics on all these subjects, it is obvious that I must have left the domain of travel and resorted to blue-books and other works, and have gleaned or gathered information acquired by the labours of others, and on matters too with reference to

which I possess no special acquaintance. It has appeared to me, therefore, better to confine my attention exclusively to topics within my own observation and experience. By adopting the other course I should increase the size of the present work beyond due limits, and be extracting information which the reader can better obtain from the original sources.

Imperfect, however, as this work may be, yet I believe it contains experiences of the country different from those obtained, or at least recorded, by any other traveller, or I should not venture to appear before the public in this to me new literary walk. There is appended a map of Ireland by Stanford. The course of my own travels is indicated thereon by a red line. For the special information of the pedestrian reader I have made out a table of journeys, distances, and stoppages, in order that he may compare his own walks with mine.

Those who travel at all know well how the mind becomes the subject of many changes and transitions—now elevated, gay, or joyous, and then depressed, melancholy, peevish, fretful, irritable, or misanthropic. In writing out my notes I have endeavoured to catch the vein of the moment, and to relate not only actual experiences but my inmost thoughts. I have adopted the form of a journal, because that I thought would make the narrative the more real and life-like. To the critical reader it may perhaps appear that I have occasionally entered too much into details; but my object is to take the reader with me as a kind of fellow-traveller,

such as he might have been had I travelled in company, and to make him the partner of my joys and sorrows, and thus to realise as much as possible the actual experiences of each day's journey.

The reader, however, who peruses the following pages will be able I trust to separate the grave from the frivolous in the narrative, and to distinguish humour and irony from real, earnest, well-considered statements and opinions. Though the work is the result of a holiday tour, and written for the amusement of the reader, yet I am not without hope that its publication may be productive of some good to Ireland.

LONDON: *May* 1867.

CONTENTS.

Table of Journeys, Distances, and Stoppages . . . PAGE xvii

CHAPTER I.

London to Morecambe Bay—Belfast—Carrickfergus—Larne—Glenharm—Carnlough—Garron Tower . . . . . PAGES 1–13

CHAPTER II.

Waterfoot—Cushendall—Glen Dunn—Ballycastle—Carrick-va-rede—Dunseverick Castle—Pleaskin—The Giant's Causeway . 14–29

CHAPTER III.

Bushmills—Dunluce Castle—The White Rocks—Portrush—Port Stewart—Coleraine—Newtownlimavady 30–41

CHAPTER IV.

Londonderry—Strabane—Sion Mills—Newtown-Stewart—Omagh 42–54

CHAPTER V.

Dromore—Trillick—Ballinamallard—Enniskillen—Devenish Island—Bathing in the Lakes—Ely Lodge—Lough Erne—A Night in a Hay-field 55–67

CHAPTER VI.

Belleek—Ballyshannon—Bundoran—The Climate of Ireland . 68–81

CHAPTER VII.

Cliffony—Drumcliff—Sligo—Hazelwood Park—Lough Gill—Dooney Rock—Cairns Hill—Dominican Abbey—Ballysadare—Collooney—Tobercurry—Custom of serving Potatoes—Bellahy—Swineford—Experiences of Irish Inns—Dogs in Ireland . . . PAGES 82–100

CHAPTER VIII.

Sacred places—Turlough—Castlebar—Westport—Clew Bay—The Fenians—Croagh Patrick—Yappa—The Mail Car—Fishing in Ireland—Erriff Bridge—Aasleagh—Leenane—Experiences of Fellow-travellers 101–115

CHAPTER IX.

A new Delicacy—The Mail Car—Badinage—Another Mail Car—The Killeries—Joyce's Country—A Roscommon Farmer—Kylemore—Delays in serving Meals at Inns—A Hurricane—A Boy Postman—Glen of Kylemore—Contrast in Courtesy—An indifferent Traveller—Adragoole—Letterfrack—Roman Catholic Priests—Ballynakill—A Courteous Farmer—Islands off Cleggan Bay—Scenery between Kylemore and Clifden—Horseback in the old style—Spoiling the Country—Clifden 116–133

CHAPTER X.

Irish Church Mission—Clifden Castle—A Cottager's Dwelling—Irish kindness to Dumb Animals—A Seller of Curiosities—Ballynahinch—The Lakes Derryclare and Inagh—A Terrible Shower—The Recess Inn—A Record of the Weather—Loughs Oorid and Shindilla—Flynn's Public-house—Maum—Irish Chicken—Lough Corrib—Cong—Irish Innkeepers—The Curiosities of Cong—Wyld's Map—The value of a Testimonial—A delicate subject—Turf as an article of Fuel 134–153

CHAPTER XI.

Distant View of Joyce's Country—Cross—Glencorrib—Moyne Castle—Ross Abbey—Irish bye-paths—Burying-places in Ireland—Headford—Suggestion for securing a Clean Bed—Difference of opinion as regards

an Inn—Absence of Milestones—Clooneen Castle—Ruins of Annaghdown—Cregg—Laghtgeorge—Clare-Galway and Abbey and Castle—A way-side Inn—Other Ruins—Want of Education—General View of Galway—Hotel Experiences there . . . . . PAGES 154–166

CHAPTER XII.

Galway—The Railway Hotel—Lynch's Monument—The Church of St. Nicholas—A primitive Hair-cutter—The Claddagh and experiences there—Salthill—A good Bathing-place—The Geography of Ireland—Hotel Bills 167–180

CHAPTER XIII.

Oranmore—Clarinbridge—Kilcolgan—Ballinderreen—Kinvarra—The Castle there—An Umbrella a means of Introduction—Useful Information—A Girl-swimmer—An officious Landlady—A genuine Irish Boy—An Invitation accepted—Observations on Irish Hospitality—Erin's green Fields—Knocking, but no admittance—An industrious Boy—Village and Castle of Corranroo—Effects of Potheen—Ballyvaghan and Fair there—Native Irish—Corkscrew Hill—Lisdoonvarna—A small Cabin—A civil Waiter—Observations on interest excited by Pedestrian travel 181–194

CHAPTER XIV.

Card-playing on Sunday—The Spas of Lisdoonvarna—An unpleasant Insect—A crowd of Dogs—Ballynacken Castle—Village of Killalough—Talk about the Fenians—A suspicious Peasant-woman—O'Brien's Tower—The Cliffs of Moher—Misinformation—Liscannor—An unclean Bed and the remedy—A night Adventure—O'Brien's Bridge—Lehinch—A friendly Irishman—A shrubbery of Trees—The Blowing or Puffing Hole—A fine Sea-scene—Milltown Malbay—A dangerous Bathe—A good Hotel—An Old Man's Opinion of the Fenian movement 195–207

CHAPTER XV.

Distant view of Milltown Malbay—Village of Quilty—Mutton Island—Kilmurry—Two quiet Dogs—Expense of building a Bridge—A sensible Pony—Doonbeg—Killard Church—Bealaha—Black Whiting—

Harbingers of a Watering-place—Kilkee—Bathing Regulations—Hotels at Kilkee—A poor Dinner—Advice to the Pedestrian—A cheap Bathe—A walk in Company—A solitary Milestone—A killing pace—Kilrush but no Pun—Steamboat as a Ferry—A new Map brought on the scene—Hog Island and Scattery Island, on the Shannon—A cool proceeding—Tarbert—Enter Kerry—Views of the Shannon—A dull Road—Listowel—The River Feale—Am mistaken for a Spy—View of Slieve Mish and Dingle Mountains and Macgillicuddy's Reeks—About Touters—A Waiter's Story—Ungenerous Rivalry—Tralee

PAGES 208–220

CHAPTER XVI.

The Road from Tralee—Hedges with Birds singing—Brown Flesk River—Cloonmealane—A Policeman's information about the Fenians—Meaning of the word 'convenient'—Birds again—Distant View of the Killarney district—Village of Malahiffe—Near View of Killarney—A Funeral—An out-of-the-way route from Tralee—The town of Killarney—Season on the wane—'Happy Jack'—Roman Catholic Cathedral—Lord Kenmare's Domain, and view therefrom—The Lake Hotel and experiences there—The *Muckross Hotel*—*Abbey of Muckross*—Grounds of Muckross House and views there—Brickeen Bridge—Dinish Island—A Mountain-dew Woman—The old Weir Bridge—Trackless Walk over the Tomies Mountain—Lose the way—Magnificent Views of the Lake district—Find the way again—O'Sullivan's Cascade—On and on to the Gap of Dunloe—Engage a Guide—The present Kate Kearney—Progress by night through the Gap of Dunloe, and from thence to Muckross—Difficulties of obtaining admission—Want of Sympathy—Tea after a long Walk—A Resolution 221–245

CHAPTER XVII.

Ascent of Mangerton Mountain—Offer of a Pony—Mountain Dew Girls—A Faithful Companion—Conversation free but innocent—The Devil's Punch Bowl—A Lucky Well—Change for a Sovereign—A doubtful Custom—The Keeper of the Well—A sham Reconciliation—A Description of the Mountain—Objects of Interest—Descent of the Mountain—Disinterested young Guides—Kilgarvan—Kenmare—A new Route—Erroneous Information—The Beggars in Ireland—Talk about the Fenians—Roman Catholic Chapel—Meeting with Teacher of National School—A young Farmer—Prevalence of small Conspiracies—A Poor Idiot—Village of Benarm—The Esk Mountain

—A fierce Dog—Ideas as regards Strangers—Superb View—Lord Bantry's Lodge—A precocious Boy—Absurd Distinctions—Lady Bantry's View—Glengarriff—Dwellings of the Poor in the South and West . . . . . PAGES 246–265

CHAPTER XVIII.

A domestic Inn—Good Bathing—Safe Boating—Advantages of Glengarriff—An alarmist Waiter—A Fenian Attack—A doubtful Story——Probable Result of groundless Alarm—Roche's Roman Catholic Hotel—Distant View of Glengarriff—A Countryman and the Fenians—Ballylicky—Carriganass Castle—The Shehy Mountains—The Dance Mountain—A friendly Escort—A Dog and his Master—A Peasant's objection to Walking—A real Friend—Inchigeelagh—A homely Inn—A better Route suggested—Carrynacurra or Castle Masters—Macroom—Carrigadrohid—Coachford—Dripsey—Inishcarra—The Valley of the Lee—Carrig Rohane Castle—Cork proclaimed—Expected Rising of the Fenians—Ominous Signs of Danger—Undefined Fears and their Result—Meeting with a Soldier—Panic allayed—Aspect of Quiet—Cork—A Frightened Gentleman—The Imperial Hotel—A would-be Pedestrian—Experiences of the Imperial Hotel—Claims of Pedestrians 266–277

CHAPTER XIX.

Road to Blarney—A matter-of-fact Party—A Victoria-Cross Man—A witty Cicerone—The Blarney Stone—A wise Resolution—The Caves, Lake, Groves—Truth without any Blarney—The Gaol at Cork—Wellington Bridge—The Mardyke—The Queen's College—An Irish Elk—The Roman Catholic Chapel—A Tradesman's View of the Fenian Movement—Reading-room at the Imperial Hotel—Table-d'hôte Dinner—A superstitious Incident—A curious Custom—Route out of the City—Village of Douglas—A Cross or Post Director—Passage Road—Passage—The Ferry—Carrigaloe—The Docks—Queenstown—The splendid View here—Road out of Queenstown—More Talk about the Fenians—Early Marriages—Ballintoy and Bellgrove—An Irish Peasant's Idea of Distances—The Esk Ferry—Ballynacorra—Middleton 278–292

CHAPTER XX.

Morning after the Feast—An unobservant Officer—Familiar Sounds—A negligent Boots—Market-day—Village of Churchtown—Two old Ruins

—A Chapel—Castlemartyr—Earl of Shannon's Seat—Killeagh—Ahadoe or the Maiden Estate—A Country Girl—More Talk about the Fenians—Rockmanleigh—View near Youghal—Union Workhouses—Youghal—St. Mary's Church—House and Garden formerly of Sir Walter Raleigh—The first Potato—The Devonshire Arms—Ferry over the Blackwater—Kinsalebeg Church—Springfield—Whiting Bay—Ardmore and Ruins and Well—A pretty Girl's account of St. Clenan's Stone—Main Road to Dungarvan—Story of a Shipwreck—*An ignorant* Fellow—An intelligent little Girl—A beautiful Glen—A half-drunk Labourer and Fenian—Dungarvan . . . . . PAGES 293–305

CHAPTER XXI.

Dungarvan Churchyard—Painful Reflections—A young Peasant Man—Road from Dungarvan—Village of Lemybrien—Ballycorrig Fair—Talk about the Fenians—A pretty Cottage—Superior Dwellings—A Simple Idea—Mountain-pastures—Milk in abundance—Small Town of Kilmacthomas—Interior of a Cottage—A creditable aspect of affairs—Prominent Milestones—Adelphi Hotel, Waterford—The friendly Brothers—A lively Party—Their ideas of the Irish Peasant—A confident Adviser—Bridge at Waterford—An old Tower—*Opinion of the* Adelphi Hotel—An independent Shopkeeper—A self-appointed Guide—The Park—Passage—Suspicions of the Police—The Ferry—Ballyhack—Leave Munster—Duncannon—A Constable and Fenianism—Nelson Bridge—Wellington Bridge—Taghmon and Experiences there—Wexford—Landlord and Tenant *306–322*

CHAPTER XXII.

Object and Nature of present Work—Courtesy and Politeness of the Peasantry—Dialect—Personal Aspect of the Irish—The Constabulary—The Fenian Movement, its Causes and Consequences—Self-confident Character of the people—Want of a Middle-class of Gentry—Nationality—Division of feeling in different Provinces—The present Church Establishment—Hotel Bills 323–336

CHAPTER XXIII.

Description of Town of Wexford—Slaney Bridge—Enniscorthy—Vinegar Hill—Ferns—Consequence of Inhospitable treatment at Country Inns—Ruins of Augustinian Monastery—Gorey—More Talk about the

Fenians—Inch—Incivility at an Inn—A suspicious Dog—Arklow—Wooden Bridge—The second Meeting of the Waters—A runaway Horse and Cart—The Wooden Bridge Hotel—A Protest—The Vale of Avoca—The real Meeting of the Waters—Want of Enterprise—Rathdrum—Attendance at Irish Inns—The Avonmore Valley—Clara Bridge—Laragh Bridge—The Vale of Glendalough and the Seven Churches—Treatment of Car-horses—Roundwood—Fenians meeting for Drill—Enniskerry and Hotel there . . . . . PAGES 337–350

CHAPTER XXIV.

Birds Singing—Bray—A dusty Road—Shanganagh—Killiney Hill—An old Man's recollections of Dalkey Island—Kingstown Swimming Baths—Suburban Districts—Unpleasant Attention—Merrion Square—Public Buildings and Principal Streets—Macken's Hotel and experiences there—The Imperial Hotel—A Wet Morning—Christ Church Cathedral and Service there—St. Patrick's Cathedral—Rathfarnham—The Post Office at Dublin—Nelson Monument—Trinity College—St. Stephen's Green—The Exhibition—Hall of the Four Courts—Phœnix Park—Evening at the Exhibition—A case of Overcharge—A suggestion to Tourists in Ireland 351–367

CHAPTER XXV.

Santry—Swords and Antiquities there—Mystery of the Round Towers—A homely Landlady—A bad Egg—My Hostess's View of the Fenian Movement—The Green Ribbon—Malahide—Balrothery—Balbriggan—Gormanstown—Aspect of the Country—Out of Dublin into Meath—Drogheda pronounced Droyda—Courtesies to Strangers—The River Boyle—Enter Louth—The Ruins and Crosses at Monasterboice—Torrents of Rain—Dunleer—Castlebellingham—Dundalk—The Hotel there—Church and Lord Roden's Grounds—Roman Catholic Chapel—An eccentric Commercial Traveller—A new Stipendiary Magistrate—Shutting the Door—Irish Conviviality—Remarks on Travel in the central Counties—Hotel Bills 368–379

CHAPTER XXVI.

Pedestrianism puzzling to Waiters—View of Dundalk from the Bridge—An accidental change of Route—Village of Flurry Bridge—Out of Louth into a corner of Armagh—An asthmatic Guide—A Mountain

Path—Worn-out Boots—Offer of a Pony—A sympathetic old Woman—Nature of Scenery—Come astray—Difficulties of a Short Cut—A very fine View—A suggested Excursion—A faithful Guardian of the Homestead—Narrow Water and Ferry—Cross into County Down—Warrenpoint—Rosstrevor—Wedding Parties—Sanxter's Hotel—Party there—Distance from Dundalk—Civility of Irish Car-drivers to Pedestrians—The Mourne Mountains—Killowen—Kilkeel—Change from Fine to Wet—Again in Ulster—Country people's Expressions there about the Weather—Annalong—Bloody Bridge and Waterfall—Advantage of Walking in Rain—Newcastle—Annesley's Hotel—Dundrum—The Castle and View therefrom—Clough—Seaforde—A Funeral—Crinolines—A Fenian—Ballynahinch—Mrs. Walker's Hotel—A fine old Dog—A *Ruse*—The Distance . . . . . PAGES 380–389

CHAPTER XXVII.

Watching the Rain—The Spa—A Fenian Sympathiser—Leave Ballynahinch—State of the Roads—A Comparison—Reflections—Villages of Glassdrummond and Temple—Autumnal Appearance of the Trees—Suburbs of Belfast—Rain, Rain, Rain—Young Women without Umbrellas—Interior Views—Drenching Torrents—A Restaurant—Go on board the Steamer—Farewell to Ireland—Bad Passage—Reach Fleetwood—A Fenian Adventure there—Return to London—Farewell to the Reader 390–400

INDEX 401

TABLE

OF

JOURNEYS, DISTANCES, AND STOPPAGES.

August 1865.	English Miles.
Thursday, 10th . . Left London.	
Friday, 11th . . . Belfast.	
Saturday, 12th . . Belfast to Carrickfergus	10
Sunday, 13th . . . Carrickfergus to Larne	15
Monday, 14th. . . Larne to Carnlough	15
Tuesday, 15th. . . Carnlough to Cushendall	10
Wednesday, 16th . Cushendall to Ballycastle	16
Thursday, 17th . . Ballycastle to Giant's Causeway . . .	15
Friday, 18th. . . . Giant's Causeway to Portrush . . .	8
Saturday, 19th . . Portrush to Newtownlimavady . . .	21
Sunday, 20th . . . Newtownlimavady to Londonderry . .	17
Monday, 21st . . . Londonderry to Strabane	15
Tuesday, 22nd. . . Strabane to Omagh	19
Wednesday, 23rd . Omagh to Trillick	16
Thursday, 24th . . Trillick to Enniskillen	13
Friday, 25th. . . . Enniskillen to a Hay-field	19
Saturday, 26th. . . The Hay-field to Ballyshannon . . .	10
Sunday, 27th. . . . Balyshannon.	
Monday, 28th . . . Ballyshannon to Bundoran	4
Tuesday, 29th . . . } Bundoran.	
Wednesday, 30th . }	
Thursday, 31st . . Bundoran to Sligo	23
Carried forward . .	246

		English Miles.
SEPTEMBER 1865.	*Brought forward* . .	246
Friday, 1st	Sligo.	
Saturday, 2nd . . .	Sligo to Tobercurry	21
Sunday, 3rd. . . .	Tobercurry to Swineford	14
Monday, 4th . . .	Swineford to Castlebar	20
Tuesday, 5th . . .	Castlebar to Westport	10
Wednesday, 6th .	Westport to Leenane	20
Thursday, 7th. . .	Leenane to Kylemore	8
Friday, 8th	Kylemore to Clifden	13
Saturday, 9th . . .	Clifden to the Recess	13
Sunday, 10th . . .	The Recess to Maum	14
Monday, 11th. . .	Maum to Cong	13
Tuesday, 12th. . .	Cong to Headford	10
Wednesday, 13th .	Headford to Galway	20
Thursday, 14th . .	Galway.	
Friday, 15th. . . .	Galway to Kinvarra	17
Saturday, 16th . .	Kinvarra to Lisdoonvarna	24
Sunday, 17th . . .	Lisdoonvarna to Liscannor	16
Monday, 18th. . .	Liscannor to Milltown Malbay . . .	12
Tuesday, 19th. . .	Milltown Malbay to Kilkee	20
Wednesday, 20th .	Kilkee to Listowel	19
Thursday, 21st . .	Listowel to Tralee	1[illegible]
Friday, 22nd . . .	Tralee to Killarney	19
Saturday, 23rd . .	Killarney.	
Sunday, 24th . . .	Killarney to Kenmare	13
Monday, 25th . . .	Kenmare to Glengarriff	14
Tuesday, 26th. . .	Glengarriff to Inchingeelagh	30
Wednesday, 27th .	Inchingeelagh to Cork	34
Thursday, 28th . .	Cork.	
Friday, 29th. . . .	Cork to Middleton	18
Saturday, 30th . .	Middleton to Youghal	15
OCTOBER.		
Sunday, 1st	Youghal to Dungarvan	20
Monday, 2nd . . .	Dungarvan to Waterford	28
	Carried forward . .	738

OCTOBER—*continued.*		English Miles.
	Brought forward . .	738
Tuesday, 3rd . . .	Waterford to Wexford	37
Wednesday, 4th . .	Wexford to Ferns	22
Thursday, 5th . . .	Ferns to Wooden Bridge	24
Friday, 6th	Wooden Bridge to Enniskerry . . .	31
Saturday, 7th . . .	Enniskerry to Dublin	17
Sunday, 8th	Dublin.	
Monday, 9th . . .		
Tuesday, 10th . . .	Dublin to Drogheda	32
Wednesday, 11th .	Drogheda to Dundalk	25
Thursday, 12th . .	Dundalk.	
Friday, 13th	Dundalk to Rosstrevor	16
Saturday, 14th . .	Rosstrevor to Newcastle	22
Sunday, 15th . . .	Newcastle to Ballynahinch	17
Monday, 16th . . .	Ballynahinch to Belfast	15
Tuesday, 17th . . .	Belfast to London.	
	TOTAL . .	996

A

WALKING TOUR ROUND IRELAND

IN 1865.

CHAPTER I.

London to Morecambe Bay — Belfast — Carrickfergus — Larne — Glenharm—Carnlough—Garron Tower.

I HAD long projected a tour of some kind or other in Ireland, not with the view, I solemnly declare, of seeking out peculiarities or obtaining food for satire or amusement, but with the honest desire of healthful recreation for mind and body, and picturesque scenery; and of ascertaining for myself some information about the habits and character of a people which, though placed in close alliance with ourselves as regards government, yet seem ever in fact to be foreign, if not actually estranged. Previous experiences of like travel in France suggested naturally to my mind the idea of a walking tour, though I little anticipated the nature and extent of the journey I was about to undertake.

Accordingly, on the morning of Thursday, August 10, 1865, clad in a walking though not exactly tourist suit, Leghorn straw hat, umbrella, and with a light

knapsack, I find myself in a cab *en route* for King's Cross. The cruel murder of Lieutenant Clutterbuck in the King's County had recently occurred, not the result of any agrarian disturbance, but merely for the sake of a few paltry pounds. This incident had certainly occasioned me some feeling of alarm, but as I pass along I see in large characters the announcement, 'Triple murder in Holborn,' and am led to reflect whether any place after all can be worse than that London which I am about to turn my back on for the next few weeks.

I leave King's Cross by the 11.30 A.M. train, and passing by Bedford, Leicester, Leeds, and Lancaster, arrive at Morecambe Bay about 9.30 P.M. Nothing particular occurred on the journey, except at one time I really became afraid a case would be furnished for the Association for the Protection of Women. A young person who looked ladylike at first, and whom I had assisted into the carriage, placed her feet on the seat opposite, enclosing me in the ample folds of her crinoline. I was glad there was a young man in the other end of the carriage, who, however, so far from extending his sympathy looked very much as if he thought there was a quiet understanding between myself and my neighbour. We spoke not, but the position was dangerous. At length the young woman took out a large glass bottle containing what the uncharitable would call brandy, but which I put down as sherry. With this she regaled herself at intervals, until, to my relief, dropping her feet she settled down on her side of the carriage, and was soon fast asleep.

When we reached Morecambe Bay the rain was falling fast, and the whole aspect of affairs thoroughly

uncomfortable. I walked along the railway for some distance to a kind of inn, wishing to have some tea before going on board, but the place looked so beery and smoky that I was glad to beat a speedy retreat. I then went on board the steamvessel and down into the cabin, where tea was being presided over by an English lady in that quiet way which seems always to ensure comfort. I joined the party at tea, and then walked up and down the deck with an Irishman who seemed much interested with my intended course of travel. The remainder of the night must be a blank to the reader, though unfortunately it was not so to the writer; for I am a bad sailor, and in these few words they who suffer at sea know well what powerful descriptions of agony are included.

We reached Belfast about 9.30 A.M. on Friday morning, August 11. Amid drenching rain the vessel arrived at her moorings. The captain is reported to have said that it always rains at Belfast, and even an Irish passenger thinks it wont clear up that day. The cars, which I see for the first time, look so dripping wet that it was difficult to imagine how any persons could find pleasure in riding on them. I shouldered my knapsack to the surprise and amusement of the passers-by, and having partaken of some breakfast at a restaurant took up my quarters at the Queen's Hotel. Ireland, I soon found, was not a country for knapsacks; but, at the same time, I was not the man who having once shouldered one was going to put it down again until my travels were over.

The prognostication as to the weather happily proved unfounded, and so I sallied forth to see the

town. The first place I visited was the Museum, which contains a fine local collection of curiosities. Many of the fossils of the county Antrim have been recently added, but the specimens are apparently still incomplete. It would be much more interesting if a separate room were devoted to the fossils and stones of the Giant's Causeway district. One main fault of local museums generally is that the founders attempt to make them too universal. If each town which aspires to such an institution would collect the special remains or curiosities of the district, then such a museum might be established as would attract the attention of antiquarian visitors from all parts, and it would become a just cause of pride to the natives of the locality.

The next spot in Belfast to which I wended my steps was the Queen's College. On my way I had the good fortune to fall in with one of the servants of the place, and he very civilly showed me over the whole establishment. The objects of interest are a fine museum and a good library, and there are eight class-rooms, two or three of which I saw, and they seemed airy and commodious. The mere tourist, however, will be more interested by ascending the tower, from which a capital view is obtained of the town and outskirts. Some readers may probably expect that I should here enter on a learned dissertation with reference to the history of the Queen's College, the nature of the teaching there, and its influence on the social, religious, and political condition of Ireland. But I warn such, before they proceed further, that I only profess to give an account of matters which came under my own personal observation. The view of Ireland, therefore, which I

present to the reader, though imperfect in some respects and deficient in information, will I trust, so far as it goes, prove to be accurate and trustworthy.

A short distance from the Queen's College are the Botanical Gardens, a fashionable resort for the better classes of Belfast, though there seemed no restriction on entering beyond the payment of sixpence and entering your name in a book. These gardens are well worth seeing. They are of some extent, with greenhouses containing beautiful flowers, and a small sheet of water. A party were playing croquêt, and I observed that this game possesses the singular advantage of placing all on a perfect equality. A little girl was playing in company with some boys, and though at many other games she might have been snubbed, she was here treated with as much deference when it came to her turn as if she had been a grown-up person.

Among the public buildings which attracted my attention at Belfast were the Bank, the Commercial Rooms, the Custom House, and the Ulster Hall. The Queen's Bridge should also be seen particularly, as from the centre the stranger has a fine view of the quays and shipping.

Before leaving Belfast I should say a word or two on that, to the traveller, all-important subject, hotel accommodation. I do not of course contemplate making this work a guide in the ordinary sense, but as I observed, during my wanderings round Ireland, that many travellers were not using the usual guide-books, but some book of travels which had attracted their notice, so I think it may prove useful if from time to time, or perhaps from day to day, I set down some of

that information which the reader would otherwise have to seek in an ordinary guide-book. At the Queen's Hotel the looking-glass in my bedroom was constantly spinning round, in a way as if it intended to go smash; and at dinner, the first potatoes I partook of in Ireland were hard-boiled; and at breakfast, the first egg I opened was a bad one, but beyond these small inconveniences, which might not happen to another traveller, this hotel was comfortable enough. There is also another hotel near here, called the Albion, which seems much frequented. Without doubt, however, the Imperial and Royal must be the best hotels in Belfast, and to the former, at least to judge from the visitors' lists in the newspapers, people of rank and fashion do most resort. Before quitting Belfast I must also bear my humble testimony to the courtesy and politeness of the inhabitants, whom the stranger accosted during his walks through their streets. It seems strange to contemplate that, about this time last year, Belfast was the scene of a disgraceful riot, such as happily rarely occurs in any civilised country. All is so quiet and orderly now. I am told, however, by the waiter at the Queen's, that the disturbances were exclusively confined to the quarter of the town where they broke out, and that I might with perfect safety have come to that hotel.

On the morning of Saturday, August 12, I started on my first journey out of Belfast. I walked through the villages of Green Castle, White House, and Lower Castle, to the small town of Carrickfergus, a distance of about ten English miles. I may here observe that, throughout this work I shall use the English measure-

ment as regards distances. An Irish mile is as near as possible equal to one mile and a third English. For practical purposes it may be taken, that three Irish represent four English miles. Along this journey I was much struck by the good appearance of the cottages, and the absence about and around them of all signs of poverty. I was informed by a workman, employed in a manufactory at White House, that many of the workmen there earned about a pound a week, and some two or three pounds, others about ten or twelve shillings a week, and girls six shillings a week. All the girls and women I saw about were without boots or shoes and stockings, but I was informed subsequently, that the manufacturers in the North enforce the practice of naked feet, with reference to the females in their employ, on the ground that it is more healthful, and they can move about in a noiseless manner. Certainly the reason cannot be want of money, for the above wages would enable the girls to dress very well if they so pleased.

On arriving at Carrickfergus I put up at the Victoria Hotel. The militia were in the town doing their term of duty, and the officers messed at the inn, and had taken sole possession of the coffee-room. I had consequently to locate myself in the landlady's sanctum. Here during a discussion between her and, I presume, the adjutant, as to the dinner arrangements, I could not help being amused at an instance of Lord Methuen's liberality to the officers' mess the previous year; the noble lord's contribution then consisted of a cucumber and some mignonette!

Carrickfergus was formerly a fortified town. There

are still to be seen the remains of the old wall. The castle is in a good state of preservation, and is partly used as a barrack and practising place for artillery. From the ramparts a good view is obtained of the town and surrounding country. I visited the church at the time of bell-ringing, an ancient custom which prevails here. It is an interesting old edifice. I soon, however, discovered the difference between visiting a church in Ireland and on the continent. As I was leisurely going over the building, Murray in hand, a sepulchral voice in the distance called out, 'We are leaving now, man.' It was that of an old woman whose duty, I presume, it was daily to ring the bell; so I was compelled to leave in a summary manner, or the reader perhaps would learn more about the church at Carrickfergus. I fared better at the hotel than I should have done on an ordinary occasion, for I agreed to dine shortly after the hour of the officers' mess, so I came in for all their good things.

Sunday, August 13.—I went to church at Carrickfergus in the morning. Before the service a great crowd collected in the centre of the town, to see the militia pass to their several places of worship. It was a curious sight, and one perhaps peculiar to Ireland, and showing, I thought, what I fear is one of the principal difficulties in this country, namely the differences of religious opinions. When the regiment reached the middle of the town they were divided into three about equal divisions—one marched to the English or Protestant church, another to the Roman Catholic church, and the remainder to the Wesleyan chapel. They were all, I understood, obliged to attend some place of

worship or other. At church I was civilly put into one of the best pews. After the service I parted from my very pleasant landlady, of whom of course, under the circumstances, I saw a good deal, and proceeded on my way to Larne, 15 miles. I passed through Glynn. It is a pretty country, but thinly populated. On the way you have a good view of Island Magee, containing to all appearance, and as I was informed, some well-cultivated land. On approaching Larne there is a good sea view, though in my case it was much marred by the rain. On reaching Larne I took up my quarters at the King's Arms, a comfortable inn, though dear. Larne is one of those small watering-places on the north coast which attract their few patrons, principally, I believe, from Belfast.

There was some company at the King's Arms, and among them an Irish gentleman, I believe a solicitor from Belfast. He commenced raising objections to my mode of travel, taking care to point out and exaggerate the many inconveniences to which the walking tourist must necessarily subject himself. This gentleman was the first of a long line of persons who, from the beginning to the end of my travels, bored me in the same way, though I hope I always preserved my good humour. The Belfast gentleman had done some pedestrianism in his time too, having walked from Liverpool to London in I am afraid to say how short a time. Those days, however, are gone. He was now elderly and, moreover, laid up with the gout, which he was come to the seaside to endeavour to shake off. Altogether, I was reminded forcibly of the well-known fable, in which the fox having lost his own tail was

persuading his friends to deprive themselves of such a bushy incumbrance.

Monday, August 14.—The polite attention I felt bound to give to my Belfast friend's numerous objections overnight had made me late in going to bed, consequently I did not rise early in the morning. I found my friend pacing up and down before the hotel, in his gouty slippers, and smoking a white clay pipe. 'I thought,' said he, 'you would be on your way by this time; I am afraid you have been doing Glenharm between the blankets.' This was true enough. After breakfast I proceeded on my way to Carnlough, 15 miles, through Carncastle and Glenharm. The scenery is rocky, but the country very scantily populated. At Glenharm a castle and grounds are worthy, I believe, of inspection, though I only saw them *en passant.* Indeed, I was afterwards informed strangers are not now admitted. On reaching Carnlough I put up at the Londonderry Arms, an unpretending but comfortable inn. This place is situated on a bay of the same name, and has risen up, to adopt an expression of the guide books, under the fostering care of the Londonderry family. In the evening two strangers sought shelter from a torrent of rain. One of them happened to be Mr. Todd, the housekeeper at Garron Tower, the Marquis of Londonderry's. 'This you know, sir, is our inn,' he said; and on leaving he gave me an invitation to come and see the mansion and grounds on the next day, which I accepted.

Tuesday, August 15.—A pleasant walk of four miles along the shore to Garron Tower. I entered through a gate, and for about a mile along an ill-kept road to

the house. Beautiful views meet you at every turn. About the grounds of the castle hay was being sold in stacks by auction. One stack sold for 1*l.* 4*s.*, another for 1*l.* 9*s.*, and another for about the same. I was afterwards told by Mr. Todd that a good deal of rivalry exists in these sales, the hay often selling for more than its real value. I strolled about the grounds before going into the mansion, and came upon the following touching inscription to a faithful old dog:—

Here Urisk lies, and let the truth be told,
This faithful dog was blind, infirm, and old;
Deaf to all else, his mistress' voice he knew:
Blind though he was, his step to her was true.
So strong an instinct by affection fed
Endured till Urisk's vital spirit fled.
Stoop grandeur from thy throne, ye sons of pride
To whom no want is known, no wish denied;
A moment pause, and blush if blush ye can
To find in dogs more virtue than in man,
And spare 'midst all your luxury and pelf
One thought for others out of ten for self.

I was somewhat surprised to find the name of a peer —Lord Ravensworth—attached to these lines; otherwise they would seem attributable to any person other than one of the upper ten. But strange as it may seem, there are many among the higher classes who express as bitter feelings towards the doings and occupations of their neighbours as any of those who are much lower placed in the social scale, and are supposed therefore to view the classes above them with jealous eyes.

The mansion of Garron Tower is a plain, modern structure, furnished simply in the Elizabethan style. The rooms contain some pictures and many portraits.

On showing me the latter the housekeeper seemed much disappointed to find that Lord this and Lady that, members of the family, were perfect blanks in the mind of the stranger. 'Then even here,' thought I, 'amid wealth, and luxury, and refinement, and beautiful scenery, combining everything ordinarily thought to bestow happiness, there is one thing still desired and appreciated, namely fame. Surely, it might be enough to possess all these things without caring who knows of their possession; but it seems the possessors think otherwise.' Mr. Todd opened his mind to me a little about the loneliness of living at Garron Tower. And at times, indeed, it must be oppressive. This to him and his wife was a day of gaiety and excitement. Some friends were spending the day with them, I a stranger had called, and the hay was being sold. But for months nobody came, and nothing went on to relieve the monotony of life in a great mansion.

Shortly before reaching Garron Tower I had passed a creek containing a small yacht about 16 tons burthen, belonging to Mr. Turnley, a landed proprietor in the neighbourhood. Mr. Todd informed me this gentleman is an amateur mechanic and workman, having with his own hands made the channel up which his yacht is moored. However, to the credit of the skilled workman, I may observe that a rougher or more ungainly harbour there could scarcely be. It was difficult to imagine how the yacht got in, and still more difficult to think how she could ever be got out again.

On leaving Garron Tower, the road proceeds along by the seashore. Here on a white stone of large dimensions, abutting forth from the rock behind, is the

following memorial of the Irish famine, bearing date October 23, 1849 :—

Frances Anne Vane, Marchioness of Londonderry, being connected with this province by the double ties of birth and marriage, and being desirous to hand down to posterity an imperishable memorial of Ireland's affliction and England's generosity in the year 1846-47, unparalleled in the annals of human suffering, hath engraved this stone :

Fair tablet ! fashioned by the Almighty's hand
To guard these confines of the sea and land,
No longer shalt thou meet the stranger's sight
A polished surface of unmeaning white!
But bid him ponder on the days of yore,
When plague and famine stalked along the shore,
And pale Ierne veiled her drooping head,
Like Rachel weeping for her children dead.
Tell him that to assuage their pangs and fears
Britannia gave her bounty with her tears ;
And bear this record, though in phrases rude,
Of England's love and Ireland's gratitude.

Beneath there is an inscription, in the Irish language, from Psalm cxxxvi. 1:—'O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is gracious: and his mercy endureth for ever.'

Most strangers will no doubt be struck with this simple memorial of the efforts made by England to relieve the unfortunate sister-country during the time of the potato famine; more especially as the prevalent idea is that all such assistance is received with ingratitude. The idea too of Britannia not simply bestowing her bounty as an act of necessity, but giving it with tears of sympathy, is extremely touching.

CHAPTER II.

Waterfoot—Cushendall—Glen Dunn—Ballycastle—Carrick-va-rede—Dunseverick Castle—Pleaskin—The Giant's Causeway.

AFTER leaving the neighbourhood of Garron Tower, the next place of interest the stranger reaches is Waterfoot, a village romantically situated by the sea-side, with fine sands, and a beautiful country in the rear. Indeed, this spot possesses many advantages for a watering-place, but hitherto they have not been seized. There is not even an inn in the village. It is, however, a favourite place of resort for the peasantry of the neighbouring country. To make this statement intelligible to the English reader, it may be here observed that it is a custom with the Irish peasantry, even the very poorest among them, to pay a visit for a short time annually to the seaside, as well as their betters. I met an old couple on the sands at Waterfoot who had thus come there. I asked the man whether there were many of them, and his reply was, 'a whole heap,' from their quarter, Portcoon, Londonderry. The wife said they had good lodgings in a stone house, laying great emphasis on the word 'stone,' as if they were living more luxuriously than when at home. The old woman expressed some surprise at seeing me alone. 'Where have you left the missis?' she asked. I replied there was no missis. She proceeded to ask the reason, when

to divert the topic from myself I turned to the old man and congratulated him on having so good a wife to take care of him; but he availed himself of an early opportunity of walking on alone; so perhaps, thought I, his experiences of married life have not been altogether happy. The words too, thus idly spoken, were not without their effect on the mind of the stranger. The sea receded from view, the scenery vanished, and I stood alone on the shore asking myself the question, 'Why have I no missis?'

Then on to Cushendall, a pretty spot, and a kind of resort for holiday people, though a little distance from the seaside. It is only a village. I had been directed along the wayside to an inn here kept by a Miss Martin. I may take this opportunity of remarking, that in Ireland the inns or hotels are more commonly known by the names of their proprietors than by signs, as in England. I think there is nothing like a good signboard at a country inn. It distinguishes the house readily at night, or by day at a distance, besides preventing any difficulty of identity on the death or change of the proprietor, for as it is said constitutionally that the king never dies, so it may be observed of the 'Flying Horse,' 'The Goat and Compasses,' 'The Magpie and Stump,' 'The Plough,' 'The Pig and Whistle,' 'The Royal Oak,' 'The Cheshire Cheese,' &c., that they never undergo any change except that of hands, with which however the customer has no concern. But to return to Cushendall. I was directed to a house embowered in fuschias and looking more like a private dwelling than an hotel. There was a bevy of young ladies round the house, too, giving a still more

domestic idea. 'Is this Miss Martin's?' I enquired of a young gentleman standing on the threshold. 'I really don't know,' he replied, giving himself a shake. However, I think the reader should know that at this hostelry he will find most comfortable quarters at reasonable charges, and some travellers also may be glad to know that they will have here some excellent ale. Everything about the place also looks neat and clean, all betraying a womanly touch.

Wednesday, August 16.—After breakfast I proceeded on my way to Ballycastle, about sixteen miles. I met at the inn, in the morning, a sportsman who was about going out to Cushendun in my direction, to spend the day shooting. He passed me afterwards alone in his car, and wished me good morning with great *empressement*, but made no offer of a seat. I had by this time, indeed, made the discovery that the Irish gentry in this respect are either selfish or reserved, for on several occasions of cars passing nearly empty, no offer of a seat had ever been made. I had no intention originally of pursuing my travels exclusively on foot, that is, I did not intend to exclude lifts in private conveyances, partly because by so doing you lose a good opportunity of obtaining some acquaintance with the middle classes, and also because such refusals lead to misapprehension on the part of a stranger, such as that one is influenced by feelings of pride, fear, reserve, or the like. But finding, as I have stated, the gentry pass me by unnoticed, I thought it better to make a rule as inflexible as a law of the Medes and Persians, that I would enter no conveyance of any kind or description, under any circumstances whatever. This

rule, which I thus adhered to throughout my travels, enabled me with dignity to refuse offers of seats in very humble country carts, traps, and conveyances, alleging as my reason that I preferred walking. In many instances, indeed, the vehicles were so rough that I should have been rocked, jostled, tumbled, and tossed about, and shaken in such a manner as to render the process of riding much more fatiguing than that of walking. As a general rule, my refusals were taken in good part, and the reason for them believed and understood, though in two or three instances I may have given offence by the course pursued. As I have thus touched upon what may seem a sore topic, not to myself, but to my Irish readers, as evincing a want on the part of their countrymen of hospitality or courtesy to the stranger, I may observe that I make no complaint directly or indirectly on this score, but only state a fact as I found it to prevail. Gentlemen who either keep or hire cars, carriages, and horses, surely have a right to reserve them for their own exclusive use and service; and more especially as travellers who choose to ride about on cars may do so at the moderate rate of sixpence a mile.

The whole coast from Carnlough to Cushendall is extremely rocky, wooded, and picturesque, with a very good road all the way. But on leaving Cushendall the scenery assumes a different character. On quitting the village you pass under trees by the side of a rapid rushing stream, making for the inhabitants and visitors a most delightful walk. I took the new road through Glen Dunn. Cushendun lies to the right, and through that village there is a road over the coast to Ballycastle,

being about a mile longer. This, I should think, is the pleasantest route for the pedestrian; indeed the one I intended to take myself, only I mistook the way. The scenery through Glen Dunn is of a sylvan kind and very fine, but afterwards the road leads over a heathy bog. In the middle of the moor I was caught in a shower of rain. A boy who was passing gave me his sympathy, by saying, 'The mail car will come by presently and pick he up.' But apart from the resolution I had formed, it would have been wiser, even if this vehicle had made its appearance, to walk on, as I was nearly wet through. As a fact, however, it did not pass me until long afterwards. After leaving the moor you pass through some quiet country, and at the entrance of Ballycastle there is a pretty avenue of trees. Ballycastle is a small kind of village town, and has only become known to travellers as a halting stage for the Giant's Causeway. I put up at the Antrim Arms, the only inn in the place. The consequence of this monopoly, of course, is that the hotel is not a good one, and, moreover, dear into the bargain. I asked an elderly chambermaid, who showed me to my room, whether I could have any salmon for dinner; she replied, 'No sir, salmon be very scarce this year; the seasons do go in runs.'

In the coffee-room I met a lady and gentleman who had come by the mail car, and had noticed me as they passed. They expressed great surprise at my walking, and raised two or three of those numerous objections I had to encounter on all hands during my travels. We were not many in the house, but the fussy waiting-maid, who was moreover very plain, which made the

matter more unendurable, raised great difficulties. When tea-time came I asked for mine, but her reply was, 'Not under an hour;' as she had a good many teas to attend to at present. Ultimately I contrived to partake of a cup of tea in company with the lady and gentleman aforesaid. At night, shortly after being in bed, the bed-clothes suddenly glided away, leaving me quite without any. Fortunately I had some lucifers, so I was able to adjust matters again pretty well. But I relate this incident to enable me to say a few words on a delicate subject, which I hope will not give offence to my Irish readers. If the truth, then, must be told, the chamber-maids in Ireland don't know how to make a bed properly. I am only of the middle height, and, as a pedestrian, it will readily be believed that I was not a restless sleeper; yet I rarely met with a bed in the course of my travels where I did not find my toes coming out at the foot, or the clothes in the morning in a state of inextricable confusion. The fact must be, that either through indolence, inadvertence, or want of management, the clothes are huddled together without any method or system. So far as my reading extends, this matter has not been touched upon by any preceding writers of travels, and therefore I feel I am conferring a public benefit by thus alluding to the subject.

Thursday, August 17.—I proceeded by the coast road, which is rather rough, but better for the pedestrian than the car road, which goes far inland. There are, however, only distant views of the coast, and those not very interesting, until you reach Carrick-a-rede. Here the rocks are very fine and magnificent, Kenbane Head being one of the most striking, and on

the end of one of them there are the remains of a castle. Carrick-va-rede is a small island used by the fishermen for salmon catching, nets being set there to intercept the fish on their way up the neighbouring river. To connect the island of Carrick-va-rede with the mainland there is fixed the well-known swinging bridge, which crosses a chasm about sixty feet wide. The bridge is made as follows:—Two ropes from end to end, with transverse pieces of wood, over which are placed long planks of wood. There is a hand-rope on one side only, the burdens carried over by the natives interfering with a hand-rope on the other side. The bridge is strongly fixed by iron chains. It is removed at the end of the fishing season. The bridge oscillates very much, particularly under the circumstances in which I saw it, the weather being very windy, and the bridge moving about very much like a blanket when shaken. I was shown down to the bridge by a big boy, who acted as guide, followed by nine others of different ages and sizes, and a pretty little girl (of course bare-foot) and a small dog. On arriving at the place, a phenomenon met my eyes for which I should have liked to seek an explanation, had an opportunity been afforded. Two young men I had met at the inn at Ballycastle in the morning had actually arrived at this spot, and were quietly seated under an umbrella, unaccompanied by a single guide. They moved away before I left, and I saw them no more, so I had no means of solving the mystery. I believe they were both Irishmen, but the guides do not generally spare their fellow-countrymen. I am sure if these gentlemen would write a pamphlet entitled, 'How to

Escape the Guides of the Giant's Causeway District,' it would meet with as large a sale as Banting's celebrated production.

I did not attempt to cross the slippery bridge, though one or two of the small boys did so, tripping across as lightly as possible. I was informed by one of the party at Ballycastle that a man on horseback once crossed this bridge, though the story was doubted by a gentleman to whom I mentioned it, at the Causeway Hotel, on the ground that he was the brother-in-law of the clergyman of the parish, frequently visited the neighbourhood, and that *he* had never heard of the occurrence; as if we always hear of the matters taking place near our own doors.

My youthful guides on the return up the hill proved very troublesome, pelting one another with cows' manure. The only one who escaped was the little girl, who walked along quietly among the unruly boys, fearing nothing. A boy attacked her with words once, 'You impudent little hussey, why are you throwing that?' 'It was not me who did it,' she replied, with a smile of conscious innocence which would have satisfied any jury. The small dog amused me much. He seemed to come down the hill, as if it were a duty to accompany the stranger to the bridge, but thought it at the same time a horrid bore. I noticed the little animal on our return, and he looked pleased at having his existence recognised as one of the party. At a cottage near the top of the hill the little girl and the dog, the only disinterested guides, left me, but the rest followed into the road. I gave my appointed guide sixpence, and threw up some coppers to be scrambled

for by the others. Some of them unfortunately were bound for the next village, so I had still to encounter their importunities for more money, one or two of the boys kindly volunteering to obtain change; but I remained firm, and one by one they dropped off, and at length the stranger was again alone.

There is nothing striking along the coast until you reach the neighbourhood of Dunseverick, before approaching which place there is a fine rock view, with a pretty water-fall, formed by the River Feigh. Dunseverick Castle simply consists of the scanty remains of a building, standing boldly out on a rocky eminence. No guide is here! It stands alone and neglected. At Dunseverick I struck off the road through the fields, on to the coast, and walked along over the headlands. At Pleaskin, near Dunseverick, there is a beautiful view of rock scenery towards Fairhead. With the breakers coming in over the small rocks, and forming white foam, nothing could well surpass the splendour of the view. I could have watched it for hours. The rock scenery from here to the Causeway Hotel, over a succession of headlands, is magnificent. One of the travellers, who records his opinion in the strangers' book, says that though he had travelled a good deal he had never seen any scenery of the kind so fine, and a Swiss traveller also records his opinion in glowing terms.

I looked out for the Giant's Causeway along the coast, and saw two or three formations I thought might be it. At length, where I believe I should not have looked for it, a guide pointed out the Causeway below. The immediate feeling was one of intense disappoint-

ment. 'Is this the Causeway?' 'Have I come to see this?' 'Is this a part of Ireland which has become so celebrated?' However, I saw the expediency of reserving my opinion until next day, when I should have a nearer view.

The morning had been wet, but the afternoon was very fine, the sun appearing with splendour, and yet unaccompanied by mid-day heat. The wind, however, was very violent, so much so that frequently I had to retire from the edge of the cliff, and had it not been for my knapsack I believe I should once or twice have been blown off my feet. At least I never before encountered such a high wind. It was impossible not to think for a moment or two what would be the fate of any young ladies who in these days of crinoline should venture up here. It would be sad and pitiable indeed! Headland over headland I walked until the night was falling fast, and the way seemed desolate and dreary. Had I mistaken the route, and would darkness find me still wandering on cliff over cliff, far away from any human habitation? It seemed likely, not a soul was near. At length I meet a party, who tell me that some distance further on I shall come in sight of the Causeway Hotel. This is welcome intelligence, for I begin to feel dead-beaten. At length I reach the inn, and rarely, probably, did any hostelry prove more cheering to the fatigued traveller than on the present occasion. The distance, however, was not very great, but the mode of walking along the headlands very fatiguing. I had come to-day, as near as it could be reckoned, about fifteen miles, the way by the coast being about three miles longer than the road.

Friday, August 18.—I had heard a good deal of the guides at the Giant's Causeway, of their pertinacity and importunities, and generally the very great bore they were to all visitors there. I had read also Thackeray's lively description of his experiences in that behalf which he encountered here. If there be any truth in the proverb, that 'to be forewarned is to be forearmed,' surely I had that advantage. I therefore issued forth from the hotel in the morning with a kind of consciousness of superior knowledge in this matter, and as if alive to all the artifices of the guides. I felt conscious, however, that in my tourist suit I presented an obvious object for attack. Shortly after leaving the hotel a guide accosted me, and claimed a kind of acquaintanceship, on the ground that he was first cousin to the guide who had spoken to me on the cliff the evening before. This certainly seemed so plausible that we, after a short conversation, entered into a treaty, whereby it was agreed that the guide and his fellow-boatman should take me to see the caves, having a leisurely look at them, for 2*s.* 6*d.* The guide then requested me to walk along the rocks to some almost inaccessible place, which he pointed out, on the ground that it would be more convenient for me to enter the boat. Having so done, the boat after a while came up, and we rowed towards the caves. The first one visited was the Porthcoon, which is the smaller of the two. It has a fine interior, and the different colours, namely ochre below, black higher, and green above, present a very curious effect. We then visited the Dunkerry cave, which appears to the eye about the same, though it is a good deal larger, and you can row up farther. There is still another

cave, which is inaccessible, at least by water. I was told by a gentleman I afterwards met at Ballyshannon, that he had just before entered one of these caves in a thunder-storm, and that the effect of the lightning was sublime in the extreme. You might certainly visit the Giant's Causeway periodically for fifty years without encountering such a happy coincidence of circumstances; for when the sea is at all rough it is dangerous to enter the caves, and the boatmen said that the day before none of them ventured out, though there were many visitors, bound for time, who wished to see the caves. One of the boatmen said, that though they wanted money, of course they valued their lives more; and, besides, if any life among the visitors were lost, it would do them a great deal of injury, by creating a general fear as to the safety of going to see the caves. So the most timid may satisfy their curiosity as to these caves without incurring the slightest danger.

Having landed, I proceeded to visit the Giant's Causeway, the greatest curiosity of its kind, in Ireland. I had no guide, purposely wishing to form my own impressions. This course, however, I afterwards somewhat regretted, for it would have been amusing, if not interesting, to hear all that a guide could say on the subject; besides, when visiting some great sight you are always at a loss, without a guide, to know where to begin and where to continue, and it is still more difficult to know when you have done the sight. However, perhaps, the reader is very glad to find that I did not secure the services of a guide, for with note-book in hand, and a general idea of publication in view, there is no knowing but that I might have entered upon

such a lengthened description of the Causeway as would tire the patience of Job himself, had he sat down to its perusal.

I was much better pleased with the nearer view of the Giant's Causeway, though still a good deal disappointed. The Giant's Causeway consists of three causeways, namely, the Little Causeway, being the first one approached; the Middle or Honeycomb Causeway, occupying the position its term conveys; and the Great Causeway, being of course the largest of all. The small causeways, however, show more clearly the peculiar formation of this great natural curiosity. The whole causeway consists, more or less, of small stones from a foot to a yard in length, placed upright and formed of different shapes, but so evenly cut as if done by some human hand. The particular special objects of the Giant's Causeway are the Giant's Well, the Giant's Gateway, the Giant's Seat, and the Lady's or Wishing Chair. On reaching the Giant's Well you are expected to take a glass of water by an old man, who by some right or other, or no right at all, acts as custodian there. I pleaded an exemption, on the ground that I was penniless, having nothing about me less than a sovereign; but the old man said good naturedly, 'I believe you, but there is water enough here to spare,' and accordingly I accepted the proffered glass. An old woman insisted on my occupying the Wishing Chair, and I sat down, but so much happily does travel lift a man out of himself, making a person for the time being a kind of citizen of the world, removed far away from the career of the individual, with its accompanying cares and anxieties, that I really had nothing in

particular to wish for; and had some fairy really appeared at that moment, and waving her wand, had asked my wishes, I should have been sorely puzzled what to say.

The visitor to the Causeway would do well to be reminded that the stones there are very slippery. I speak from painful personal experience. I fell down, through slipping on one of them; fortunately, after rolling along some distance, I was turned round on a grass plat, as gently as if the Giant himself were there, and putting me to bed like a baby, so I escaped with a bruise or two; but a fall on such a spot might easily be more serious. Any description of the Giant's Causeway would be incomplete without some notice of a pretty young woman, with flaxen hair and a red petticoat, who takes up her position there to sell fossils and photographs. She seems to be placed under a kind of ban, having many enemies, and I fear no friends. The guides warn you not to go near her. A small volume I fancy might be written by the visitors, containing their impressions of this young woman. I think all the gentlemen would be more or less in her favour, and the ladies more or less the other way. One lady of title deliberately records her opinion in the visitors' book at the hotel, that the Giant's Causeway would be well enough, 'were it not for that young fiend in a red petticoat.' 'Ah! my lady, that child of Nature possesses those artless ways of pleasing which you, born to wealth and dignity, and continually moving in the drawing-rooms of the rich, have endeavoured in vain to acquire.' I may observe that the young woman's character is above all suspicion, though some

ladies, I was informed, on one occasion were cruel enough to asperse it. I approached the Causeway fully warned by the entries in the visitors' book. There sat 'the young fiend,' alone on the Great or furthest Causeway. She espied me as soon as I was on the Little Causeway, and came tripping along, with her basket, lightly from stone to stone. I said she need not have taken so much trouble, as I should have reached her territory shortly, but she replied it was no trouble, and commenced at once producing her photographs and fossils. I explained that I was a tourist, walking with simply a knapsack, and that even if she gave me any of these things I could not encumber myself with them. To my surprise she at once accepted my excuse, and not only so, but afterwards warded off two or three old women, engaged in a similar way, giving them my excuse in almost my own words. I was speculating whether this young woman was aware of the general opinion entertained about her. Perhaps, with smiles for all around, she seemed, as it were, to catch back some of their rapture. She had been there, she said, for a long period of years, probably from quite a child—I forget the exact number, but certainly more than ten. Though alone and friendless, however, I heard no question raised of her right to occupy the position she held. 'This is the Almighty's work,' observed an old woman to me, pointing to the Causeway; and perhaps it is considered that no human being, however much hated, should be deemed a trespasser there.

I may here remark, that the usual way of seeing the cliffs and rocks of the Causeway district is to hire a

boat, a party joining when convenient, and rowing along near the coast, as far at least as Pleaskin, if not to Fairhead. And as long as ladies will insist on wearing crinolines, this in their case is the only course to adopt with either safety or propriety, for it must almost always be windy over the headlands. For the information of the pedestrian, however, I may remark, that a guide told me that I had adopted the best course; and the old man at the well, on hearing the way I had come, said, 'I perceive, sir, you are an old traveller.'

CHAPTER III.

Bushmills — Dunluce Castle — The White Rocks — Portrush — Port Stewart — Coleraine — Newtownlimavady.

ABOUT two o'clock on Friday, August 18, I left the Causeway Hotel for Portrush, a distance of about eight miles. Shortly after leaving the hotel there is a small hamlet of very neat houses. Three young boys followed me from here, begging, over fences, through fields, and down nearly to the seashore. I ultimately stopped, and turning to the youngest, an intelligent and pretty-looking child, who, though only just able to talk, seemed somehow or other to be the leader, and thinking to touch him I said, 'Now you must go back, or your mother will lose you.' He replied, 'that big woman up there owns us all.' 'What,' I said, 'that tall lady we passed just now.' 'Yes.' I was amazed at the little fellow thus quietly ignoring the existence of his mother, who must tend him so well, for he is clean and well-dressed. No slave-child could have spoken more clearly of proprietorship over him and his. I had noticed a tall lady walking without bonnet or shawl in the hamlet as I passed through. She probably lives there among her cottages, doing no doubt a great deal of good, keeping the houses in repair, as was indeed self-evident, and by the wholesome awe which her

presence excites very likely conducing to the good order of the tenantry. I gave the children a penny each, their little leader not being satisfied that they should go back for less, and then walked along the sands for about a mile.

After leaving the sands you cross a narrow bridge over a small river which here joins the sea. The effect of the rapid stream in one direction, and the waves meeting it, as if in welcome at the long journey through hills and valleys and rocks, being at length ended, presents a curious effect. I then walked along the shore road, and encountered a gentleman fishing in company of some children. The yield was only a few very small fish. I sat down a short time, and entered into conversation. The gentleman asked me whether I was not afraid of having a pot shot in the evening. I replied that I placed implicit faith in the country. Presently a very pretty young lady appeared on the scene, and my friend was up like a shot to address her. I also rose as quickly as my knapsack would permit, and having taken off my hat in compliment to the lady, and wished my friend good day, proceeded on my way. The Irish are so much given to badinage, on which subject I shall have a few words to say by and by, that I could not exactly determine whether this gentleman was serious in thinking a stranger incurred any danger such as he spoke of; but whether meant seriously or in banter, I was forcibly struck by the observation. Fancy a tourist in France, Switzerland, or the Tyrol being asked even in joke whether he feared being shot at in the twilight. Such a question would have no meaning. I ought to mention

that the gentleman was an Irishman; and I was also struck by the impolicy of raising such a suspicion in the mind of a stranger on his first entry into the country.

I walked on and passed through Bushmills, a village overlooking the sea, with apparently a good hotel, and attracting some visitors who like quiet. The lovers of good cheer also will be glad to learn that Bushmills is celebrated for its whisky. While walking along near a party, a little girl asked a lady how long it would take to walk round Ireland like that, evidently referring to me. The reply was, two or three months to do it properly. I thought at the time that this was an exaggerated estimate. Why they imagined I was bound on such a journey I do not know; but the result proved that the lady was right in her calculation.

Then on to Dunluce Castle, which I saw thoroughly. It is a fine old ruin with a very narrow causeway between the mainland and the rock. This causeway is considered rather dangerous to cross. I found no difficulty myself, though a slip would be as fatal as on the Matterhorn. I felt a little nervous at seeing the little girls of the party I just now mentioned skipping across with all the confidence of childhood. Part of the castle is on the mainland, and part on the rock. The road then passes by the White Rocks a succession of cliffs of that colour, and then some fine sands reach from there to Portrush. Here I considered I took leave of the North of Ireland proper, and experienced a kind of pang at parting from scenery so grand, sublime, and magnificent, and of a nature I was not again to see in Ireland. 'Farewell ye rocks, cliffs, and pre-

cipices. Farewell breakers, white with foam. Farewell headlands and caves. Farewell Giant's Causeway and all its attendant wonders. Perchance I shall never see thee again, or if so, under very different circumstances.'

It may be advisable that I should here descend from the sublime to the practical, and furnish the reader—the economical reader—with two specimens of the hotel charges of the north, which will give him a fair idea of the prices generally in this part of Ireland.

Londonderry Arms, Carnlough.

	s.	*d.*
Dinner	1	6
Sherry	1	6
Tea	1	3
Bed	1	6
Breakfast	1	6
Boots	0	3
	7	6

Glens of Antrim Hotel. Cushendall.

	s.	*d.*
Dinner	2	0
Ale	0	6
Tea	1	0
Bed	2	0
Breakfast	1	6
Attendance	1	0
	8	0

Portrush is a pretty seaside town, and the most fashionable watering-place of this part of the North of Ireland. I put up at the Antrim Arms, by far the best, I believe, of the two large hotels here. The other, I forget its name, is kept by the proprietor of

the Causeway Hotel. The public car from there was just entering the town, and the conductor jumped off and ran up to recommend his master's establishment. I expressed myself very well satisfied with the inn at the Giant's Causeway, as there was reason, but replied I must now give the Antrim Arms a trial, whereupon he civilly departed. I allude to this incident to put the reader on his guard who proceeds by the public car from the Causeway Hotel. Not that the other hotel is at all objectionable, but the Antrim Arms is simply the best, and a traveller cannot reasonably be expected to look to any other than his own interest and comfort in such a matter.

There was a kind of table-d'hôte dinner served at the Antrim Arms, that is at the same hour at a number of small tables, consisting of two sorts of soup, fish, meat, and pastry, for the moderate charge of 3*s*. At my table I met two gentlemen I had noticed in the morning going over the Giant's Causeway with a guide, and was curious to learn their experiences. They had not, it seemed, acquired much information. One of them was a good deal amused at the guide's learning. He had been telling them about *Oxford* of iron several times. Beyond the coffee or dining room there is a drawing-room for ladies and gentlemen, and where any persons staying at the hotel, whether single or married, may assemble. There was whist, and some young ladies sang songs. There was one drawback on this evening. The waiter suddenly discovered that some of the photographs he was exhibiting for sale had been taken, or, as some uncharitable persons might say, stolen. He soon made the discovery known, and by

way of a beginning, came up to a very meek-looking young lady who was having her tea in the coffee-room with her party, and put the question in so many words, 'Have you taken any of the photographs, Miss?' The reply was simply 'No.' What else could be done. The girl might have gone into a passion, fumed and raged at the idea of being suspected, but such a course probably would only have served to excite instead of allaying suspicion. The subject was more sensibly treated, and made a topic for banter. Each new person who came into the suite of rooms from their private apartments was asked, 'Have you stolen the photographs?' The ladies considered themselves above all suspicion, because among the photographs stolen was that of Constance Kent. I would suggest, however, to the proprietor of the Antrim Arms whether it would not be better to give his waiters higher wages, so as to prevent the necessity of their eking out an income by the sale of photographs, which, as it seems, may be stolen, and thus a general suspicion thrown on all the strangers who may be at the hotel at the time. We bore the matter good-naturedly, but it might not be so with other more sensitive travellers. The proprietor has added the coffee or dining and drawing-rooms to his hotel, on account of the increase of custom, without bringing the kitchen arrangements any nearer. The waiter was calculating the number of miles he must walk in a day. I forget the result, but it seemed probably within the mark. This disadvantage should be obviated, for to a person with any sensibilities the idea of sending a waiter a quarter of a mile in order to carry out an order is not pleasant.

Saturday, August 19.—On leaving the hotel at Portrush, I walked round by the promontory on which the town is built. There is here a pleasant promenade with seats. I then walked across the bay and bathed. I may remark that the arrangements for bathing at Portrush did not come under my notice particularly, but they do not appear good. Then on to Port Stewart, a small watering-place prettily situated. It seems much frequented by the trade classes, being I presume less expensive than Portrush. At Port Stewart I left the coast, and took the road to Coleraine. From Portrush to Coleraine the distance would seem to be about eight miles. Coleraine is a good-sized town, and appeared to advantage as it was market-day. I walked through the town without stopping, though I took by mistake the road leading to Ballymoney, where I had no wish to go. After proceeding about a mile some country people set me right again. I had a fine view, however, of the river Bann and the beautiful valley through which it flows. I then returned into the town, and took the road to Newtownlimavady, the place I wished to reach that night.

Here I discovered, for the first time, that I had the bad luck to have brought with me an incorrect map. And yet no forethought on my part could well have prevented such a result, for I bought the map of Wyld on account of his great reputation in this way, and because he was mapseller to the Queen. I paid a full price—7*s.* 6*d.*—and told the young man in the shop the purpose for which I required it, namely, that I intended to go on a walking tour in Ireland. He replied that the map he produced was just the thing, giving as it did all the

roads. I had Murray's handbook with me, but wishing to lighten it for the pocket had taken out the map, and left it at home, placing implicit trust in Wyld. So long as I was walking on the great coast road from Belfast to the Giant's Causeway there was scarcely need of any map, but when I proceeded inland then arose the necessity for such aid. Now let me speak of the incorrectness I discovered in Wyld's map at Coleraine. According to it there is only one main road to Newtown—the place is called thus in short—through Bratwell. But in fact there are two roads, one the longest, called the new or broad road, made about sixty years ago, and along which the greater part of the traffic goes. The other one is the old road, shorter but narrower and more hilly. There was a still older road than this, but it has been for some time filled up. Neither road appears to go through Bratwell at all, but a branch road leaving the old road goes through this place, again joining the main road further on.

I selected the old road to Newtown on the ground of being shorter. But it proved very hilly. Part of the way was over bog land and the scenery was wild-looking. But the country improves and becomes richer nearer Newtown. I met a farmer a few miles from Newtown and walked some distance with him. He said the property along here belonged to the Marquis of Waterford, and was let in small farms varying from ten to sixty acres. He himself held forty-five acres. The farmer thought such small lettings injurious. We then had some talk about the diet of the peasantry, which he said was near as follows: some oatmeal and water or milk, with perhaps some tea in the

morning, potatoes with occasionally bacon or meat for dinner, with oatmeal or tea in the evening. Whisky they only partake of on market and fair days and special occasions.

Opinions seemed to differ as to the distance from Coleraine to Newtown. Ten miles was stated to be the distance, but one man said the miles were long, meaning Irish, another short, meaning English. I think the real distance must be ten Irish miles. I complained to a boy working in a field just near, as I passed, that there were no milestones for the guidance of the traveller. He replied, 'Oh! yes sir, there are; you will find a milestone further on, four miles from Coleraine.' Sure enough I did find a milestone further on, the only one to be met with between these two places. It is a short rough stone with the number 4 on it, but containing no other information whatever. I may here observe that along the north there are English milestones neat and intelligible. This is a great comfort to the traveller, especially the pedestrian. I was informed by an Irishman in the north most confidently, that I should find the English milestones throughout the whole of Ireland. But this information was destined to be of the kind I was often to receive in the course of my travels, proving as usual how ignorant the natives generally are with reference to matters connected with their own country or neighbourhood.

I may here remind the reader that hitherto I have been walking from Belfast through the long county of Antrim. But to-day I entered the county of Londonderry shortly after leaving Portrush, as will be seen on reference to the map.

I now arrive after dark at Newtown. There are two inns here, the Queen's Arms or Wilson's, and the Mercers' opposite. My friend the farmer recommended me to the latter, on the ground that it was less commercial than the other and more frequented by the gentry of the county. So I took his advice and asked for a bedroom there, but was told by a maid at once that they were quite full. This statement seemed strange, as there was no appearance of any person about the place; all seemed dark and lonely. I then went opposite to the Queen's Arms and applied for a bedroom there. The maid said there was one, but she would call her mistress. The passage was dark where I was standing, and presently both master and mistress made their appearance with a candle. They asked me whether I contemplated staying more than one night. I said no. They then demurred a little, and replied that all their rooms were engaged, though as at the other inn there was nothing like life about the place. The mistress, however, recommended me to apply at a grocer's lower down, named McKay, and I might be accommodated there. It was now dark and late, and I could do nothing but sulkily follow this advice. So with some difficulty I found McKay's, and entering the shop, asked a pretty girl who was serving customers, and evidently a daughter of the house, for a bedroom, stating I had been to both the inns, and they said they were quite full. At this she expressed some astonishment, as both houses were large and would accommodate a good many. The girl said I should have a bedroom, and showed me into a sitting-room adjoining while it was being got ready. I then asked for some

salmon or other fish to eat. But there I remained more than half an hour, and neither bedroom nor fish was pronounced ready. During this interval I could not help indulging suspicions which afterwards proved true, that I had been refused accommodation at the two inns of the place simply because I was a stranger and an Englishman, or on some unfounded reason or other unknown to myself. To arrive late at night at a town with two large empty inns, and yet find no shelter at either of them, this seemed such barbaric treatment in a country pretending to any degree of civilisation that I could scarcely credit my senses. And such an occurrence happening, too, in a country which is generally considered to be more disposed to hospitality than other nations. Was this an isolated case? Would it occur often? If so, how could I proceed with my travels on foot, if apart from the natural difficulties of walking, the doors of the inns should be closed against me at night. I was weary, hungry, thirsty, and unwashed, which probably gave a zest to these gloomy thoughts, which at length were seasonably interrupted by the opening of the door, and the appearance of a man with hesitating step, whom I at once recognised as the master. I asked him whether he belonged to the place. He replied, 'Yes; the girl says you require a salmon; there ain't a salmon in the house.' I meekly replied I would take anything, but I wished to be shown to a bedroom. The master thereupon called out to the servant to show the gentleman his room, as he wished to have a wash. I knew now I might feel at home at Newtown at last, as proved the case. Mrs. McKay was at the seaside at Port Stewart, leaving the

shop in the charge of her young daughter, a pretty and modest girl, of whom I saw enough to feel persuaded that she will prove an excellent wife to the townsman who may be fortunate enough to secure her hand. My bedroom was a good one, and supplied with three or four towels, more than usually fall to the lot of travellers in Ireland, so I probably gained rather than lost by the inhospitality of the innkeepers of this town.

Sunday, August 20.—I rose late, and after breakfast went to church. The service commenced at 12 o'clock. It is a good-sized church, and was pretty well filled with middle-class people. Two clergymen officiated, who occupied a wide reading-desk together. Both at Carrickfergus and here there was an offertory before the sermon and psalm, the clergyman reading a few of the opening verses. After service I left Newtown. As I walked through the place I carefully noticed the two inns. There was no sign of life about either of them. There was no appearance of the drawn-down blind of the bedroom of the sleeper prolonging his slumbers. No window raised by the riser or careful chamber-maid, in order to air the room. No loungers smoking, talking, sitting or standing about the door. No one looking out of the coffee or any other room. None returning there of the congregation, wending its way in different directions. Desolation and loneliness reigned supreme. Feelings of pity, rather than anger, filled my mind, for practically I had suffered nothing, but the whole town seemed disgraced, and shame had been brought upon its head, by the conduct of the innkeepers in refusing shelter to a stranger.

CHAPTER IV.

Londonderry—Strabane—Sion Mills—Newtown-Stewart—Omagh.

I NOW took the road to Londonderry, intending that town as my next stage. The distance is apparently thirteen Irish miles, though on this matter opinions differed. One man said the miles were English, another Irish. The milestones looked new, but I was informed they were freshly painted every year. I judge the distance from the time taken in walking. I passed through Ballykelly, a large village with a good church, and several other villages and hamlets. The country from Newtown to Derry—which is the short for Londonderry—is pretty enough but not striking. I asked a boy the place a particular cross-road led to. He said 'Muff.' It was raining at the time, and there was a smile on his countenance, which almost made me think he knew the English cant word, and thought it a muffish thing for me to be walking through the country this wet weather. By the by, Wyld's map is incorrect in making the main road from Newtown to Derry go through the village of Muff. As correctly indicated by Stanford's map, attached to Murray's Handbook, it lies off the main road and is reached by a cross-road.

On my way to Derry I took shelter from a shower

of rain in a cottage. There was one room with a bed at the far end; to the right a kind of general room, where a dog seemed to be, from his growl, and pots, pans, &c.; to the left there was a small cowhouse. When I first entered the house I found a little boy in a fez cap, sitting by a turf fire, without shoes or socks, watching a pot with potatoes boiling on the fire. I asked for shelter, which he granted, but did not give me a seat. As I was standing on the threshold, a pretty bright-eyed girl of about fifteen, with boots on but shabbily dressed, came bounding in through the rain. She asked me with great ease and dignity to take a seat, and put my hat down; and no lady at the west end of London, I am sure, could make me feel more at home in so short a time. We commenced talking. It appeared her father was a small farmer, and held about ten acres. We passed on to the subject of my day's journey, when of a sudden the little fellow by the fire, who had not been joining in the conversation, said 'Yes, more than ten acres.' I thought, he was saying, the moon would be up before I reached Derry, and so stated, but his sister with some amusement explained her brother's observation. Poor little fellow, he had evidently been going over the different fields, and making calculations in his mind, and liked the stranger to know the extent of the farm.

I reached Derry about 9 o'clock, and put up at the Imperial Hotel, just opposite the Bishop's Palace. Here I met with bishop's prices, though not, unfortunately, with bishop's fare, which after my long walk would have been very acceptable. I was received by a showily-dressed handsome waiter, who began imme-

diately to take a great interest in my day's journey. Now this I thought did not look hopeful, for according to my experience of hotels, whenever any person connected with the establishment begins to talk about individual matters not connected with the inn, there is sure to be a deficiency somewhere. Such remarks are intended to put the traveller in good humour, and to serve as a kind of antidote or counterpoise to something very disagreeable. However on this occasion the boots, when he brought up my hot water, said that the waiter was doing the best he could for me, which looked cheering. On coming down, the waiter in the blandest manner, as if I had been a bishop at least, ushered me into the room opposite the coffee-room, as it would be cooler and less noisy, and pointing to the table, said with an air of great self-satisfaction, 'There's your dinner, sir.' I looked and saw before me that sight which is so familiar to the frequenter of English country inns, the half-consumed joint of roast beef, without any potatoes, although there had been ample time to cook them, or any other accompaniment; and, as if to make matters worse, I ordered a bottle of claret, which turned out vile stuff. That joint seemed to haunt me during my stay at Derry. I saw it next morning in the coffee-room at breakfast, and again when I came in at lunch time. I could not help speculating on the fortunate traveller who first put the knife into it, while hot and steaming, then the succession of travellers who at different stages partook of this substantial joint. My imagination then descended to the kitchen, and I saw a party of maids and waiters assembled around its remains and talking gossip, and finally I could see, in

the mind's eye, some dog munching the bone with evident satisfaction. My bedroom here, also, was ill-ventilated. Some addition had been made to the hotel, and two or three rooms thrown up, regardless of the fact that the only look-out was a high wall opposite. The chambermaid, however, the next day when she brought some things I had directed to be washed, apologised for the room, and promised me a better one if I remained. Perhaps she had become impressed by the cold water I had used, for I heard her observing to a fellow-servant at the end of the passage about the quantity of water she had taken into that gentleman's room, evidently referring to myself. But there is one thing I must say in favour of the Imperial Hotel, the clothes were beautifully washed, so the bishop has at least taught this lesson, that 'cleanliness is next to godliness.'

Monday, August 21.—After breakfast I sallied forth to see the famous city of Londonderry, called for the sake of brevity, Derry. I went in the first place to visit the cathedral. It has a fine spire, which I had seen for miles along the country side. The church consists of a nave simply, which is certainly a novelty, but it looks very well. The pews are good and comfortable. There are painted windows. The East window is of the date of the church, 1633; the others, I believe, are more recent. The cathedral has been renovated, but the original pillars remain unaltered. There are monuments to Dr. Knox, the last bishop but one, and to Dr. Ponsonby, the last bishop, both highly complimentary. The present bishop is Dr. Higgin. I had observed the palace, which is a large

brick building, and so remarked to the sexton, an official who showed me over the cathedral. He replied, with some emphasis, 'The bishop lives in a stone house.' It is considered in Ireland a distinction to live in a stone house, as distinguished from one of mud, wood, or thatch. I ascended the tower of the cathedral, from which a fine view is obtained of the city and its suburbs, and the river Foyle and the surrounding country. A great part of the city, indeed the greater part, now lies beyond the walls. The ascent of the tower is very difficult, and ultimately up several ladders. The sexton told me that ladies frequently ascended, which, in these days of crinoline, must be rather a feat to accomplish.

I then ascended to the ramparts by the steps at the Bishop's Gate and walked round the walls, those walls rendered so famous by the celebrated siege of Londonderry. In a rough garden along the ramparts there are now to be seen six large guns which were used at the siege. One of them has the inscription, 'Vintners, London, 1642,' and is placed on a stone stand. Another, 'Mercers, London 1642,' on the ground. Another on an iron stand or carriage, two more on the ground, on one of them 'E. R. 1590,' and on the other some figures and letters which are indistinct. But the most famous of all the six guns is one called 'Roaring Meg,' from the great noise caused by its explosion. It bears the following inscription: 'Fishmongers, London 1642. Vita Veritas Victoria. All worship be to God only.'

That which had been the scene of so much bloodshed and of such a glorious struggle was now peaceful enough. Some pretty little girls were playing about the guns and using them as stands for making rough

sketches of the adjoining houses. They pronounced their words so well that I took them for English children, but one of them, on my asking her, replied 'No, I have never been out of Derry, except to a few places,' meaning not out of Ireland. Their little dog, however, kept snarling away, the only interruption to the serene quiet which prevailed.

I then walked along the ramparts until—I mean no pun here—I reached Walker's monument. On two sides are the names of Mitchelburn, Baker, Murray, Cairnes, Leake, and Browning, and in the centre there is the following memorial :—

This monument was erected to perpetuate the memory of the Rev. George Walker, who, aided by the garrison and brave inhabitants of this city, most gallantly defended it through a protracted siege, namely from the 7th Dec. 1689 to the 12th of August following, against an arbitrary and bigoted Monarch heading an army of upwards of 20,000 men, many of whom were foreign mercenaries; and by such valiant conduct in numerous sorties and by patiently enduring extreme privations and sufferings, successfully resisted the besiegers, and preserved for their posterity the blessings of civil and religious liberty.

To the right of the monument there are three guns, two on the ground and a large one on a carriage; and to the left also three guns, two on carriages, one large and one small, and another on the ground. The city of Derry seems to cherish the old walls with just pride; and where they have given way a new rampart has been added, as much as possible resembling the original structure. At the entrance of the cathedral there is a cannon-ball which during the siege was thrown into the church, but I was informed by the sexton that so

far as he was aware there was not now to be met with any other cannon-ball or shell in any of the gardens or enclosures along the ramparts.

I now take my leave of Londonderry with my own actual experiences there. The reader perhaps may be surprised to find that I have not related at some length an account of the celebrated siege, borrowed from Macaulay and others. What an excellent opportunity for padding! But this is not my plan of writing. My desire is simply to relate the results of my own observation and experience during my travels in Ireland.

I left Derry about the middle of the day, intending to walk to Strabane, about fifteen miles, before nightfall. After leaving the town the road winds through a pretty avenue of trees, which proved welcome enough, as there came down a heavy shower of rain just at this time. Seated quite in the dry, under a large and wide-spreading tree, I had the satisfaction to watch a boat with some gentlemen rowing towards the shore, to obtain nature's friendly shelter from the dripping storm. I observed some fishermen in two or three places with nets catching fish. I saw some salmon come out, but they looked small. The country between Derry and Strabane is rich with quiet scenery. A peasant said a great part of the country hereabouts belongs to the Marquis of Abercorn and is let in farms of from seven to sixty acres, at from twenty-five to thirty shillings an acre. I saw to-day some women laying out flax. The first process is steeping it for about twelve days in water, then it is laid out to dry in the field for a day or two, according to the weather.

I observed also to-day, what unhappily is a rare

sight in Ireland, namely two or three ladies or respectably-dressed women, about apparently paying visits to the poor. One of them had a large Newfoundland dog accompanying her. I also remarked two or three village schools, and a village dispensary with attendance by a neighbouring medical man on Saturdays from two to four o'clock. I pass through several villages and hamlets to-day, and find the country altogether more thickly populated than any I have yet seen. I see two or three pigs, but in each case in a pig-stye, quite apart from the house or cottage. I reached Strabane somewhat late in the evening, and put up at the Abercorn Arms. To-day a few miles from Derry I passed out of the county of Londonderry, and am now in the county of Tyrone.

Tuesday, August 22.—It was market-day at Strabane, and a party of commercial gentlemen, who were assembled in the coffee-room the evening before, had evidently risen much earlier than myself, and were gone about their business. One gentleman who had been on a fishing expedition came down still later. The waiter asked him how his cold was. He replied, 'No better.' 'You have lain too long, sir,' was the rejoinder. The remark was no doubt strictly true, but still I was struck by the waiter's familiarity, which would have somewhat shocked a guest at an English inn. This gentleman was telling me, *à propos* of my being in the north, of some beautiful flaxen articles expressly manufactured for the Princess of Wales, which he had seen at the Exhibition in Dublin. This reminds me of what I frequently reflected upon while in the north of Ireland, namely how little probably the fair wearers of

flaxen materials are aware of the extremely unpleasant process the flax has to undergo before it is ready for the mill. 'It is dirty work, sir,' observed a peasant woman to me one day; and truly it is so. The process of steeping the flax pollutes all the rivers, streams, and ponds in the north. The ornamental and picturesque must of course give way before the useful and practical. Pleasure must succumb to business. But still the result is a great drawback to the tourist or fisherman in the north of Ireland. The rivers and waters of all kinds are unpleasant to look upon, and smell like so many sewers, though I am happy to say not so unhealthy. Without presuming to say that the flax in its decomposing state possesses any medicinal qualities or properties, yet I can scarcely think that the smell can be unwholesome, to judge from my own exposure to it for two or three weeks, and from observation of the good health enjoyed by the inhabitants. The fish, however, cannot live in the rivers or streams where the process of steeping flax is carried on to any great extent. I was told by a boy near a small lake one day, that he had seen eels there frequently turn up on their bellies quite dead. Those who know the kind of muddy ponds in which eels will thrive can well imagine the state of pollution which flax-steeping occasions. Again, in the north not only the waters are polluted by the steeping flax but the land too is called into requisition. After a while the flax, having been allowed to steep for a short time, is placed in layers on the fields to dry, and while there the smell for a day or two is very offensive. Altogether the flax becomes a great drawback to the pleasure of the pedestrian. Still, of course a man

with a spark of patriotism in his breast will derive pleasure from the reflection that to the flax is owing the great prosperity which exists in the north, and the striking difference between this and the rest of Ireland in the happiness, condition, and contentment of the people.

But it is nearly 11 o'clock, and I am still in the coffee-room of the Abercorn Arms. At length I leave, and pass through the town, which is of good size, though containing nothing remarkable. I am bound for Omagh, the county-town of Tyrone, and after floundering about a little, get into the right road. There are two roads from Strabane to Omagh, a new and longer road, and the old road, which I took, being the shortest and on high ground, and therefore better for the scenery. Wyld's map does not seem to distinguish these roads accurately, particularly the road I selected, which crosses a bridge over the River Foyle at Strabane, but this does not seem indicated. Stanford's map appears to designate both roads.

Shortly after leaving Strabane, I pass through a place called Sion Mills, where there is a large flax manufactory. An old man told me that about thirty years ago this spot was a black bog, but it was purchased by a Mr. James Herdman of Belfast, who built the manufactory, which employs a thousand hands, and the village to accommodate the workpeople. Some years ago an Englishman came there, as Mr. Herdman's agent, nick-named Tom Driver. He was a practical man of business, but described as somewhat of a free-thinker. He said there was no use in the churches and chapels, 'turn them into manufactories.'

Certainly, the result is the best instance of muscular Christianity which I have known. Altogether I have not seen yet in Ireland a better village or hamlet. The houses for the workpeople are stone-built and roomy, and thoroughly superior in every way. Happily Tom Driver's notions have not been allowed altogether to prevail. There is a large school here, and a church is about to be erected. Sion Mills is a model village, and the Tyrone people may truly say of Mr. Herdman, 'This man hath built us a city.'

I then walked on to Newtown-Stewart, which is about ten miles from Strabane. It is a rich country, and pretty good scenery all the way. Newtown-Stewart is a small town, prettily situated in a valley. I stopped at the Abercorn Arms here, a neat inn covered with thatch, and had some dinner. Then, at 5 o'clock, I started again for Omagh, which is distant from Newtown-Stewart about nine miles. The road proceeds through a rich and beautiful country. On arriving at Omagh I took up my quarters at the Abercorn Arms.

On the road from Newtown-Stewart I had some talk with a man about the flax. He said that less was sown this year than in former years, and the reason was that last year, on account of the drought, the flax could not be properly steeped, and therefore sold for little. Such a result discouraged the farmers this year. Flax was now selling at sixpence a pound. I observed a large stone-roller used for breaking the flax. On my way to-day a boy begged a halfpenny for singing a song, and dancing or jumping 'the crackers.' I was curious to know what this last performance could be, but it seemed so ridiculous, being alone, to sit on a bank

and watch a boy going through some strange antics, that I thought it better to compromise the matter by giving him a halfpenny for doing nothing. Shortly afterwards an old man begged a penny. He was going to Derry to the seaside, for some internal complaint.

I was told by an Irish gentleman I met at the inn at Newtown-Stewart, that a better route to take than the one I am now pursuing would be to go from Strabane to Donegal, through a mountain pass of about three miles, and then to Enniskillen by Lough Erne, and then on to Sligo, the country being described as very pretty. About two miles from Newtown-Stewart is the splendid residence of the Marquis of Abercorn, which I omitted to see, but was informed that it is open to strangers and well worth a visit.

Omagh is a good specimen of a county-town in Ireland, with some fine buildings. At the Abercorn Arms I was given, on the first floor, the best and cheapest bedroom I was destined to occupy during my travels. It contained a magnificent bedstead, sofa, armchairs, large looking-glass, and foot-bath, and was in every respect capacious and splendidly furnished, with a good look-out over a fine garden. Altogether it was a room fit for a duchess to occupy. Can I say more? I took my place by accident, or because I was shown there, in the commercial room in the evening, but the next morning when I came down, observing a coffee-room I went in and rang the bell to order breakfast. The waiting-maid who appeared, at once eyed me with surprise, as if I were in the wrong place, and said, 'Will you walk this way, sir, this is your room,' pointing to the entrance to the commercial room. It was not for

me, I thought, to undeceive her, so I followed as she directed. But of course I perceived the young woman mistook me for a commercial gentleman, and hence, no doubt, the splendid bedroom with which I was accommodated. As a good deal of curiosity always prevails as to the mode in which the commercial gentry are treated, I append the charges at this inn, namely:—

	s.	*d.*
Tea	1	6
Hotel and Attendance . . .	2	0
Breakfast	1	9
	5	3

It will thus be seen, that for the splendid bedroom I have described the charge is only one shilling!

CHAPTER V.

Dromore—Trillick—Ballinamallard—Enniskillen—Devenish Island—Bathing in the Lakes—Ely Lodge—Lough Erne—A Night in a Hay-field.

Wednesday, August 23.—I left Omagh this morning with not the most distant idea where I should be at nightfall. Shortly afterwards I pass a church newly built, on the right-hand side of the road, with hardly a house near; but I see by the map a village called Ballynahatty a short distance off, so I suppose it is intended for the inhabitants of that place. I walked on to Dromore, distant about ten miles from Omagh. Here I stopped and had some dinner at a little inn here. After a good deal of fuss and flurry, some rashers of bacon, eggs, and potatoes were produced, with whisky and water. The charge was 1*s.* 8*d.* to which I added a penny for the boy who waited, being not desirous of spoiling the place. The door of the room when once shut could not be opened from the inside. 'Dromore,' said the landlady, 'is not a place to produce much;' and the remark was true enough, but still I appreciated her honest desire to do what she could for me at so short a notice.

On leaving Dromore four little boys begged something of me, on the ground that they had had no

breakfast because their mother was gone up the country. I gave them a halfpenny each. Shortly afterwards another boy begged a halfpenny to buy some bread. I asked him if he had had any bread to-day; he hesitated, but of course I gave the poor young fellow the halfpenny.

I was informed on the road that I should find a good inn at Trillick, a large village about six miles from Dromore, and to this place accordingly I wended my steps. The country all the way from Omagh to Trillick is flat, with here and there some undulations. A little bog, but the land generally good. On my way to-day I observed on a tree the notice or warning, 'Snakes here.' What does this mean? I had no opportunity of discovering during my subsequent travels, nor did I see the like notice anywhere else. I must leave this matter to be investigated by some future traveller. It is only fair that I should leave behind me a few gleanings.

Shortly before reaching Trillick I met a young man in a cart, of whom I enquired the way. He told me, and on my thanking him said, 'Not at all;' he himself was about to become a traveller. In a few days he was about to emigrate to Sydney in Australia, having a sister and brothers there who paid his passage. He asked me the object of my travels. I said I was taking a tour through the country. The young man seemed incredulous, and remarked that sometimes persons brought articles about with them to sell, such as jewellery. Had I any such things to sell? I was amused at this fine stroke of politeness in assuming me to be a bagman of the first water. I again asserted that the

object of my travels was only pleasure, and the youth believed me. On hearing I had come from Belfast on foot he said, 'Well indeed that is a long tramp.' He thought Ireland a poor place for me to come and see. 'No wonder,' thought I, 'you think so, as you are about leaving it for ever!' Then some companions came by, and giving them a lift we parted. I began reflecting as I went on my way what would be the career of this young man at the Antipodes. Would he realise a large fortune, and return some day a nabob to his native country, and show his friends the lanes, with a just feeling of pride, through which he used to drive his cart when a boy; or would he sink so low as to look back upon his present position as comparatively speaking a happy one. Who can tell? I at least shall never know.

On entering the village of Trillick a little girl curtsied to me in a very pretty manner—a custom I had not hitherto noticed, nor did I observe it again, so I presume it is confined to this place. By the way, I should like to ask Mr. Wyld how a car-driver or the pedestrian is to go from Omagh to Dromore and Trillick, inasmuch as the only route marked out on his map is that of a railway in progress. Stanford's map shows the road clearly enough.

I was much relieved to find that Trillick, though only a large village, contained a good inn, for it was nightfall when I arrived there. Admission, however, to this hostelry was by no means as of course. I entered the shop, which was a grocery, and applied to the landlady for a bedroom. She was a nicely-dressed woman, young and good-looking, and I suspected at a glance

that she had married somewhat beneath her station, and was struggling with a position to which she was not born. Certainly it seemed strange to see this lady-like woman moving about among such a rough lot of villagers. As for myself, she treated me with a kind of quiet contempt until, on repeating the question, she replied that her best sitting-room was engaged, though not her best bedroom. This looked more promising. I said I did not care about the sitting-room, so that I had a bedroom. Might I see it? The hostess then asked rather testily whether I wished to go to bed at once. I replied no, but I wished to have a wash and requested some hot water. The landlady then asked one of the villagers standing near to show the gentleman to his bedroom, but he, probably knowing it was only a bit of the mistress's temper, took not the slightest notice of the request. I then said I would take up the hot water myself, but my patience, or those soft answers which turn away wrath, at length prevailed, and the hostess said, 'I will show you the room myself;' and she took up the jug of hot water also. This she did with that grace and dignity which become the lady, and her present manner made me forgive her former testy treatment. I was well attended to by a pretty waitingmaid with naked feet, who moved noiselessly about, and made me thoroughly comfortable during my brief stay. Early in the evening the guests who occupied the best sitting-room departed, and that was placed at my disposal by my host, a handsome-looking man but presenting a rather ne'er-to-do-well appearance. Before leaving the inn on the next morning I had some talk with my hostess while standing on her threshold. She had two

sisters married in England, in Lancashire; one of them, who married about a year ago, spent 100*l.* in her honeymoon tour at Killarney. My hostess seemed much disturbed at the idea of my walking, without taking the railway or car. She termed it 'a strange conceit.' I complimented her on finding so good an inn in a village, a most rare occurrence. She observed it only required a little management.

Thursday, August 24.—I left Trillick this morning about eleven o'clock. Shortly afterwards I pass out of the county of Tyrone into that of Fermanagh. I walked through Ballinamallard, a large village, and thence on to Enniskillen, which is distant from Trillick about 13 miles. The country between these two places is somewhat tame as regards scenery, though for the most part well-cultivated, with the exception of some bog land. I met a man who showed a good deal of learning about the townlands, which in the wars eight centuries ago, in the time of Oliver Cromwell, were subdivided amongst his officers at 2*s.* 6*d.* or thereabouts rent an acre, on leases renewable for ever. A woman further on said these leases for the most part had been allowed to fall out, through the improvidence of the lessees in not effecting renewals, and the lands were now let at yearly tenancies from about 30*s.* to 35*s.* an acre. She said that wages were 1*s.* a day in summer, and 10*d.* in winter.

There is a fine view of Enniskillen and the under lake from the break of the road at the one-milestone. On reaching the town I ascended the monument erected to Sir C. Lowry Cole, a Peninsular officer, which is situated on a height, in the midst of a pretty

enclosure of trees well set out with walks. From the top of this monument a good prospect is obtained of the town and surrounding neighbourhood. Enniskillen is a small clean-looking town, beautifully situated amid lakes, but I believe it is not well drained. I took up my quarters at the Imperial Hotel. I first observed here that the small beerhouses in Ireland are called 'Entertainment and Lodging.' On the road to-day a poor blind woman and her attendant begged of me, to whom I gave a penny. On entering the town a boy, with his mother and a group of brothers and sisters, begged something. I said I had no coppers. He then became very vociferous, saying I should never see him again. This view seemed feasible, so I gave him a three-penny bit. The milestones I have met with lately are all Irish, and very much defaced, and always difficult, and sometimes impossible, to decipher.

What a mania tourists have for taking notes. There is an old gentleman in the coffee-room here—an Englishman, I believe—busy copying into a book the notes which during the day he had been making on the margin of an old newspaper. He is pleased to discover—as everybody is, somehow or other—that he has a difficulty in reading his own writing. Had my friend, however, confined himself to this employment his presence would have been agreeable enough, but he had an onion with his steak at dinner, and not only required the waiter to put the remains away on the sideboard for another occasion, but would not allow the window to be opened, though another elderly gentleman wished some fresh air to be admitted, as the room was very hot. Presently my friend went

out to smoke a pipe, and I put up the window, though I caught him outside looking in; but I promised it should go down again as soon as he returned, which, however, he only did to retire to bed immediately; so we parted very good friends. This old gentleman in the course of conversation said he had travelled all over Europe, and except in the Papal States he had never seen anything like the sight which met his eyes that day on his way from the railway station, namely, young women with naked feet. He wondered how girls with any modesty or self-respect could so act. I who had been walking through the country and become accustomed to this sight was a good deal amused at the old gentleman's angry remarks on this matter. And truly I think he was mistaken. For two or three days, certainly, the aspect of girls and women with naked feet appeared peculiar to my English eyes, but never immodest; and after a short time nature's garb seemed actually to carry to the mind the idea of innocence and purity, and shoes and stockings to appear an unnecessary addition to female apparel.

Friday, August 25.—I had no pillow on my bed here, but having read in Murray's Hand-book something about the hardy Enniskilleners of other days, I thought probably such a luxury was not in use here. However, at breakfast time I availed myself of an opportunity of gathering the experiences in this respect of my fellow-travellers. Of course they had pillows, and my case was an accident. They looked first at one another and then at me, so I began to feel particularly green at the idea of propounding the subject at all. My friend the old gentleman had another vagary this morning; it

seemed that since he had been in the county of Fermanagh his hair, which was perfectly white, had assumed somewhat of its original colour, or had become dirty, as he expressed the change. The poor unfortunate waiter was expected to explain the reason for this phenomenon. Was it the water and so forth? I could scarcely refrain from laughing outright at this absurdity. But only fancy making an objection to such a metamorphosis. Why, if such be really the case, the fortune of the good people of Enniskillen would be made at once. What would be all the oils, pomatums, and dyes imaginable compared with the change which would be effected by a few weeks' residence at Enniskillen?

I left the town about 12 o'clock to-day. As I was going out a boy begged of me, and I gave him a copper. He was disappearing when a sudden recollection prompted me to look at him more closely. He certainly bore a strong resemblance to the boy who the day before said that I should never see him again. Shortly after leaving the town, to the right you see the remains of a castle near the lake, called, I believe, Round Abbey. Then, after walking about three miles, I took a lane leading to the shore of Lough Erne, in the hope of meeting with a public ferry, which I believed to be here; but there was now only a boat belonging to the Misses Rankin, farmers, who live in a prettily situated house near this spot. Unfortunately, however, these ladies were at the sea-side, Bundoran; and before they left had locked up the key of the padlock of the boat, and also the oars. So, after waiting some time in vain for a chance boat coming up the lake, I was obliged to give up the idea of visiting Devenish Island. The

proper plan to pursue, no doubt, is to hire a boat for the purpose at Enniskillen. I may as well, however, tell the reader in a general way what he will see on Devenish Island. Here then is one of the most perfect round towers in Ireland, and there are also some ruins besides. I could see the round tower remarkably well from the mainland, the distance across the lake being not much, but I believe it is well worthy of a close inspection.

The day was warm, and the waters of the lake looked very inviting for a good swim, so I bathed, but soon found out my mistake. The shore of the lake was covered with small stones, which made walking on them quite painful, so after a dip I was glad to make a speedy retreat. This was the only fresh-water bathe I attempted during my travels in Ireland. The shores of all the lakes appeared the same, quite bristling and prickly with stones. The only plan of having a bathe in one of these lakes with any comfort would be from a boat into deep water. The rivers also in the north and north-west are so polluted by the flax as to be rendered useless for the purposes of bathing.

I then made my way through the fields into the lane, and thus regained the main road. In passing through one of the fields I observed about two yards of land near the edge thrown to waste quite unnecessarily. A gentleman at Enniskillen, apparently an officer in undress, made the very pertinent remark that if a person had all the ditches about Enniskillen he would be a rich man.

On rejoining the main road I walked on as far as Ely Lodge, a seat of the Marchioness of Ely's, about

four and a half miles from Enniskillen. I walked through the grounds up to the house, about a mile and a quarter from the road. The grounds are most beautiful, with commanding views of scenery over the lake. The house is a very plain structure of one story high, with however some comfortable rooms enough. The housekeeper, a young well-dressed woman, was very attentive in showing over the mansion, not omitting to take me into her ladyship's bedroom, from which one of the best views over the lake was to be obtained. The housekeeper pointed out as an instance of bad taste a house in the extreme distance, on the other side of the lake, which the owner she thought ought not to have built right in view of her ladyship's mansion. He could not keep up his place, however, and therefore was deservedly punished for this vain piece of ostentation. Ely Lodge I was informed by the housekeeper is about to be taken down to make way for a more splendid structure, and one more fitting to occupy a place amid these magnificent grounds.

Having regained the high road, I walked on for many miles, until dusk, along the shore of the lake, now and then obtaining good views. The popular route from Enniskillen to Ballyshannon, whither I was bound, is to go by steamer as far as Belleek, and from the result of my own experiences, to be presently detailed, I should certainly advise the reader to follow that usual course. The road along the shore is evidently little traversed. A peasant remarked to me, 'We do not often see so nice a gentleman as you are travelling along the road; I suppose you have been disappointed of a car.' I said, 'No, I am walking.' It was now

getting dark, I fell into company with a labouring man, who said I could be well accommodated at a roadside inn called Hazard's, two or three miles further on, and as it was becoming too dark to see much, he volunteered to show me the house. Having arrived there, I asked for a bedroom, and was shown a small room or kind of recess containing two beds, one of which was placed at my disposal. This accommodation I declined. I saw nobody about the place except the host and hostess, and I presume therefore they would have occupied the other bed. But the accommodation here was civilisation itself compared with my experience further on. I had at an earlier part of this day's journey been recommended to Duffy's inn, along this road, so on seeing a light I walked into a house and asked a young woman there, 'Is this Duffy's inn?' 'Yes,' she replied. 'Can I have a bed here?' I asked. 'Part of one,' was the answer. I don't know who my bedfellow or bedfellows was or were to be, whether man, woman, or child, or men, women, or children. I was too disgusted to pursue my enquiries further, and so I left the house and pursued my journey.

It was now become quite dark, and I had to grope rather than walk along. Presently a private car passed me slowly. The occupants evidently observed the traveller, for they eyed me curiously, but made no observation. Though at this time a crust of bread and a cup of cold water would have been welcome fare, and a doormat a welcome couch, which I would gladly have accepted, I did not like to force myself on the attention of these strangers as a benighted traveller, so I said nothing. After walking a

short distance a large black and white dog, which I had not observed, made a sudden lunge at my shoulder, but I managed to keep him off with my umbrella. The labouring man, in reply to some questions of mine, said I might walk all night without being interfered with by man or dog. I thought this incident a practical commentary on such information. There was no moon this night, and the stars, which had furnished a flickering light, presently were enveloped in clouds, and the darkness was literally Egyptian, that which might be felt. At length much fatigued, and seeing no hope of meeting with an inn during the night, I turned into a hayfield, and making a pillow of my knapsack, laid down to rest under a haystack. However, though dreadfully tired, I scarcely slept. The geese cackled, reminding me perhaps that I deserved to be one of them for being there at all, the dogs barked and howled, and moreover sundry insects kept creeping over my face. I felt thankful to St. Patrick for having destroyed all the snakes in Ireland, and I laid me down to rest in the most perfect confidence that in this respect he had fully performed his mission. The novelty of sleeping or rather attempting to sleep in the open air, on the bare ground, was singular enough. I am accustomed to sleep with my window open during the summer months, and on awaking on this night from a slight doze it seemed as if more than one window was open; but of course on coming to consciousness I perceived that the windows of heaven were open, windows which no human hand could shut. One thing I observed during this sleepless night. How comes it that the two or three insects which find their way into our beds

are of a kind so fatal to repose, whereas here, on the dewy ground in an open field, the insects which play over my countenance neither bite, sting, nor hurt, but seem only as it were to come and bid me welcome to their habitations. One thing more also occurred to me. This night, though dark and dewy, was very fine; but on many wet nights, on the soaking ground, our brave soldiers have lain previously to a day of death or wounds to many, of extreme exertion to all.

The actual distance from Enniskillen to the hayfield where I sought my night's rest was only about 19 miles, which was very provoking, as with a little forethought and by leaving early I might have reached Belleek ere night. As it was I did not start on my day's journey until 12 o'clock, then two or three hours were spent in the diversion towards Devenish Island, and another hour or so in the visit to Ely Lodge, and thus the day became very much abridged. However, 'all's well that ends well.' I did not catch cold, and perhaps it is good to have had one night's experience of a bed on the open field. But though in former walking tours I frequently was nearly benighted, yet I always managed to obtain a bed some time about midnight. And I shall be happy if this night's experience be the first and last of its kind.

CHAPTER VI.

Belleek—Ballyshannon—Bundoran—The Climate of Ireland.

SATURDAY, August 26.—I left my lair in the hay-field about half-past 4 o'clock this morning, and proceeded on my journey. I had not partaken of food or drink since yesterday morning at breakfast. I met with some fine blackberries along the road, and I never remember partaking of this wild fruit with so much relish before. I walked on to Belleek, about six miles. There are pretty views of the Lough Erne on the way. The road into Belleek turns off to the right from the main-road, and proceeds over a bridge into the village-town. I felt sure, if I had come on last night I should never have found my way into the place amid so much darkness. I asked a policeman on the bridge which was the best inn to go to. He said 'that,' pointing to a house near, 'leastwise it is the only inn for gentlemen fishing or taking *towers*.' This inn is a tidy place, and the resort of anglers. There is a large sitting-room with two small bedrooms, leading out of it, one at either end and very suitable for two friends; indeed they had been just vacated by two gentlemen from Liverpool, who had come on a fishing expedition here. I asked the waiting-woman the rent of the rooms, but she said she did not know a *happuth* about it, and I

must speak to the master. However, having no very definite idea of ever availing myself of the accommodation, I did not see him on the subject. During my brief stay at this inn I was made very comfortable. Breakfast soon appeared, and I had a wash, and boots cleaned, and socks mended, and a short nap on the sofa. There was no butcher in the place, strange enough; and meat was not to be had except from Ballyshannon. I thought this circumstance showed great want of enterprise, as any butcher who would open a shop here would certainly find it answer very well.

About midday I proceeded on my journey to Ballyshannon, about four miles' distance. From the bridge at Belleek you have a good sight of the rapids here, which are really worth seeing. At Belleek you leave the county of Fermanagh and enter that of Donegal. The road between Belleek and Ballyshannon is dull, with no views of the river Erne; but I think there may be some road more or less along the banks from whence views may be obtained of the rapids, and for which the pedestrian would do well to enquire. Along this road, however, you have fine views of the Donegal mountains to the right, and the Leitrim hills to the left.

Shortly after leaving Belleek I bought some pears of a woman, three for a penny. She expressed some surprise that 'so nice a gentleman should not have a car.' Hereabouts also I saw a country girl who had evidently just taken to crinoline. It did not become her, but she looked like a guy. A girl, a friend she stopped to speak to, I thought in her native dress appeared much the superior, though even she had so far

succumbed to modern notions as to wear boots and stockings.

Ballyshannon looks very well from the fields near the river. Here I sat down on a stone, and ate my pears, and then walked into the town. On the bridge I was accosted by a touter from the Erne Hotel. The contrast between now and last night appeared striking; then I could not obtain accommodation at any price, now no sooner I enter the town than I am almost dragged to an inn. I said to the touter I should look at my Guide-book, as I was generally influenced by that in the choice of an hotel. I opened Murray, and replied Coburn's is first here, and was shutting the book and thinking I had, to use a vulgar phrase, 'shut up' the touter; but not so. 'Oh! Coburn's, sir,' said he, 'is gone and is now used as a meal store, and Mr. Coburn is dead, and his daughter Miss Coburn is living at Bundoran.' After that all I could say was I might go to the Erne, but wished to look about the town first. Coburn's, sure enough, I found a meal store; but there was a new inn opposite, called the Imperial, which looks clean enough; but besides being the older establishment I thought the boots, for such was the touter, had fairly won his customer, so I put up at the Erne Hotel.

I reached Ballyshannon soon after 2 o'clock, and spent the interval before dinner at the celebrated Salmon Leap here, and watched the fall of water, sitting down on the grassy mound above. I like to hear the murmur and roar of a waterfall. There is something about such a scene, which while it awakens at the same time calms the senses. To-day, too, the sun shone beautifully, and the fall, which was more

than usual on account of the recent rain, appeared to great advantage. I only saw one small salmon or trout rise up while I was there, but my landlord said he had frequently seen as many as half-a-dozen at a time springing up, and only perhaps one succeeding in reaching the fresh water above.

Sunday, August 27.—It rained in torrents all night, so much so that it seemed as if the waterfall had mistaken the way in the dark, and was coming rolling down the street. The day proved very wet. I rose and breakfasted late. I complained of the great delay which occurred in the preparation of breakfast—three-quarters of an hour. The servant-girl said the old waiter who was away on a picnic excursion was a drunkard, and not fit for much when there, and the cook could not be spoken to, as she had 'a *divil* of a temper when up.' In my sitting-room the window-fastening had become broken, and the window had to be put up by means of a piece of wood or a poker. The same with the window on the staircase, which had to be raised by means of a broken glass water-jug. I asked the chambermaid why the window in my room was not mended. She said she supposed it must be from carelessness.

I went to the service at the church at Ballyshannon, which was at 12 o'clock. There was a thin attendance this morning, but this may have been owing to the wet. On my return from the church the master announced to me that there would be a table-d'hôte dinner at 4 o'clock, consisting of roast lamb, chicken, and other good things, and he wished me to join the guests, which I agreed to do. He also came up to my sitting-room before dinner,

to announce it being ready. The dinner did not belie the master's statement; it consisted of roast lamb and mint-sauce, beefsteaks, roast chicken and ham, and potatoes, carrots and greens, first course; and apple-pie and custard pudding, with milk, second course; and the cheese, with sherry and whisky and water for drinks. The guests were only four, two commercials, a fellow-tourist, and myself. During dinner it having transpired that I had come from Enniskillen, not by the boat, but walking, curiosity was at once roused as to where I found an inn. I fenced the matter a little, but my fellow-tourist, a tall elderly man, being inexorable, I said I had come from a hayfield on the day before as my last resting place. This circumstance appeared to the guests—as was no wonder—a startling incident of travel, and afforded them a subject of badinage at my expense during the remainder of dinner. Almost every topic started sooner or later ended in the hayfield, and my supposed experiences there. The commercial, who presided, said he had been informed at Enniskillen that he should meet with a great pedestrian along the road. Presently a townsman came in, and also Mr. Flanagan the host, but neither partook of anything. I then left and attended the evening service at the church, at half-past 6 o'clock. There was a lecture from the curate. I observed both morning and evening several persons standing while praying. A tombstone attracted my attention, erected by some relatives to a man and his wife and their ancestors and descendants. This seems a fine idea, thus disposing of all their memories at one stroke. I observed several such memorials in the churchyards

and burying-places I saw subsequently, in the course of my travels.

Monday, August 28.—I rose late, and after breakfast my landlord came up to ask me to join 'the boys' in the commercial-room, thinking I might be dull. I said I was just about leaving for Bundoran. He replied he was sorry for that, not for the sake of lucre, but because he wished to see more of my company. I may here observe that Mr. Flanagan makes it a practice on Sundays to drive his guests about anywhere free of expense. But it must be a regular spree, for the evening before he and 'the boys' took a drive to Bundoran, visiting three or four of the inns there, and I presume taking whisky and water at each, for I observed in the morning some soda-water in a bedroom adjoining mine.

I was not sorry to find that the stage to-day to Bundoran would be a very short one, namely only four miles, for I had in some accidental manner, either from my fall on the Giant's Causeway or in bathing, injured the side of the heel of the right foot, and the forced walk from Enniskillen had occasioned a regular wound. I was painfully reminded how suddenly a good walker may become disabled, for as I left Ballyshannon I overheard a cottager say to another, 'Look at that gentleman, he walks like an old man.' This was the state to which the great pedestrian was reduced. The road from Ballyshannon to Bundoran is dull and uninteresting. On the right there are the ruins of a church.

The pedestrian traveller in Ireland must pocket his pride, and be prepared for several constructions on the

supposed object of his wanderings. During nearly three weeks' travel I had been frequently put down as a commercial traveller, and sometimes even as a travelling bagman. On the north coast an old man asked me point blank, 'What do he sell?' I replied I was travelling for pleasure. 'Oh,' he rejoined, 'I thought,' pointing to the knapsack, 'that was part of the lumber.' On approaching Bundoran, however, the fashionable watering-place of the north-west of Ireland, I congratulated myself that here at least I should be received for what I was, namely an English tourist. But I was mistaken. On entering Bundoran, a country-girl with a shawl round her head put a letter into my hand. 'What do you wish me to do with it?' I said. 'It is going to Cavan,' she replied. 'Do you wish me to take it to the Post-office?' I rejoined. 'Oh,' the girl replied, 'I beg your pardon, I thought you were the postman.' I put up at Hamilton's Hotel, and contemplating a short stay at this place, I took down my dirty things to the bar for the purpose of being washed, when an old woman there, catching sight of me, said, 'We don't want anything of that kind here,' evidently taking me for a seller of old clothes. The mistake of course was soon rectified, but it was the most humiliating one of the kind which had yet occurred.

I had occasion to post a letter here, and discovered it was practically a two days' post to London. I walked about the cliffs and sands before dinner. Bundoran does not impress the traveller much at first sight. It is situated on a barren exposed coast, and the sands are not good, but rocky. There is very poor accommodation in the way of lodgings. I observed the enve-

lope in the window, which here indicates that there are lodgings to let. There are a good many vacant. I dined alone at half past 5 o'clock off fish—plaice; roast duck, very tough; and blanc-mange with some pretty good sherry. I did not go out in the evening, but watched the visitors from the hotel passing and repassing. I saw many well-dressed girls, and some rather pretty.

Tuesday, August 29.—I rose late, and some time after breakfast sauntered about the cliffs in my slippers. I could not help surveying with some envy how easily the young ladies and men were walking about in their thick, nicely fitting, and unworn boots, and without wound or sore of any kind, and yet, thought I, there is not probably one among these young people who would like to accompany me on my next stage of upwards of twenty miles to Sligo. It is a windy unpleasant day. I sat down and read one or two of Murray's *Introductions*, then returned to the hotel and walked out again before dinner, but stayed in during the evening. I dined alone again to-day.

Late in the evening a party of young Irish gentlemen came in to dinner, or rather supper. One of them was an attorney, another what is termed in Ireland a walking gentleman, that is a man living on his own means, or oftener on the means of his father or relatives. But the one of them who seemed to acquire the most regard from the party—and justly so—was a fine-looking young man lately an officer in the army, who had been in fourteen engagements I think, in India. The remaining one of this party of four had also recently left the army. They were shortly joined by a friend staying

in the town, who had been out on a fishing excursion. The party soon became jolly, and the walking gentleman proposed to mesmerise any of the party who would submit to the ordeal. The officer consented, and he was shortly under its effects, which consisted in being unable to open his eyes, and constrained to walk forward at the bidding of the mesmeriser. The officer when awakened from his trance assured the company 'pon honour that he had really been mesmerised, and there was no delusion in the matter. The effects were so slight that I could readily have believed them had they rested on the gallant officer's word simply. Presently songs were sung, one only being of an equivocal character. The walking gentleman then rang the bell, and ordered half a glass of brandy. It was now only half past 10 o'clock. After another ring and a long pause, the old waiter at length appeared with the message from Mrs. Hamilton, the mistress, that she could not allow to be served out the half a glass of brandy or any further liquor after half-past 10 o'clock. This announcement was received by the party assembled, with one exception, with mute astonishment. That exception was the gallant officer. I believe if a shell had suddenly fallen into the room and burst he would not have been more surprised. He was angry with the old waiter; had never heard of such impertinence; had frequented hundreds of hotels without meeting such treatment, and so forth. As to his friends, he could not make out how the fellows could stand it; for his part, he should never enter the hotel again. The old waiter, however, was obdurate; it was the mistress's orders, and that was enough for him. The party now

broke up, one of them who had been staying in the house going to lodge at a policeman's at the other end of the town, and the officer reiterating at the door that he should tell all his brother-officers at Enniskillen not to come to this hotel. One thing surprised me at their parting; the young man who had been in the army was going to return to his father's house, about two or three miles out of the town, when his friends expressed some surprise that he was not afraid. 'No,' he replied, 'there are houses both sides of the way, so I could call out.' So this young man, not deficient in bravery, seemed to entertain some fear of being attacked within three miles of a town, while I a stranger had already acquired so much confidence in the people of the country that I should not feel the least afraid to start from here at once, and walk through the night to Sligo. Is it because the natives are more open to attack than strangers, or because they have less confidence in their fellow-countrymen?

This scene at the hotel formed the subject of some reflection. I had been made thoroughly comfortable here. The old waiter was civil and attentive. I was allowed to occupy a private sitting-room opposite the coffee-room until it was let, had seen my hostess's daughter there with her golden hair and pleasant appearance, as she came in to arrange some flowers; and Mrs. Hamilton herself, a homely-looking lady, had apologised to me for entering her own coffee-room. But on commencing my travels in this country I had determined, so far as possible, I would take an impartial view of things without reference to any good or ill-treatment to myself; that my account of Ireland should

be untinged by matters strictly personal. Here then I could not help arriving at the conclusion that these young gentlemen were ill treated. They were behaving soberly and, beyond a little pardonable freedom in one song, as officers and gentlemen, and they should not have been refused the half glass of brandy at so early an hour. The Hamiltons, however, are independent of customers now. The late Mr. Hamilton did a good deal for Bundoran, building houses and opening an hotel, and extending his forethought even to the bathers, for a safe spot is still called Hamilton's Hole. The result is that he has left a fortune to his widow and family, and they are about giving up the hotel and shop adjoining. 'See,' says a stranger to me, 'there goes Miss Hamilton, they are above their business.' But when people have made a fortune I don't see why they should not leave their business. Miss Hamilton, I beg to observe, is engaged, and therefore I may unselfishly wish her happiness.

Wednesday, August 30.—I rose late, and after breakfast walked along the cliff, and bathed at a place called the Lion's Paw, a channel running inland and difficult of access. A more secluded spot for the purpose could not have been selected had I walked along the shore for twenty miles, nevertheless as I was dressing I was surprised to see two girls looking down right upon me from the cliff above. I think young ladies at the seaside should know, that however much we enjoy their society, there are times when we would rather be alone. A place near the town, called the Horse Pool, is the more favourite spot for bathing. But how little can be said in favour of the conveniences for bathing at

a watering-place, when it is necessary to select such spots as Hamilton's Hole, the Horse Pool, or the Lion's Paw. I then walked over the cliffs, to what is termed the Fairy Bridge, some rocks which have been washed into this shape by the waves.

The old waiter proposed that I should join an Irish gentleman at dinner, to which request of course I acceded. We got through the first course pretty well, but the waiter in vain endeavoured to bring round my friend, who took the head of the table, to his duty when the pastry appeared. He would continue talking to his friend near the window, quite unconscious of the pie-dish before him. In vain the old waiter, evidently anxious that his countryman should appear well before the Englishman, put the dish nearer and nearer. At length in despair, the waiter brought the dish round to me, and having helped my friend, he gobbled down the contents of his plate, and without saying a word joined his friend at the window. After dinner I was amused at seeing the attempts of three ladies to sit on the side of a car. No doubt it was Bianconi's intention that one of his small cars should accommodate three men, or perhaps four, or three women, but then he lived before the days of crinoline. The last who attempted to ascend the car was a young girl and very pretty, and one felt on this occasion that crinoline was not altogether without its advantages, for the many unsuccessful efforts to obtain a seat on the car, with her heightened colour at so many failures, made this young girl look positively charming. At length she succeeded, the car thus closely packed drove off, and I saw her no more. During the evening there were

several new arrivals, by way of the steamer, from Enniskillen; men bound on fishing and other excursions.

Thursday, August 31.—I had some talk this morning with an Irish gentleman, one of the arrivals of the evening before. He was moralising as to the many generations of young men he had known on his visits to this place, and how quickly their fast mode of life told upon them, and they disappeared to return no more. 'You see,' he said, 'I am not an old man, and yet I have known several generations of these fellows; but here I am as well as ever.' I was somewhat amused at his endeavouring to impress me by a reflection drawn from his school-days, to the effect that nearly all his schoolfellows had either died or gone to the bad. 'But what kind of school could this have been,' thought I; 'it must have been morally and physically unhealthy.' We then had some discourse about my travels, and on production of Wyld's map he of course succeeded in demolishing it at once, and warned me not to show the map anywhere, or I should be thought very green. When the time of reckoning came—for I was leaving this morning for Sligo—my friend rendered me material assistance, for the attendance not being down in the bill I was a little puzzled; but my friend arranged such liberal contributions to the servants, payable out of my own money, that the old waiter and I parted on the door-step of the hotel in a manner which would have done the heart of a philanthropist good to witness. Altogether this hotel is a very good one, quiet and unpretending. The guests who arrived, having often been here before,

gave one more the idea of persons coming home than entering a public inn. If I mistake not, numerous visitors to Bundoran will look back with regret on the days of the Hamiltons.

I would avail myself of this pause in my travels to say something about the climate of Ireland. And first as regards an actual chronicle in the matter. It was wet every day from my arrival at Belfast, on Friday, August 11th, to Thursday 17th, both inclusive. Friday and Saturday, the 18th and 19th, quite dry. Sunday and Monday, 20th and 21st, wet. Tuesday 23rd, to Saturday 26th, both inclusive, quite dry. Sunday 27th, wet all day. On the other days when there was rain, of course I mean wet more or less but not all day. The weather subsequently was better, but I would wish to advert to the matter thus early in my travels; lest after becoming acclimatised I omit the subject altogether. Speaking for myself, I found that not until I had been two or three weeks in the country did I pick up that energy I have experienced during as many days in walking tours in France. I attribute this result to the climate of Ireland, which being of a humid kind is not bracing, but relaxing. Probably a good deal of that indolence which is constitutional to the Irish character, that want of energy, that inclination to leave things alone, are more owing to the climate than to any other cause. And hence also may arise in some measure the circumstance that the Irish succeed better in other countries, where the climate is more conducive to energy, than in their own.

CHAPTER VII.

Cliffony—Drumcliff—Sligo—Hazelwood Park—Lough Gill—Dooney Rock—Cairns Hill—Dominican Abbey—Ballysadare—Collooney—Tobercurry—Custom of serving Potatoes—Bellahy—Swineford—Experiences of Irish Inns—Dogs in Ireland.

THURSDAY, August 31.—I left Bundoran this morning at a quarter past 10 o'clock. The two days' rest here had given a healing turn to the wound on my heel, so that it never troubled me again, nor henceforth did any sore or blister in the feet interfere with my travels. Bundoran is in Donegal, but shortly after leaving this place you cross a corner or the end rather of the county of Leitrim; and at or near a hamlet called Banduff, not far from Lough Melvin, you enter the county of Sligo. Two or three miles from Bundoran you come in sight of Duncarbery Castle. I pass through a village called Tullaghan, and shortly reach Cliffony, so well known as being the property of Lord Palmerston. I was struck with the general appearance of the cottages with nice flower-gardens in front. There were also plots of potato and other ground belonging to the cottagers. There was, I am informed, a good inn here, but it has been knocked up by a superior hotel at Mullaghmore, situated to the right, on the seashore, a small watering-place also belonging to

Lord Palmerston. It is pleasing to find that amid all the cares and anxieties of state the Premier does not neglect his own property. Cliffony is certainly one of the best—if not the best—villages I have hitherto passed through. I had some talk with one of the villagers, and he seemed quite contented and proud to be a tenant of Lord Palmerston.

I then pass through Grange, where there is a constabulary, and on to Drumcliff, about five miles from Sligo. Here there are some interesting antiquarian remains. They consist of a round tower and a fine ornamental cross, and an upright stone. The round tower is to the right of the road, and the other remains are to the left, in a field near the churchyard. Further on I took a road shorter than the main road to Sligo, and on reaching that town I took up my quarters at the Imperial Hotel. The distance from Bundoran to Sligo is about twenty-three miles. The scenery between the two places is good, varied, and interesting, though without anything very striking.

Before dinner to-day an Irishman comes swaggering into the coffee-room, and asks me for some information about the boat to Enniskillen. I tell him I don't know, as I came along the shore walking. He then says he could never see the *economy* of walking. After some further talk I am asked to produce my map, the defects of which this gentleman fortunately does not discover; and he points out some route I ought to take to Killarney or some other place, through counties with which he is evidently unacquainted, and observes that if I continue walking I shall only reach Dublin this time next year. At length dinner is

served, which had been prudently ordered by a young gentleman who arrived early in the day, and we three sit down to some salmon. I thought my friend, who was asked to take the head of the table, would now be quiet, but not so; he almost immediately discovered that the fish had been kept too long, and ordered it to be taken away, also of course our appetite for it at the same time too. The salmon was certainly eatable. However the remainder of the dinner was unquestionably good, so our friend at length subsided into quiet. The last I saw of my friend was when in the course of the evening he came puffing and blowing into the room complaining of the heat.

Friday, September 1.—This morning I joined a party of two Irish gentlemen and a Scotchman, in an excursion on Lough Gill. We hired a boat from two boatmen usually employed by persons staying at the Imperial, and started from the river close near, which, after about two miles and a half, flows into the lake. Before leaving the river we stopped at Hazelwood Park, the residence of Mr. Wynne. We walked through the grounds and kitchen and other gardens. These are tastefully laid out. There are some fine trees about the grounds, particularly silver firs of great size. The arbutus is also here, not as a native of Sligo, but it was brought from Killarney, where it is indigenous, and cultivated by Mr. Wynne's grandfather. The shrubberies are left much in the state of nature, more pleasant to the wanderer amid solitudes than where they are kept constantly cropped and shorn. Dr. Johnson, in the 'Rambler,' tells a story of a nobleman who became so tired of his well-kept grounds and

closely-mown lawns, that he chose as a favourite walk an adjoining common, where the grass grew with all its native luxuriance, and the heath flourished without any artificial assistance. This is very true to nature. But to return to Hazelwood Park; there were no seats about. This is a great defect. In the gardens there are some good fuchsias and dahlias, and also the egg plant. There was one grotto prettily laid out, and another with seats of Irish bog-wood, and a pavement of small stones, intersected by horses' teeth. The mansion is built of a kind of granite found in the neighbourhood. There is a fine view from the house through an avenue to the lake and the opposite rocks. We then rejoined our boat and rowed to within two miles of the head of the lake, beyond which there is a river leading up to Drumahaire. It was rather rough on the water, more so than I should have thought possible on a lake. We then returned and landed at a place called Dooney Rock, from which we ascended to the table-land above. From here a most charming and delightful view is obtained of the whole of Lough Gill and the islands in its midst, consisting principally of Cottage island the largest, and Church island in the centre. A friend I happened to meet on this rock said the view was almost equal to Killarney. I walked to the extremity of the table-land to enjoy another prospect, when I was soon joined by a Frenchman who had just come up with a large party of friends. He seemed more full of hotels than views, and commenced at once descanting on the merits of the Victoria here, which, he said, was superior to the Hibernian at Dublin, where he had been staying. The excellence of the

feather bed at the Victoria seemed particularly to impress the mind of this Frenchman. I could not help thinking how unseasonable this talk was in the midst of one of nature's most lovely scenes. The reader perhaps may be thinking that at any rate these extraneous matters need not be reproduced. My object in doing so is to depict things as they are, and not as they ought to be.

Having feasted our eyes with the splendid panorama before us, we descended from the top of Dooney Rock, and resumed our boat excursion, and then further on we landed and ascended a steep and somewhat difficult height to the top of Cairns Hill, from which a most extensive view is obtained. To the left there is the mountain of Knocknarea with further in the distance the Slish mountains. To the right is seen Lough Gill with the Sligo hills in the background and the Leitrim mountains still further in the distance. Below is the town of Sligo, with the Lunatic Asylum and St. John's Church and the bay and sea. Wood, even and hilly lands behind, and the residences and grounds of Mr. Wynne and Captain Martin, complete the scene. I saw on the lake a bird somewhat like the English moorhen and some white water-lilies. We soon returned again from this spot to Sligo. The cost of this most interesting excursion was 10*s.*, namely 1*s.* to the guide at Hazelwood Park, and 9*s.* to the boatmen, with which they seemed thoroughly satisfied. The elder of the two Irish gentlemen was kind enough to act as leader and arrange the expenses, leaving to the remainder of the party the easier duty of sharing the cost at the end of the day.

On my return from the excursion on the lake I went to see the ruins or remains of the Dominican Abbey, just behind the Imperial Hotel. A tower, nave, choir, and cloisters remain very perfect. There are some old tombs here. It is still used as a burying-place. I observed human bones lying all about the place. I took up and looked at several of them, such as rib bones, thigh bones, and others. The woman who showed me over the place said these bones were thrown up on digging the new graves, and through carelessness were not reburied. She said they were everywhere about the place. This woman lives in a small lodge-kind of cottage near, built a few years ago by Lord Palmerston, to whom the property belongs. She lives there rent free, and as she must have food and clothes as well, she demands as of right 1*s.* for showing the place.

Our party assembled again at dinner, at least three of us to the 'substantials,' and the younger of the two Irishmen to a real fast of eggs, bread and butter, and tea. A pretty little waiting-maid had asked in the morning the time of our dinner, and we arranged seven o'clock. She then said, 'I suppose you would like the best that they can give down below.' To this we readily assented. Oh! that all bachelors could find themselves thus treated. To be relieved at lodgings by the seaside or elsewhere, or at hotels, of the daily bore of ordering our dinner. The morning's receipt certainly turned out remarkably good fare. The little maid probably looked upon us as a set of helpless bachelors. She hoped on the next occasion we would bring our ladies with us. This remark evidently struck deep, for silence prevailed for a time. I make

this observation for the satisfaction of my numerous young-lady readers. We bachelors who roam about the world alone cannot altogether escape *them*, but on the contrary, they are frequently more conspicuous by their absence than by their presence. At this inn there were napkins at dinner, the first I had yet met with in Ireland. The boots asked me what time he should 'knock me' in the morning. I said, 'No hour at all.'

Saturday, September 2.—I was down at a quarter to eight o'clock this morning, and found a chamber-maid with naked feet sweeping out the coffee and commercial rooms. At length the little waiting-maid appeared, dressed very nicely, for I think it was market day, and apologised for oversleeping herself. I left Sligo about ten o'clock and passed through Ballysadare, a small village town about five miles from Sligo. Here a river flows over rapids into the sea at Ballysadare Bay. From this place you have to the right a fine view of the mountain of Knocknarea. Then on to Collooney, a pretty village about one mile and a half beyond Ballysadare. Shortly afterwards to the right you pass the remains of a round tower and a round mound. On through Ballynacarrow, where there is a National School, and Templehouse to Tobercurry. In to-day's journey, as far as Collooney, there are fine views of the distant mountains and hills, but afterwards the scenery becomes flat and uninteresting, though the land and crops are good. I spoke to an old woman, who apparently could not speak English. I gave her a halfpenny for some tobacco, which she seemed to be asking for. A peasant supposed that I must be a purchaser of flax. About three miles from Tobercurry

I stopped to ask a young man near his house the way to that place. He was curious as to the object of my travels. I said I was travelling through the country for pleasure. At this statement he seemed incredulous, and certainly, considering the barren prospect to-day, it did seem improbable. He then proceeded to tell a story as follows. About this time last year he met a man walking out of some town, I think Sligo. He said he had come to have a look at the country, but my friend thought no more about him until lately, when he saw him come by here acting as an exciseman. Then seeing I did not comprehend the point, my friend asked me, 'Are you an exciseman?' I said, 'No, I am not,' and walked on; but my friend, thinking perhaps he had been somewhat rude, called after me, 'Well, I think you are a nice sort of a gentleman, whatever you are.'

Near Tobercurry I met a man home from America, who said when there he earned about a pound a day as foreman of sawyers. No wonder, when such tales as these are brought home from America, that emigration to that country should set in strong. Tobercurry is a village town about twenty-one miles from Sligo. On arriving there I put up at Macdermott's inn, being only a sojourner for a night. There is, however, close near a lodging-house kept by a person named Cook, where officers and country gentlemen stop. It is a superior-looking place with apparently some pretty good bedrooms. The inn here is clean and comfortable, and I am the only guest. My host and hostess' daughter, a very pretty girl, waits, and in reply to every order or request I make says, 'That will do.' Beef-

steaks are forthcoming, which I was afterwards told by a commercial who occasionally stops here I am fortunate to obtain. These are garnished with onions, raw, but that addition I dispense with. It is the custom in Ireland to serve potatoes with their coats on, and in two portions, one at the commencement of dinner and another supply in five or ten minutes. A small plate is placed by your side, on which to peel the potatoes. But the old practice was to serve up to a guest three portions of potatoes, one following the other; so in accordance with this time-honoured custom, the pretty daughter of the house here brings in a third supply of potatoes, which, however, I decline as absolutely unnecessary; and probably this feeling on the part of guests in general led to the discontinuance of what was formerly no doubt considered a hospitable custom. On going to my bedroom this evening I find the window hopelessly barred, so I come down again and request the girl to open it, and well knowing the process would take time, to save her modesty I remain downstairs. A long interval elapsing I ascend again and find the washing-stand removed and my host busily employed with some tools endeavouring to open the window. At length he succeeds, and so far from being annoyed seems to appreciate the necessity, for he observes that I should not be able to sleep in the next room, his own—the closeness was something awful. He spoke so feelingly on the subject that I imagine there must be some difference of opinion in the matter between him and the good woman, she no doubt preferring the excessive warmth.

Sunday, September 3.—What do divines mean by

saying that we are no longer called upon to suffer for religion's sake? I step out of the room this morning, and encounter my hostess and her pretty daughter ready dressed, about to go to mass. My hostess asks what church I am going to. The temptation was strong of course to say, 'Oh, to mass,' and to enjoy the company of this lovely girl, no longer bringing me steaks and raw onions, and portions of potatoes, but on terms of perfect equality. However, conscience forbad, so I said, 'To the English church,' and went off in that direction alone. The service did not begin until 12 o'clock, so being early I walked about the churchyard, and sat for some time on a tombstone. The graves were most untidily kept, and the tombstones broken, defaced, and out of order. 'Here,' thought I, 'the rude forefathers of the place rudely sleep.' Presently a small congregation made its appearance one by one. I had a large pew to myself. During the hymn before the sermon the congregation sat down or stood up just as they pleased. The sermon was extempore, and the preacher enlarged, and apparently with justice, on the circumstance of this place, though a Protestant locality, furnishing so scanty a congregation. If I might be allowed as a stranger to hazard such a criticism, I would say that probably the church would be better filled if the sermon were shorter. It was much too long.

I started from Tobercurry about half-past two o'clock. Through Bellahy, a small village town seven miles distant, but without any regular inn. I asked for a bedroom here at a kind of public-house, but was told by the girl, who consulted her mistress,

that there was none. I doubted the truth of this statement. However it was still early, so I walked on about seven miles further to Swineford, a small town. During to-day's journey there are no milestones of any kind. The country is nothing particular. It was dusk when I arrived at Swineford. I asked for a bedroom at the Brabazon Arms. The chambermaid said her mistress was out, but she felt sure all the rooms were engaged. I did not believe this statement. I then went opposite to Mulligan's hotel. There were some well-dressed children and young people coming down the stairs, and in the passage, which surprised me much. I saw Mr. Mulligan, the landlord, and asked him for a bedroom. He said all his rooms were engaged. 'What!' I observed, looking up, 'all the rooms in this large house engaged; it cannot be.' He then asked me whether I had ever been in Swineford before. I replied, 'No, but I see your objection; you refuse me accommodation because I am a stranger.' My host was unable to carry out his part. To refuse food and lodging to the stranger—this remark touched him to the quick, and he told me he would go and ask the mistress. I had previously mentioned that I had been refused accommodation at the Brabazon Arms. Presently my host returned and said I might have a bedroom. He added as we were going upstairs, that when I entered he mistook me for one Vere Foster. I asked whether he had lost anything by him. He replied he had not. We then reached the second floor, where my host said, pointing to numerous bedrooms, that I might take my choice. I selected one of them, and after a good deal of ringing succeeded in obtaining

the two or three things I required. On descending to the first floor I found a splendid large coffee-room very well furnished and lighted up; it looked magnificent. I had ordered some chops and potatoes, which at length made their appearance, very badly done and hard. These I washed down with some cold whisky and water. But neither this bad fare, nor bread, nor anything, was forthcoming without a good deal of ringing and trouble, so much so that on mine host coming into the room I could not help saying, in quite a melo-dramatic way: 'This, sir, seems to me strange indeed; here I am in one of the best coffee-rooms I have yet seen in Ireland, and yet I cannot obtain the most ordinary food.' This statement so far from causing any explosion produced bread and one or two other dinner requisites. I asked the waiting-maid whether there was any other stranger in the house. She replied that there was not. While I was seated partaking of the above humble and indigestible fare, well-dressed pretty girls were passing and repassing through the room. The scene appeared a singular one; it appeared, indeed, as if I had been suddenly removed from the wild, heathy, and desolate moor, and placed by enchantment in a gorgeous mansion. A fairy by my side says: 'Are you not now satisfied?—food I cannot bestow, that I leave to earthly mortals.' Away! fairy, and your wand, and bear me to my humble dwelling and the well-cooked mutton and potatoes at the Cheshire Cheese.

When my repast was over the tea-things were set, and the hostess and her young friends assembled for tea. I partook of it with them, and I hope recovered my good humour; and they joined with me in conversa-

tion and showed no resentment at my intrusion, but fully recognised my right to be there. Presently they all vanished, going over to the Brabazon Arms to join in dancing and other festivities there, except two or three who left for home at once, and among them also the girl I thought the prettiest. My landlord then joined me and proposed that we should drink a bottle of sherry—or rather he should have said sherry-brandy —together, to which I readily assented, not wishing to give the appearance of being offended. We then had some talk about the events of the evening. He said when I came in he took me to be a gentleman who had been here before, one named Vere Foster, an eccentric man apparently, who has spent about 20,000*l.* in charity in Ireland. He walked on foot like myself, and never took a car, not even as a lift from a friend. But the exact cause which had raised my host's ire against this gentleman I could not ascertain. My host further said there had been a wedding about three weeks ago in the Brabazon Arms family, and though rivals they were good friends, and had been keeping the festivities every week since. He was afraid, as a stranger, on being disturbed I might think I was in a house of infamy or some such place, and be writing on the subject to a Dublinpaper; he mentioned one he seemed particularly to fear, but I forget its name. Mr. Mulligan moreover said he feared the children would annoy me. This reason he had alluded to also while he was showing me to a room, but I said I didn't care if there were five hundred children in the house. My host remarked that on going to his mistress he said to her, 'This is very *unconvanient*; there is a

gentleman in the hall who wants a bedroom; he says he has been refused at the Brabazon Arms; what shall we do?' The hostess replied, 'Oh! don't turn him away, as there is no other inn in the place; give him a bed.' And so the mistress having, as my host said, 'taken a merciful view of the case,' I was accommodated. I related to Mr. Mulligan my experiences at Newtownlimavaddy, and took the opportunity of asking him whether an Irish innkeeper would refuse accommodation simply because a person who presented himself was a stranger, or because it should be from any cause inconvenient. He said he thought so. My host then apologised for the necessity of leaving me, as his presence was required at the Brabazon Arms. I asked him whether there was any guest there. He replied, 'No, not a single person.'

I was engaged in writing my notes when my host reappeared and said he was expressly deputed by Mr. Carley, the proprietor of the Brabazon Arms, to give me an invitation to join the company assembled there. He said I should see that which would be as worthy to be entered in my itinerary as the most brilliant scenery. It was Sunday, and against English custom to join in the dance on that day. But what my host intimated was very true—as a stranger it was desirable that I should become acquainted with the habits and manners of the people; besides I was anxious not to be supposed to entertain any feeling of resentment against the Brabazon Arms, so I accompanied my host there. On arriving, my hat was taken at a kind of bar, as if going to a regular party. The company were assembled in the tap-room, which had a sanded floor, and

were dancing to the music of bagpipes. The dances were the Irish jig, the reel, polka and quadrille. Refreshments were liberally supplied, consisting of sherry, tea, whisky-punch, soda-water, bread and butter, and biscuits. There was also singing, both sentimental and comic. A stout young man, who handed me some refreshment, apologised for perspiring so much; he had been dancing since five o'clock. I asked him how long they would keep it up. He replied, 'Oh! until five o'clock in the morning.' The face of the man playing the bagpipes struck me much; it would have done for that of a saint, so solemn and serious, and his long gray hair unkempt. Perhaps he was a Protestant, and considered himself in the house of Rimmon. He did his duty, however, playing remarkably well. The Irish bagpipes indeed are very sonorous. I had no idea until now that they could be made so sonorous. I joined in two quadrilles. They were danced much in the English fashion, with this important difference; that in the fifth figure each gentleman had an opportunity of meeting and whirling round and round each lady, so that, according to this practice, a handsome man who happens to secure the prettiest girl in the room for his partner, must at least for a time surrender her up in the last figure to the tender mercies of his fellow-dancers. A young man commenced speaking rather incoherently to me, when my partner said, 'Don't notice him, he is drunk.' A well-dressed handsome-looking fellow asked me if I was enjoying myself. Of course I replied 'Yes,' but I probably looked like—as indeed I was—a fish out of water. It certainly seemed singular to find

myself an honoured guest in the house where an hour or two before I had been refused accommodation. Miss Mulligan, the daughter of my host and hostess, sung 'The Rose of Annandale' very sweetly, and the stout young man, dressed as a woman, sung a comic song. It was now a quarter to one o'clock, and I requested my host to let me in to his hotel, which he did, saying, he wished he could leave himself. In my case, at least, it was time, for the badly-cooked food and quick succession of meals and drinks made me ill. I left the candle alight, but fell off to sleep, and on waking at five o'clock found it burning down to the socket. I was awoke by the merry noise of children's voices, and heard the word 'hush.' Ah! my host, we tourists are not so ignorant as you imagine. There is no infamy there! But still, may it be prudent that such young girls should spend the whole night amid dancing and wild festivities? Will it be good for their health? I must say, however, that Miss Mulligan gives a practical answer to this style of moralising. A rosier or prettier girl could not be seen along the country side. Her education, too, has not been neglected. I see in the coffee-room some nicely done drawings of scenes at Killarney, due to the teaching of the Ursuline Convent at Sligo. Here also, no doubt, and at similar institutions, the girls of Ireland acquire that moral training which enables them to pass unscathed through the dangers of the midnight dance and public-house revelry.

On coming down in the morning, by no means early, I rang the bell again and again for breakfast, but it only sounded in vacancy; there was no response. At

length I descend the stairs, and catch sight of what appears to be a chambermaid. This looks hopeful, but on going further down it turns out to be a crinoline fixed on a machine, standing on the top of a barrel. I then enter the shop and see a young man well dressed and busy; he is evidently the hope of the house. Was he at the party, I wonder? I don't remember his countenance. He and his two or three assistants seem much amused at my appearance, no doubt guessing the cause. The youth said he supposed I had been ringing some time, the maids were not up; but, holding his watch in his hand, he said he would call them, and I should have breakfast in five minutes by the clock. Of course the five minutes turned out something like half an hour. After a while, the waiting-maid appeared and stammered out a kind of excuse, on the ground of being at the dance. She looked indeed strikingly like one of my partners, but pride forbad the thought. She asked me whether I was the gentleman who had been dressed as a woman at the party. Of course I said 'No.' The waiting-maid seemed indeed much more inclined to engage in conversation as to the festivities of the night before than to prepare breakfast; but I showed by my manner that our relations must now be considered as changed, so she good-naturedly set to her task. I was, during breakfast, thinking of the kind of constitutions the Irish must possess, to stand this kind of revelry; but some ominous groans rom my host's private apartments beyond awakened me to the conviction that the penalty probably has to be paid. This hotel is very conveniently arranged, by the way, for Mr. Mulligan showed

me on the evening before a fine large drawing-room which he occupied with his family, beyond the coffee-room, and containing a separate entrance to that and some private rooms.

When I left this morning I saw, as I passed the shop, Mrs. Mulligan sitting in the window seat, plainly attired, and with her hands on her knees watching the doings in the shop, and forming a striking contrast to the well-dressed lady of the evening before. I have been sorry to enter thus minutely into the treatment I received from the innkeepers at Swineford after the *amende honorable* which they gave me, but to omit these details would be inconsistent with my intention to furnish a simple and truthful account of my experiences in Ireland. I am reminded, however, of what Dr. Newman says with reference to the English people—that where they give offence, and find out their mistake, they are ready with reparation greater than the offence. So in the present case, I may say of the Swineford innkeepers, their reparation was greater than their offence.

While I was waiting for my breakfast this morning, I observed from the window a number of people in a crowd around a dog. I asked a servant girl what was the matter, and she said, 'I suppose he has been having a bite out of somebody.' The dog seemed one of a good breed, and looked thoroughly chap-fallen and ashamed of the kind of company in which he found himself. He, no doubt, had been having 'a spree,' like his betters. This incident, however, leads me to say a few words about the dogs in Ireland. They are a regular nuisance to the pedestrian traveller. I pass

or encounter more than twenty daily. True, I am never bitten, but then my umbrella has to be called into frequent requisition, with regret that I have not a sword-stick; and I have constantly to call out to the owners to prevent their dogs from worrying me. Besides, instead of being able quietly to walk through the villages I am incessantly attracting attention through no fault of my own.

CHAPTER VIII.

Sacred places — Turlough — Castlebar — Westport — Clew Bay — The Fenians—Croagh Patrick — Yappa — The Mail Car — Fishing in Ireland—Erriff Bridge—Aasleagh—Leenane—Experiences of Fellow-travellers.

Monday, September 4.—I left Swineford this morning about half-past ten o'clock, intending to reach Castlebar to-day. For some distance the road is barren enough, and my mind reverts to the experiences at Swineford. One thing naturally occurred—why the innkeepers should not so contrive as to confine the festivities of each Sunday to one of the inns, leaving the other free to any travellers who may chance to come. This arrangement would remove every difficulty. But to have half of an entertainment at one house and the remaining half at another seems an Irish mode of proceeding. Another thing which struck me most forcibly was whence comes it that a gentleman like this Vere Foster, who has spent a large fortune in charity, should be refused food and lodging at a public inn in Ireland. Of all my travelling experiences hitherto, this incident seems the most remarkable. Perhaps Vere Foster himself, if aware of the circumstance, would feel more pleasure than pain, for would he

60650

not in this respect resemble the Great Master whom he serves and who had not where to lay his head?

Yesterday, shortly after leaving Bellahy I quitted the county of Sligo, and crossed into that of Mayo, where I am now travelling. At some distance from Swineford to the right there is a round tower, and further on are the ruins of a castle. I pass through the villages of Bohola and Bellavory. I observe a rude burying-place called Church-field, far removed from any habitations. There was a funeral proceeding. About one o'clock I met two peasant women who had walked from some place in Roscommon, distant thirty-two miles, in eight hours, having started at five o'clock that morning. They did not state to me the object of their travels, but I afterwards observed them performing some devotions round a mound. They were walking round and round, and occasionally stopping to pray. I presume this place was what they call a station—that is, a spot set apart for religious ceremonies. The women had spoken of their travelling as only occurring once a year. No doubt they returned home much benefited in health and spirits, but whether arising from the exercise and change of air and scene or from the intercessions of the patron saint it were vain to speculate. This was the only religious ceremony of the kind which came under my notice during my travels in Ireland. I was informed, indeed, that the priests lately have very much discouraged the resort to sacred places or relics, preferring that the people should perform their devotions in the chapels and churches.

Through Turlough, about four miles from Castlebar.

There is here a fine well-preserved round tower to the right, about two or three hundred yards from the high road. To the left also there are the ruins of apparently a round tower. I reached Castlebar about half-past five o'clock. There are no milestones between Swineford and here, but I judge the distance to be about twenty miles. I took up my quarters at Daly's hotel, which is very comfortable though rather dear. Two gentlemen were about sitting down to dinner in the coffee-room, so I joined them. In the evening I strolled out to see the place. There is a large green lawn in the centre part of the town, with a fine avenue of trees leading to the entrance to Lord Lucan's seat. Hereabouts also is Armstrong's hotel, which looks a good one. At the end of the green there is a Methodist Chapel, erected under the patronage of the then Lord Lucan, the first stone of which was laid by John Wesley, on the 2nd May, 1785.

In the course of the evening a gentleman, apparently a native, said the medical men of the town were at a low ebb and would not attend a poor family under a guinea. The guardians of the Union issue tickets of particular colours, one of which required immediate attention and the other at any convenient time. Another gentleman, an owner of some land at Galway, said that sometimes, though this was exceptional, a tenant would emigrate without paying his rent.

Tuesday, September 5.—At breakfast time this morning a commercial traveller is busy arranging some hosiery in the coffee-room. He has enough with him, one would think, to supply two or three small towns. Now he is folding up some inviting-looking socks, but

I fear any offer to purchase retail would give offence, or if taken in good part even it would amount to asking for a pair or two, so I refrain. But as mine host has a large sitting-room on each side of the passage it would be very advisable to appropriate one of them as a commercial-room; for the smell of hosiery is not pleasant, at least out of a shop. The elderly waiter here takes a great interest in my travels. He tells me of an officer, an Irishman of Westport, who some years ago went on a walking tour round Ireland and stopped at this hotel. He would take no car while on the main route, but accepted such assistance to and from particular excursions. He wore shoes, and soaped his feet every time before starting, and never suffered from a blister. The waiter said he read some account of this officer's travels, so he actually accomplished what he projected. Here I am reminded of another predecessor of mine, a Scotchman, who records his route in the Visitors'-book at the Giant's Causeway Hotel, and whose brief note I regret I did not transcribe. But so far as I remember, he started from Dublin, and calculated he had walked about 986 miles and was going on through the glens of Antrim to Dublin again, about 346 miles. He mentions the number of days, which including stoppages made a rate of progress of about 16 miles a day. I incline to think that this traveller exaggerated the distances, especially as, to judge from his intended route on to Dublin, he was not hugging the coast very closely. Am I the only Englishman who will have walked round Ireland?

Here at Castlebar I find myself more domesticated than usual. On going to my room my host's pretty little

daughter is amusing herself, seated on the floor, with attempting to lace one of my boots. On the door-step at my departure are assembled waiter, boots, and chambermaid—not for the sake of gratuities, for these had been already arranged in the coffee-room, but for the purpose of wishing me God speed!

I left Castlebar at half-past eleven o'clock this morning for Westport. I pass through the villages of Cloonkeen, and Islandeady, where there is a dispensary. As I proceed, a fine view opens out over Clew Bay, showing the numerous little islets which as seen at a distance present a very curious and picturesque appearance. Shortly before reaching Westport, at a turn of the road to the left, there is a good view of the town. I arrived at Westport about three o'clock. There are Irish milestones along this road, but they are much defaced; the distance from Castlebar must be about ten miles. I put up at the Imperial Hotel. The bedroom into which I was shown presented the most cleanly appearance of any I had yet been in during my travels. The bed was beautifully white, so that it would have done the heart of a housewife good to see such a sight; but alas for appearances, it proved a whited sepulchre; during the night I caught three large fleas, and another insect of doubtful species. I should recommend the reader to try the Railway Hotel here, kept by Daly of the hotel at Castlebar. In the evening I walked into this place by mistake and upstairs, when the boots undeceived me. He was very civil and said such mistakes sometimes occurred, and showed me the coffee-room, which was of good size, and altogether, to judge from exterior appearances,

the Railway seems a superior establishment. I make these remarks concerning the Imperial with regret, because in other respects the hotel is a good one, and the head waiter and other servants particularly civil and obliging, but to the reader who reposes confidence in me I would wish to disclose the innermost secrets of my experiences; and I hold that I am justified in doing so, for between travellers there should be a kind of freemasonry.

In anticipating a little, I am following the example of children who dispose of the least tempting bits on their plates first. But I must now return to the hour of four in the afternoon, when I sit down to dinner in the coffee-room of the Imperial in company with two gentlemen, one apparently commercial and the other holding some office. There is excellent fare, consisting of trout, boiled leg of mutton, carrots, turnips, and potatoes, Irish stew and apple pie. After dinner I walked through the town to the quay, and then entered the Marquis of Sligo's domain, and ascended a hill overlooking the quay. On my way I put up a pheasant, a hen, the only one I saw in Ireland, so presume they must be scarce. From this hill a good view is obtained of Clew Bay with Croagh Patrick in the background. This monarch of the mountains in the locality had been the silent companion of my solitary wanderings during many days, but it did not now, when close at hand, seem so majestic as at a distance. The evening, however, was not favourable for the view. The wind was blowing violently, and the sky was indistinct and misty, partly from the kind of weather and also because twilight was approaching. On a calm

sunshiny day the view from this spot over Clew Bay with its countless number of small islands, and Croagh Patrick rising above them, must be something enchanting and well worth stopping a day at Westport to enjoy. I returned through the grounds, which are spacious, and close by the house, which is a very good one. As a traveller I was struck by the liberality of the Marquis of Sligo in thus throwing open his domain to the public, and allowing strangers to walk under his very windows. I was informed, however, that the privilege thus conceded is not much appreciated by the inhabitants of Westport, who rarely walk in these beautiful grounds. The advantage thus bestowed at any rate is grateful to travellers visiting this town, and that they are a numerous class is evinced by the fact that a commercial here has just received an order for fifteen dozen yards of glass cloths.

In the course of the evening I had some talk with another commercial traveller, who for sixteen years has travelled over every part of Ireland. He thinks a good deal of the misery of the country is attributable to the circumstance of the tenants not being paid for improvements. There should, he thinks, be a permanent Commission to manage these things. The tenants are generally occupants on yearly tenancies, sometimes for short leases of three years, but beyond that only by favour. They are liable to be turned out at an election, therefore politics had better be left alone. I asked this gentleman whether he had heard or seen anything of the Fenians. He said 'No,' and thought the movement was confined to shopkeepers' assistants and boys. It may surprise the reader, perhaps, that

travelling in Ireland for nearly a month I should hitherto have been silent on this great movement or conspiracy. But the fact is that before I left England Fenianism had either not been noticed among the Irish intelligence in the newspapers; or at least I had not noticed it. Indeed when I commenced my travels, I scarcely, if at all, knew of the existence of this movement. It only dawned upon me gradually through a perusal of the Irish newspapers, and though their columns were half filled with the subject, yet the topic was rarely if ever alluded to in the course of conversation among the company I met at the inns, or the farmers and peasants I spoke to along the road. It was difficult indeed to realise the idea that the newspapers were filling their columns with actual facts and occurrences, and were not rather—their regular staff being away, holiday-making—inserting by way of padding idle rumours and vain speculations, with reference to projects purely imaginary. I am of course speaking of my experiences up to this date of my travels in the North and North-West of Ireland. From this period and place I shall carefully note down any indications of the Fenian movement which come under my own observation, and the sentiments concerning it on the part of the peasantry, so far as I am able to gather them.

Wednesday, September 6.—I left Westport this morning at ten o'clock. On going out of the town I noticed the statue of George Glendining, a local benefactor. One of two little boys yesterday evening begged of me, but I said I had no change, whereupon a woman volunteered a promise in my name that the

next time I came by I would give him something. The child now came running up and asked me to redeem my promise. I might have objected, but as there should be no doubt thrown on an Englishman's good faith, I gave the little fellow a penny, which he joyfully received and ran with it to his father, near, for change to divide between himself and companion. There is again a good view of Clew Bay and of Croagh Patrick. This mountain was formerly much resorted to by pilgrims from all parts of Ireland, but the custom I believe is now nearly abandoned. One of the commercials at Ballyshannon told me he had recently ascended the mountain in company with an English gentleman, and they saw one woman on her hands and knees performing devotions. There is, he said, a fair road up to the top of the mountain, as I could see indeed myself clearly this morning as I passed at the foot. I partly intended devoting a day to ascending Croagh Patrick, but am glad I abandoned the idea, as it is very wet and the mountain appears shrouded in misty clouds. The view I am informed, as indeed from all mountains, is very uncertain; but should the day be clear and fine, and the traveller have time, he could not do better than devote a morning to the ascent of Croagh Patrick. I feel sure that the view from its summit over Westport and Clew Bay must be grand and extensive.

Then through Yappa, a village or hamlet, at and near which there is fine scenery, consisting of rock on the moor and a river or brook flowing rapidly through the valley over huge stones. There is a National School here. Then after passing through

Carrekenedy, where there is also a National School, for many miles the road proceeds over a moor of bog-land with mountains in the distance. There are very few habitations of any kind. Here and there a farmhouse or peasant's cottage. To the right at some distance is a small village, and on the moor there is a little chapel, I presume Roman Catholic. It is clear that I have now reached the wild West of Ireland. As I walk over the moor the rain comes drizzling down. A little girl, ragged and with bare feet, on passing says 'God speed you!' The words were few and simple, but they touched me more nearly than a more elaborate form of address would have done. They spoke of a common tie which served as a connecting link between myself and this child of the wild moor. We thus meet for the first and probably last time on this earth; but we owe our origin to the same common Father, and hope to reach his mansions, trusting in the same mercy, though seeking it perchance by widely different roads.

Before leaving the moor, and while it was still raining, and very windy, the mail car from Clifden to Westport passed me full of passengers, ladies and gentlemen. They looked thoroughly uncomfortable, particularly some young ladies, who were burying their faces in shawls to escape the driving misty rain, which was falling steadily. The passengers looked at me and I at them, each wondering that the other should be out on such a day. It was certainly difficult to decide which was in the worst position, the car traveller or the pedestrian. I may here observe, that from all I heard, the traveller in Ireland who proposes to proceed much on cars should provide himself or herself

with every variety of wrapping that the ingenuity of man or woman has yet discovered, otherwise you will soon become wet through, for apart from the downpour from above and at the sides by the wind, there are the drippings from your neighbours' umbrellas and wrappings. If I may venture to give a word or two of advice on this subject to inexperienced travellers, I would add that men would do well to provide themselves with leggings, a waterproof overcoat, and a strong umbrella, and ladies with a waterproof cloak, a like covering for the bonnet, and a rug to envelope the feet with; of course also a strong umbrella.

To the right of the moor I observed two gentlemen fishing on the banks of a river, but they were too far off to enable me to learn their success. I believe this year is a bad one for fishing throughout Ireland, and so not to be considered an average season. Certainly the reports of sport which reached me during my travels were not very encouraging, only a very few salmon or trout having been caught by any one rod. As a general rule the rivers and streams appear to be strictly preserved, and the fishing is let to anglers for the season at so much for a rod.

I then arrived at Erriff Bridge, about seven miles from Leenane, and the weather cleared up for a time here. This is a beautiful spot, the river Erriff flowing through the valley under lofty hills or rather mountains. From this place the scenery is very fine with a few breaks all the way to Leenane, the road running through or between lofty mountains, with occasional rapids flowing down from them in torrents, and producing a fine effect. Two of these mountain rapids at

one place unite their streams and forming a small brook cross the road, rendering the passage by no means easy for the pedestrian. Hereabouts I meet a car with three gentlemen tourists, being the only travellers I have encountered to-day, with the exception of those on the mail car.

Then on some distance, when I pass a neat farmhouse, beyond which I meet a clergyman and lady walking. There is nothing surprising in this, probably he is the incumbent of some church within ten miles, and lodges at the farmhouse. But at a turn of the road, without any habitation being visible, even in the extreme distance, on this windy wet afternoon, I come suddenly within hearing of voices, and then see before me a party of ladies and gentlemen well-dressed, but without wrappers, and accompanied by a large dog. I seem at once to have emerged from wild solitudes into a land of fairies. They look at me, but my position is capable of an easy explanation. I am a pedestrian traveller, traversing the country as a tourist, but I feel almost inclined to stop and ask—'My good people, whence come you, and whither are you going? I see no habitation in these wild regions for such as you; please explain, or I shall take you to be other than of earthly mould.' But I pass on, and seeing a woman sitting by the wayside ask her some question about my route, but she evidently guessing the cause of my perplexity, says she does not understand English, pointing at the same time to the bend of the road and saying, 'Mr. Plunket's house.' After walking further, the phenomenon is explained; there, sure enough, is the entrance to a gentleman's residence, and as I wind round the bay I see a

house or shooting box, prettily situated amid trees and on the margin of the water.

I discovered that this place is called Aasleagh. It is a small village with one or two neat farmhouses and a small Protestant church or chapel, with a churchyard containing a single gravestone. As I pass along the bay the drizzling rain and high wind render walking extremely unpleasant. There is something solemn and impressive, and suggestive of strange thoughts, in that solitary tombstone. Who is the first occupant of a grave in this truly lonely resting-place? What was his career when in the flesh? Certainly the contrast between life and death is very striking here. He feels not the pelting storm, the driving wind passes him unheeded by, he sleeps as soundly here in this wild spot as if resting in an encased and tesselated grave in Westminster Abbey.

On arriving at Leenane, distant from Westport 20 miles, I took up my quarters at the only inn here, called the Killery Bay Hôtel, proprietor Robert M'Keown. I reached this place about five or six o'clock, and was informed by the landlord that a party who were out on the water had ordered dinner at half-past seven o'clock, if I could wait as long, to which I agreed. I expected of course that some rollicking party of young fellows out fishing would be the persons designated, but I was agreeably surprised to find myself at eight o'clock in company at dinner with a clergyman from the suburbs of London, his wife and brother, and a French gentleman who arrived after myself. The fare was simple and good, consisting of roast goose, the only one I partook of in Ireland, and, as my land-

lord at Ballyshannon would say, 'other good things;' and the dinner being presided over by an English lady, I soon felt at home. We all evidently regretted that the French gentleman was deaf, for he was both agreeable and intelligent. After dinner we all had some whisky-punch, and compared experiences of travel. My friends had found the hotels in Ireland during a three weeks' tour very unclean and bad, and thought this inn the best and most comfortable they had yet experienced, and the clergyman on the next day so formally recorded his opinion in the Visitors' book. I was particularly warned against the inn at Cong. The clergyman attributed the badness of the inns in the south and west indirectly to the circumstance that these provinces are more Roman Catholic than Protestant. The experiences of this party proved in the event so different to my own, subsequently, when travelling through the same districts, that I am inclined to speculate whether my friend's white tie had anything to do with the reception of himself and party at the Roman Catholic hotels. As I discovered from my own experiences so many different constructions are put upon a man's objects of travel in Ireland, that it is possible my friend may have been mistaken for a Protestant clergyman come on a proselytising mission, or with some sinister purpose or other adverse to the prevailing religion of the country. Certainly, as white ties are not essential to the comfort of travelling, I should recommend clergymen who visit Ireland to leave them at home. My friend, as I afterwards discovered, had more correctly informed himself as to the nature of the National Schools. He

said they were conducted on this principle, namely—no religious or sectarian teaching, but a minister of any denomination might teach the children of that persuasion. Consequently where the Roman Catholics predominated, the schools were almost entirely confined to their children, and *vice versâ*.

CHAPTER IX.

A new Delicacy—The Mail Car—Badinage—Another Mail Car—The Killeries—Joyce's Country—A Roscommon Farmer—Kylemore—Delays in serving Meals at Inns—A Hurricane—A Boy-Postman—Glen of Kylemore—Contrast in Courtesy—An indifferent Traveller—Adragoole—Letterfrack—Roman Catholic Priests—Ballynakill—A Courteous Farmer—Islands off Cleggan Bay—Scenery between Kylemore and Clifden—Horseback in the old style—Spoiling the Country—Clifden.

Thursday, September 7.—I made acquaintance here for the first time with a delicacy termed 'spatch cock, or rather the name. At first I thought the word was short for dispatch, but on finding that it took twenty minutes to cook I knew this could not be, for the delicacy is merely a chicken done in some peculiar way—I think on a gridiron. Of course I am aware that I have not spelt the word correctly. I have pursued in this respect the phonetic system, following the sound, but if any Irish west-country reader will supply me with the proper spelling I will avail myself of the correction in a second edition, and bestow on my correspondent the substantial mark of my favour in the shape of a copy of the work in its thus improved state.

The 'spatch cock, however, though offered by the waiting-maid, I declined on account of the delay. I found the clerical party already at breakfast, and after

myself the Frenchman appeared, so we met like old friends. The morning was thoroughly wet, so I could not continue my journey to Clifden as I had proposed. By the way, I learnt here that there is a road leading to Delphi, branching off from the main road from Westport, which the traveller bound for time would do well to enquire about. This road I do not find indicated either on Wyld's or Stanford's map. Delphi I may remark is one of the most beautiful spots in the west, that is, so I read and hear; for I regret to say I omitted to visit the place myself. It can be reached very well by taking a boat from this inn, and other interesting excursions also may be made by the sojourner at Leenane.

In the course of the morning the mail car from Clifden to Westport just stopped for a short time. It was pretty full, but only male passengers. One gentleman in spectacles occupied the front seat on the box, and no doubt had taken some trouble to secure this favourite place, but it was all in vain, for the misty rain quite shut out the scenery. He was however taking the matter good-naturedly, and made some observation to me, who was standing at the open window. I replied that it was a fine day for the views, especially of the distant mountains. 'Now,' observed my clerical friend, 'that is too cruel,' and perhaps it was. But, while I am faintly conscious of the mote in my own eye, I would wish to avail myself of the opportunity of saying a few words as to the beam in that of my neighbour's. The Irish are too much given to badinage. This style of talking prevails to such an extent as almost to preclude rational topics of conversation, or any opportunity of acquiring useful or reliable information with reference to the

country. I constantly at the inns heard a party of friends indulge in perpetual banter for a whole evening. Strangers too are treated either with extreme reserve, or with that familiarity and badinage which a long acquaintance can alone justify. There is a want of what the French call the *juste milieu* on the part of the Irish in their treatment of strangers. No doubt a certain amount of badinage is desirable among friends and acquaintances; it affords a convenient mode of pointing out foibles and weaknesses to us, tones down disagreeable traits of character, and stills egotism; it may be said to be the salt of conversation, to give flavour to the talk of society; but what would be a meal composed of nothing but salt?—unpleasant, nauseous! So to the mind is a conversation consisting of nothing but badinage. Between strangers also this style of talk should never be resorted to; it then becomes vulgar. I think it possible, that on some occasions in companies where I was, the undue reserve may have been occasioned by the suspicion that I was a 'chiel taking notes,' as indeed was the fact. Under such circumstances, many persons of sensitive minds will prefer being altogether silent, to saying a word which might commit either themselves or their country in the estimation of a stranger. In concluding this digression I would say to my Irish readers, if the conduct of which I complain was occasioned by any fault of mine, or arose from any peculiarity on my part, or was accidental and not general, then treat these remarks as the idle wind which passes by and is forgotten; but if they contain any measure of truth, then do not disregard the comments of a stranger who visited your country, not only without prejudice but with many prepossessions in your

favour, so much so that he had to struggle against them in order to become impartial.

But here comes another mail car from Westport, full of passengers. This time it remains longer, for what time-keeper would be exacting on such a day? Several of the passengers descend and come into the coffee-room, among them a gentleman in a white tie, apparently a clergyman, with two daughters, one a pretty girl with flaxen hair and a blue dress. I offer her a chair, but she has no time to sit down, and commences at once doing justice to some thick pieces of bread and water with eyes downcast, which is fortunate, as I cannot keep my own from looking in that direction. I look with pity on that large wet spot on her blue dress, and think whether she will catch cold. Then I address a word about the weather to the clerical gentleman; but he stands motionless, making no answer. I hope he is deaf, for such rudeness is without precedent in my travels; however, in any event, I forgive him, for the sake of his pretty daughter. Then my clerical friend and myself have some talk with another of the passengers, apparently a commercial traveller. He tells us something about Bianconi, the inventor of the Irish car, who has died and left his wealth to an only child, a son, who inherits the fortune but not the industry of his father. This leads to the usual moral reflections on the profitless manner in which the money acquired by our ancestors is frequently squandered. But this commercial is hale and hearty, and he gives us a piece of practical advice also; he is taking a half glass of cold whisky and water, which he recommends as a good preservative against this kind of weather. The time is now up, the passengers resume their places and

envelope themselves in wrappers, and the mail car proceeds towards its destination and leaves us again to our own resources.

About three o'clock the weather cleared up a little, and there was a desire for movement amongst our small party. My clerical friend ordered a car to be got ready, to take himself, wife, and brother to Westport. After some delay, and in order to make a show of progress, the car is wheeled up to the door; then, after an interval, the horse without a bridle is led up by the mane; then a portmanteau is slowly strapped on, and as slowly strapped off again on its being discovered that the corn for the horse has not been put in the box underneath. The sister ascends the car and is warned by her brother that the unbridled horse may run away, being Irish. Poor animal! he looks as if he had not expected to leave the stable to-day, and will evidently only move when bound to do so by duty. And now at length my agreeable friends are off, and perchance I shall see them no more. It is true we both live in London, and shall return there in due course, but the metropolis has ceased to be a city in the ordinary sense of that term; it has become a mighty people, a nation greater than that which was ruled over by the Virgin Queen.

There is a Protestant school in the course of erection here, or rather, I think, to be built as soon as the necessary funds can be raised. There is a subscription list in the coffee-room. Having parted from my worthy host I proceeded on my journey, meeting the French gentleman returning from a short constitutional. We parted, expressing a hope to meet again, which, however, did not take place. I may here remark that the

landlord of the hotel at Leenane contemplates improving the place by enclosing the part of the bay near, or rather opposite to the house, and forming it into a garden. It is mentioned in the advertisement of this hotel that there is accommodation on the beach for ladies bathing, although where or in what it consists I could not discover. I wish, however, my host would also consider the gentlemen, and put up a box, from which a bathe might be had with propriety. Altogether to a person who loves quiet amid the wildest scenery, he could not do better than come to Leenane for a week.

I am bound for Kylemore, a hamlet on the bay of that name about eight miles from Leenane, and where I was informed by the clerical party that they observed a good inn as they were passing on the public car. The road runs through fine scenery, consisting of lofty mountains, constituting the range called Killeries, and then over heathy and rocky bog land. Towering high on the north side is the giant mountain called Muilrea, while to the south there is Benbaun. To the right on the moor is a small chapel, apparently Roman Catholic. I may here observe that in common parlance the whole of this district is known by the general name of Connemara, but there is a part of it well known to dwellers in the locality which is termed Joyce's country, and is so designated on the maps. This country was formerly inhabited by a family of the name of Joyce, or rather it was under their control or government. Tradition hands down that the Joyces were men of gigantic size, but probably fear of their power exaggerated their strength. At any rate their names are still held in great reverence by the peasantry as a class of men

above the common order. I observed on two or three occasions the name of Joyce over some humble wayside inn or shop, and I asked once or twice whether these were supposed to be descendants of the Joyces of old; but the idea was scouted as absurd. It evidently seemed out of all reason that the great Joyces could ever have sunk so low in the social scale. It appears probable, however, that such has been the case. Alas, for the glory of great families! I have been unable to discover either from books of travel, guide-books, maps, or local information, the exact limits of the Joyces' country, but it seems, so far as I can gather, that one boundary, that on the north, is the borders of the county Mayo, and the other, or southern boundary, is the mountain stream called I believe the Owenduff river, a bridge over which I cross to-day. However, as you cross out of the county Mayo into that of Galway, shortly before reaching Leenane, these limits seem very narrow.

Four rollicking young fellows passed me on the moor in a rough car. I believe they asked me up, but I declined. Shortly after a farmer on horseback overtook me, and we had some conversation together. He was a native of Roscommon and did not seem to relish the wild west at all. He called the country dull and tedious, and said it seemed to him double the distance of any other road. He was going to return that way next day to market, but dreaded the excursion. My friend offered me a seat behind on his horse, which seems a common mode of riding hereabouts, as I afterwards met two young fellows on horseback, one behind the other. But I declined this proposal. After a short while we parted company, after my friend had said, 'I am sorry

to see your honour travelling on foot.' It seemed a strange contrast that this district, which so many travellers come to see and remain to admire, should appear to this Irish farmer so dull and uninteresting. However, as I have said, he was not a native of Connemara, or his sentiments might have been different. The native inhabitants of Connemara and Joyce's country appear proud of the grandeur of the mountains, and the waste moors, and the pathless bogs, amid which they have lived from infancy, and where they hope to remain through old age and even unto death.

I frequently pass mountain rapids in the course of my walk to-day, and they are rendered more striking from the recent rains. At length I reach Kylemore, and after passing the inn a short distance without perceiving it, am directed back there by the boy-postman. No wonder I did not distinguish the hotel; it wears no sign, and does not even bear any name over the portal. This circumstance arises from the fact that the late proprietor, a clergyman, who is recently dead, used the house as his private dwelling, and eked out a private income—for he did no duty—by entertaining any customers who should happen to tarry in the vale of Kylemore. The inn is now kept on as a provisional arrangement by the deceased clergyman's servants, who are hoping to be able to take on the hotel if they can arrange reasonable terms with the owner, who lives at Dublin. The disadvantage under which this inn lies is that the Bianconi people will only book passengers by the public cars direct through from Westport to Clifden, or *vice versâ*, and will not allow them to break the journey at Kylemore or Leenane. The proprietor of

the hotel at Leenane, through advertising the fact freely, and from the central nature of his locality, is able notwithstanding to hold his own; but it becomes a serious impediment in the way of an innkeeper at Kylemore Bay. This hotel, however, is the resort of anglers, who find, I believe, good fishing in the neighbourhood.

The inn here is very commodious, but I am the only guest to-night. I sit in a large coffee-room over a turf fire, which, during this wet weather, is very acceptable. I order dinner, which is well cooked and nicely served; but oh! what an interval. I am kept waiting full an hour and a half, long enough to have sent some distance and had that chicken killed and plucked as well as cooked. I may, therefore, as well comment a little here on the almost habitual practice of delay which takes place at Irish inns in serving up a meal. In the course of half-an-hour a moderate dinner of soup or fish and chops, steaks, or cutlets, or chicken, ought to be ready for a traveller —a hungry traveller, O ye innkeepers! I should add— at least all pedestrians are in that condition. But at the inns in Ireland it was rarely I could get any meal in the shape of dinner served under an hour. I refer, of course, to a potluck dinner, which of course often comes round to the lot of a pedestrian. Another remark I would venture to throw out while on this subject is, that preserved soups are better than none at all. Nothing is so refreshing to the traveller, especially in cold weather, as a basin of soup. Now, by procuring some jars of preserved soups, an innkeeper in the most remote locality might within a few minutes serve up to a traveller a basin of soup, according to choice—

turtle, mock-turtle, ox-tail, pea or gravy. On this matter, indeed, I may say *crede experto.*

Whence comes it that we errant bachelors are so attracted by beauty. Here, as I sit by this glowing turf fire, sipping my whisky-punch, that pretty girl in blue I saw in the coffee-room at Leenane in the morning comes flitting before my imagination or the mind's eye, as it is termed, while her plain-looking sister finds no place there. Strange and unaccountable, stranger still does it seem next day, when I reflect that that fair image has vanished from my memory for ever!

Before I came to Ireland I never partook of whisky-punch in my life, nor knew how to make it, and as some among my readers may be in the same position I may as well perhaps state the simple process. The order to the waiter should be to bring some whisky and hot water, or 'the material.' This will produce a tray containing a glass of whisky in a diminutive decanter, a rummer glass, a small ditto, a spoon or properly a ladle, a jug of hot water, and some white loaf sugar. Put two or three lumps of sugar, according to taste, in the large glass, then pour on some hot water and dilute, then pour the whisky into the rummer and fill up about three parts with hot water, stir up well and the whisky-punch is made. Then ladle the whisky-punch from the large glass into the small one, and sip like wine. One rummer glass of punch, by judicious management, will outlast three or four glasses on the part of those who wish to drink more; and though in the last generation such a ruse would have been considered inconsistent with good cheer and fellowship, yet in the present more abstemious days such a practice is, in any society where a gentleman would

wish to be, perfectly allowable. Sometimes a little lemon-juice is added and will be found an improvement. One of the writers of travels in Ireland gives the lemon-juice indeed as part of the recipe, and ridicules the idea of a person drinking whisky-punch without, but this author must have drawn on his imagination, or have been speaking of English custom, for in the course of my tour only on one occasion, namely at the Recess Inn, was there any lemon-juice produced, and that was some essence of lemon in a bottle. Of course no doubt a slice of lemon would be forthcoming at an Irish inn if asked for, but as a fact I never observed it ordered. I may observe that according to medical authority whisky is considered the most wholesome of all the spirits, and whisky-punch is certainly a pleasant beverage, though perhaps the English traveller in Ireland would act wisely by leaving this part of his experiences behind.

They who wish to enjoy the wild West amid all its grandeur should come and stay at Kylemore. There was quite a hurricane all night. The storm raged, the wind blew, and the rain came down. The chairs in my bedroom rocked about, and the bed oscillated almost as much as if placed on blankets between two poles in the open air, and the windows seemed as if about to shiver to pieces. I was obliged after a while to shut down the window, which improved the state of things a little, but the whole house appeared to shake and tremble as if made of pasteboard. Though I live in a turret when at home, and am accustomed to the effects of the stormy wind and tempest, I really felt a little alarmed. Again and again I was awoke by some gust of wind of more

than ordinary power. This is certainly not a place for invalids, though I was informed by my hostess next morning that I had encountered an exceptional kind of night.

Friday, September 8.—I was detained by the wet this morning until twelve o'clock. A small boy with naked feet carries the letters from Kylemore to Letterfrack. He started from the hotel soon after eleven o'clock, and walked so speedily down the avenue that he reminded me of the French letter-carriers, who are famed for their swiftness. But to my surprise the little fellow no sooner reached the road than he stopped, though it was raining, under cover of the gate-post, and had a long talk with a man with some horses. The boy, however, must have made good progress, for on my way shortly before reaching Letterfrack I met him returning well laden with letter bags, a black bottle, and a large loaf. These articles, he intimated, he carried for a consideration. When we reflect to how many different messengers Her Majesty's mails are entrusted before they reach their final destination it is surprising that so few letters miscarry.

A break of sunshine about mid-day induced me to leave my moorings. I asked my hostess to make out the bill, when she said the clerk was not in the way, and she could not write very well herself, but would give me the items. Whether this personage had any real existence or not I had my doubts. A little way from the hotel there is a fine row of fuchsias by the roadside. You then pass by the side of Lough Kylemore through the glen of that name. To the right there is a mountain with shrubs and trees called

Doaghrue, with a large stone standing curiously forward at the base, as if in welcome. To the left Diamond Hill is clearly seen opposite the lake. I was caught in the middle of the glen in a driving shower of rain, accompanied with a high wind, so that at times I could not hold up my umbrella, and was once near losing it altogether. The glen of Kylemore has the reputation of being very beautiful, and so I should think, to judge even from the indistinct views, though sadly marred by the rain, which came before me. I tried indeed to persuade myself that the mountains opposite, seen through the driving rain as a veil of gauze, looked picturesque, but it would not do. Sunshine was required. There was no mistake about that. Still nevertheless the sight was certainly unique. In the glen I met a post-car containing a passenger enveloped in wrappers and shawls, with only the face appearing, but whether old man or woman I could not distinguish, but probably the former.

On coming out of the glen I observed a young gentleman opposite a residence fishing, attended by a servant. I stopped to have some conversation with them, and was struck by the contrast in courtesy between the gentleman and his servant. The former would scarcely condescend to reply to a question, so much so indeed that the latter took it up and answered me with great civility. That the youth's tongue was not tied from nervousness is obvious from the circumstance that when I turn from enquiries about the country to questions about fishing, he becomes more communicative. At length the young gentleman catches a small trout. 'Put on another worm,' he

says to the servant, which being done he commences throwing it like a fly—so, to use a vulgar expression, to prevent being hooked myself, I thought it prudent 'to hook it.' A little further on I met an English gentleman who was walking from Clifden to Leenane, having sent on his luggage. He was, he said, dodging the showers, and had hitherto succeeded, which on a day like this certainly required no ordinary management. To myself, who was nearly wet through, it was not a little mortifying to find I had fared so badly. I asked this gentleman if he could tell me which were the Twelve Pins. He replied, in an easy jaunty kind of way, that he really did not know, and he certainly appeared indifferent to the circumstance whether the mountains he encountered were pins or needles. Certainly, perhaps, this may be an enjoyable mode of travel, though on the other hand so much indifference does not suit every one's inclination.

I pass through a place called Adragoole, and then Letterfrack. This is a very pretty village, with two inns, a school, a large private residence, and a church or chapel. I met here with a Roman Catholic priest, and having exchanged names, we had some talk together. He made himself very agreeable and took great interest in my travels. One thing he seemed most curious about, how I managed when I got wet. I replied I trusted to the sun and wind to dry me. 'Well,' he said, 'that is certainly the natural process.' My friend had been acquainted with the clergyman who kept the inn at Kylemore, and though of different faiths, he said they were very good friends. As this was almost the only opportunity of meeting a Roman

Catholic priest during my travels in Ireland, I would here express the regret that such occasions had not occurred often, particularly as one eminent predecessor who has written about this country, Sir F. B. Head, in 'A Fortnight in Ireland,' arrives, as the result of his tour, at the grave conclusion that all the miseries of Ireland are attributable to the priests. To prove this assertion, the writer collects in an appendix a number of election speeches by priests, copied from local papers, and containing certainly more eloquence than discretion or judgment. But is this a fair test of the practical result of the ministration of the priests in Ireland? *Nemo omnibus horis sapit.* But an election time is of all others the hour when no man is wise. What hypocrisy, what false promises, what rant, what rubbish, what gammon, what soft *sawder* do not prevail at such a time! We apprehend there are few public men, however distinguished and successful, who would not consider themselves ill-treated if judged by such a standard.

Then on through Ballynakill, a pretty village, with a church, and to the right an agricultural institution, with a mound covered with ornaments of apparently Irish bog-wood. I met a farmer here, who walked with me to the end of his farm, some way over the moor, and as it turned out with the courteous intention merely of keeping me company. He would have walked further, he said, had it not been for the drizzling rain. The farmer rather approved of my mode of walking the country, if only it were not done 'too severe.' We had some talk about the islands of High Island, Inishbofin, and Inishshark, off Cleggan Bay.

My friend said they were all inhabited. Inishbofin, or Bofin Island, as it is termed in short, is a wild kind of place, entirely Roman Catholic, and excluding by force any Protestant. A Scripture reader attempted to make progress there, but failed. He was hooted and accompanied by such numbers to the pier that an immediate embarkation was rendered necessary. There is a chapel at the quay, with a resident priest. A small steamer plies with the mails from Cleggan Bay in about an hour. There are boys, from twelve to fourteen years of age, who walk about on this island quite in a state of nature. The farmer had visited the place himself, and spoke from personal knowledge.

After leaving the glen of Kylemore the scenery is not striking, and from Ballynakill to within about two miles of Clifden you pass over a bog of considerable extent. For about two miles before entering Clifden the scenery much improves. The moorland becomes rocky, covered with ferns and heath of different colours, and about a mile from Clifden there is a cascade flowing from the hills or mountains above, through rocks covered with flowery heath, in two streams, altogether forming a stupendous grotto of the most pretty description. Near Clifden you pass to the right the bay of Streamstown. The road for several miles before reaching Clifden takes a great wind round the moor. The adventurous pedestrian might therefore make a short cut, though not having tried it myself I cannot honestly recommend such a course to others. A bog is proverbially uncertain. You might find yourself sinking shoulder deep, or perchance even disappearing from this earthly scene altogether.

I cannot help thinking this circuitous course has a meaning. The road-maker no doubt distrusted the stability of the bog, and the traveller should do likewise.

Some miles before reaching Clifden I saw a couple riding together on horseback, in the old style. I enquired of the husband the way and distance. He then asked me, 'How *fur* have he come?' I replied, 'From Kylemore.' 'Oh!' said he, 'that is not *fur*;' and was about to propound some other question, when his wife nudged him, saying unless he took care she would be off, so they jogged on their way. Shortly afterwards I met a respectably-dressed boy, of about fifteen, who walked some distance, and proposed to take me over the hill and show me the Castle, which I declined on the ground of the wet. He then asked me for something towards a new cap, saying a travelling gentleman had given him sixpence for pointing out the way to Leenane. I reasoned with the boy on the absurdity of all travellers being able to afford to spend their money in that lavish way; and he bore my philosophy so good-naturedly and parted from me so civilly, when he came to a turning over the moor leading to his home, that I felt half inclined to call him back and give the sixpence towards the new cap.

I mention this petty incident, in order to show to my richer readers how, by a lavish and unreasoning expenditure, they may spoil a country for poor travellers.

On arriving at Clifden I intended to put up at Mullarkey's hotel, which I was informed was the best. It is not a very pretentious-looking kind of place, and

combines the business of a draper with that of inn-keeping. The waiter, however, said they were 'strong,' an expression I heard for the first time. It obviously meant full. This result I was in some measure prepared for, as two cars full of ladies and gentlemen passed me as I was entering the town. The waiter evidently spoke the truth, not only from his manner but because he volunteered to procure me a bedroom. I, however, declined this proposal and went back to the Clifden Hotel, formerly Hart's, and now kept by Mr. Dane, who has the Railway Hotel at Galway. Here I was accommodated pretty well, though considering the long delay the dinner proved unsatisfactory. I had ordered some dinner simply of the girl, 'a reg'lar Irish 'un,' or at least we had only discussed the first course'; so when some badly-done chops, or rather the remains, had been removed, I asked the maid what was coming next, there being a perceptible hiatus in the repast. The girl replied nothing, as I had ordered nothing. Well, *ex nihilo nihil fit*, as the Latinists say, there was some reason in this; at least no repartee came to mind; and so I was obliged to content myself with a liberal feed of bread and cheese. In the course of the evening I enquired of a young man who came into the coffee-room whether he knew how long Mr. Hart had given up the inn? 'Yes,' he replied, 'I ought to know, as I am his son.' His father had sold the inn about a year or two, and is now engaged in the manufacture of kelp made from seaweed, and sent to Glasgow for chemical purposes, to be manufactured into iodine, potass, and the like.

CHAPTER X.

Irish Church Mission—Clifden Castle—A Cottager's Dwelling—Irish kindness to Dumb Animals—A Seller of Curiosities—Ballynahinch—The Lakes Derryclare and Inagh—A Terrible Shower—The Recess Inn—A Record of the Weather—Loughs Oorid and Shindilla—Flynn's Public-house—Maum—Irish Chicken—Lough Corrib—Cong—Irish Innkeepers—The Curiosities of Cong—Wyld's Map—The value of a Testimonial—A delicate subject—Turf as an article of Fuel.

SATURDAY, September 9.—After breakfast I walked to the Castle by the road. On my way there I met a man, with whom I stopped and had some talk. He spoke well of the efforts of the Irish Church Mission, and with gratitude of what the English did in the time of the famine. He mentioned numerous schools which the Irish Church Mission had established, under the superintendence of a clergyman at Wanstead. There are at Clifden a Protestant church, a Roman Catholic chapel, two Protestant schools, a Roman Catholic school, a Wesleyan chapel, a dispensary, and an orphanage.

The Castle is beautifully situated, with views of Mannin Bay, and in the distance the broad Atlantic. The building is not much in itself, though I only saw the exterior, the inside being, I was informed by one of the outdoor servants, not shown to strangers. The Castle is owned by Mr. Eyre, a nephew of Mr. Eyre of Bath, and the exception made by this gentleman—

which I note merely as a fact, and not of grumbling, for surely any gentleman has the most perfect right to exclude strangers from seeing his house if he so pleases—nevertheless reminds me of the duty of here recognising as a stranger, the great liberality which prevails among Irish proprietors, in allowing visitors on pleasure bent the freest access to their houses and domains. I should observe that Mr. Eyre's restriction applies to when he is away from home, as he is now, for nobody of course could expect to be admitted when he or his family are at the Castle. But this gentleman gives express directions to his servants to admit no one in his absence. After all, however, I am guilty of a kind of bull in making the present instance an exception to Irish liberality in this respect, for Mr. Eyre I believe is an Englishman.

The man-servant I have alluded to guided me to the path along the bay. He climbed a pear tree with great agility, being no doubt much assisted by his naked feet, and shook down for me some pears. To the right, as you approach the coast, lies Slyne Head, but it could not be seen well. Opposite is the island of Inishdugga. This man had visited the island of Inishshark, and confirmed the farmer's statement, that boys were to be seen there quite in a state of nature. After leading me a kind of steeplechase over several stone walls into a regular path, my guide left me to pursue my own course. Feeling a little tired I shortly after entered a cottager's dwelling, to rest. There were two rooms and a kitchen. There was a pig in the principal room, but tied up, and allowed only a yard or two's range. There were several children on the floor,

near a turf fire, and the father was standing up reclining against something. He was very civil. Presently a dog came in and sat down quietly by the fire, like one of the children. The peasant said the dog had been unwell, and spoke of him as affectionately as if he had been a child.

I would here take occasion to remark that the Irish generally are kind to dumb animals—always, I think, a noble trait of character. I never met any overdriven cattle or sheep, and those I ever saw tended were treated with peculiar care. Pigs are well known to be domesticated among the Irish peasantry. The animal pays 'the rint,' and is therefore considered entitled to a share of the houseroom. Geese, ducks, and hens, also freely go in and out of the dwelling, and sometimes they too have their habitation there. The donkey is an animal much used by the Irish, and I invariably observed that he was well treated and occasionally accommodated in the cabin. On one occasion I saw a young donkey come with great speed out of a wood near a mansion, braying, as if dreadfully frightened by something. I watched the young animal with some curiosity, to see where he was going to run for succour. It was soon apparent. The young donkey ran towards the lodge, and jumped over the low door and into the house as nimbly as a cat would have done. The dog is a great favourite with the Irish, particularly the peasantry; he generally looks well fed and properly cared for. Of cats, for some reason or other, I saw but few; but those seemed especial pets.

It is a fine walk over the cliff, with its heathy foliage, and along the bay back to Clifden. Near the Castle

there is a retired spot, beautifully adapted for bathing, and being, indeed, resorted to for that purpose during the summer weather by the residents at Clifden. It reminded me, indeed, of one of those grottoes selected by Etty as the scene of his sensuous subjects, such as nymphs bathing and the like. Clifden is at present a place of much popular resort, and would be more so, I think, if only there were a good hotel here. There was, until quite recently indeed, another inn, opposite Hart's, now Dane's, which has become closed; and this circumstance certainly does not look promising; but still I think a really good hotel would answer very well, for there appear, so far as I can see, to be no good lodgings about. Clifden is well situated in itself, and moreover lies central for visits to any part of the wild west country.

I left Clifden about one o'clock. I was stopped on my way out by Alexander M'Donnell, a seller of curiosities, or marble artist, who showed me his collection. It consisted of the *verte antique*, moss stone, and other varieties of Connemara marbles. Professor Phillips and Dr. Daubeny had both paid him visits. There was a model of the Irish harp in dark marble. Altogether the visitor would do well to visit this collection, and, if not simply a knapsack traveller, he will, I think, take away with him some souvenirs of these marbles, which, to judge from appearances, would prove not only useful but also durable. Shortly after leaving Clifden you cross a bridge with, to the right, a turret, apparently the remains of a castle. From this bridge a fine view is obtained—on one side, of the town of Clifden, and on the other, of the river rapids and surrounding country.

From this spot to Ballynahinch, seven miles, the scenery is rugged and wild, consisting of moor and rock. At Ballynahinch, where a small Protestant church or chapel is being erected, you have a fine view of the lake of that name, with the ruins of the castle on an isolated little island, and two residences embosomed amid trees in the distance. From Ballynahinch to the Recess you pass over a wild boggy moor, with good views of the lakes Derryclare and Inagh, and the little islands on them, covered with fern and foliage. Three wild ducks passed over my head. From shortly before Ballynahinch to the Recess I was caught in the midst of a wild moor, in terrible showers of rain, the worst it was to be my fate to encounter during my travels. I became thoroughly drenched. I met a woman on the moor, who described the weather as terrible for travelling. Shortly after I passed the public car from Galway, resting for awhile near a farmhouse. It had two or three male passengers, one of them a clergyman, who looked smilingly out on the rain, as if duty had reconciled him to these disagreeable circumstances. They evidently looked astonished to see me, but we neither exchanged a word.

I reached the Recess Inn at nightfall in a dripping condition. When I knocked at the door I felt very much like Christian and Hopeful in the Pilgrim's Progress, and tremblingly awaited admittance, for where could I go or what do on such a night as this! The door, however, was soon opened by the host's daughter, a very pretty young woman and full of smiles of welcome. She certainly seemed a veritable angel. Perhaps there are few besides forlorn travellers, such as I was then,

who really know the blessing of a kindly reception. But my host's daughter was not merely pretty, she was also practically attentive, and I feel grateful for her kind exertions on my behalf. Such things as I could take off were removed by her to the fire, my boots were stuffed with hay to prevent them from cracking, and when at length I appeared in the coffee-room I found a good turf fire, which had been lighted unasked. A good dinner was soon served, and by the aid of some whisky-punch I made myself very comfortable by the fire. But the best practical test of the good result of all these kind services was, that though so thoroughly drenched I did not catch cold.

The Recess Inn is distant from Clifden about thirteen miles. It is a good hotel, one story high, with a large coffee-room or parlour, with three bedrooms branching off, besides an adjoining sitting-room and other bedrooms. I heard along the route subsequently that this inn under the late management had fallen into disrepute, but the present proprietor, Mr. Corless, his wife and daughter, are doing their best to provide for the comfort of travellers, and I heartily wish them all success. I am the only guest to-night, but yesterday a large party were here from Cong. There is a small lake here called Garrouin. On the opposite bank is Glendollagh, a seat rented by the Duke of Richmond from the Law Life Insurance Company, and the house on the opposite eminence is Lissoughter Lodge, J. Bodkin, Esq. Behind the inn rises the mountain of Lissoughter.

I may here bring in another record of the weather. From Monday the 28th of August, to Tuesday the 5th of September, both inclusive, it was fine, or nearly so;

Wednesday the 6th, wet part of the day; Thursday the 7th, wet nearly all day; Friday the 8th, very wet and almost without intermission; Saturday the 9th, drenching rain. A boy at Clifden told me they had not had there a dry day for a whole fortnight.

Sunday, September 10.—A rural aspect is presented this morning. A black cow and her calf, and a black horse, are feeding on the grass in front of the hotel. I left the Recess about eleven o'clock. 'See,' said my host's pretty daughter, 'the clouds are darkening for another shower.' 'At least,' I replied, 'I will fold up my umbrella for a few minutes;' but there was no more rain that day. The clouds cleared, the sky became bright, and the sun shone. There was no Protestant church nearer than Roundstone, sixteen miles away, had I been willing to attend service; but nature preached me a sermon after her own fashion, and the scene was such as to lift the soul in prayer. I was reminded that though in the journey through life the pitiless storm may rage and clouds darken, there is a brighter world beyond, accessible to all who take the right road.

I pass by three small lakes, and then Lough Oorid, behind which rises the Oorid Hill. After, by Lough Shindilla, a beautiful lake with small islands of green foliage. To the right, at the entrance of the lake, is a small public-house kept by Anthony Lynch. This was formerly Flynn's, a well-known hostelry where the Miss Flynn celebrated for her beauty, and who is mentioned in several books of travel, lived. I am sorry I did not enter the place, for I afterwards discovered, from Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall's Guide-book, which I saw at the inn at Maum, that there are here two or three quaint

and curious pieces of furniture, sketches of which they give. The reader, therefore, who may be travelling along here would do well to feign—if he do not feel—either hunger or thirst, so as to have a look at this romantic house.

Then on to the beginning of the next lake, Lough Ardderry, where I turned off to the left on the road to Maum. From the Recess to this spot it is about nine miles, and to the left all the way rise high ranges of mountains. From here to Maum, five miles, the road proceeds under the shadow of the Maumturk range of mountains, and the country is very bleak and wild. I met on the moor two women riding a mule, one of them a-straddle. I was amused at the poor animal, for every now and then he would stop short, evidently thinking he was overburdened. He was of course beaten into a trot, when he would again repeat the same process. It is surprising what a sense of natural justice these poor beasts have.

I reached Maum about four o'clock. On the bridge I saw a car-driver from the Recess, who had passed me on the road with his master's two young daughters, whom he was taking out for a holiday. He complimented me on my walking, saying I had made good progress, though, as he observed, I had the wind at my back. This circumstance certainly makes a great difference, especially if you are walking over an open moor. We had some talk about the beauty, Miss Flynn. The car-driver informs me that she married a Mr. King, a farmer, brother to Mr John King the proprietor of Maum Hotel, and is since dead, and her husband is married again. Simple facts enough these

and yet they seem to touch me, though a stranger. So life in these wild regions is about as practical and unromantic as elsewhere. The beauty is dead, and those who wrote her praises are dead for the most part too, and her husband is married again!

On entering the inn I find the little daughters of my host at the Recess, seated in the coffee-room on either side of the bow-window, enjoying the prospect before them. The elder of the two refers to my long walk from their home. Maum is a place romantically situated at the foot of a high mountain called Lugnabrick, and in front of Shanfolagh mountain, with a river and bridge. The place consists of the inn and two or three houses. Indeed the present hotel was built by the late Mr. Nimmo, the engineer of the bridge, as a shooting-box for himself. The inn here has acquired an unenviable notoriety from the circumstance that during the Lord-Lieutenancy of Lord Carlisle his lordship was inhospitably refused admission there, by direction of the Earl of Leitrim, the owner of the house. The circumstances appear to be these: Lord Carlisle had ordered dinner at the Maum hotel during his tour in the west country and intended to sleep there, but Lord Leitrim hearing of such intention, and owing the Lord-Lieutenant some grudge, wrote to Mr. King, the proprietor of the hotel, to the effect that if the inn were not full with travellers he was to fill it with tenantry. This letter Mr. King sent to the Lord-Lieutenant, by the hands of a police-constable, at Leenane, where he had driven from Clifden, and thus by the aid of such information his lordship was enabled to drive direct through Maum to Cong, and thus disappoint the feeble

and childish revenge of the enraged peer. The magistrates at their next meeting, in order to mark their sense of this indignity offered to the Queen, in the person of her vice-regent, revoked the license of the Maum inn, but it was magnanimously restored on application to Lord Carlisle, mainly on account of the great inconvenience to travellers in this deserted region, and partly no doubt by reason that the fault really lay not with Mr King, the innkeeper, but with his landlord, the Earl of Leitrim, who seems to be of a generally selfish and eccentric disposition; for once a year he comes here with his agent, Mr. Robinson, to collect the rents and look after the estates, and on these occasions he occupies the inn exclusively, and no stranger is allowed to enter. He sleeps in the double-bedded room I occupy here, leading off the coffee-room, and being that which would have been devoted to the use of Lord Carlisle had he come to this hotel.

Monday, September 11.—'Will you allow me to help you to some of this grouse?' says an Irish gentleman, who has just dropped in to breakfast this morning, before continuing his journey with his car. 'I am afraid it is chicken,' I replied, well knowing the fact, indeed, from its having come from my dinner of the day before. This incident, however, reminds me of the smallness of Irish chicken. They are certainly small, but, what is of more practical consequence, they are not tender. I never ate such skinny, dry, hard, bony, tough chicken anywhere else in my life. One reason, no doubt, is that they are not fatted enough; another that they are cooked too soon after being killed. But whatever the reason, the actual eating condition of the chicken is an undoubted fact.

I left Maum at about 9 o'clock this morning. At the distance of a mile and a half you pass to the right the ruins of Castlekirk, otherwise called Carislean-na-Circe—the Hen's Castle—situate on an island. The road passes through fine mountain scenery, and from a bridge a most beautiful view is obtained of Lough Corrib. I walked a short distance hereabouts with a barefooted girl, apparently the daughter of a small farmer. She said it did not hurt her feet at all to walk so; that few girls, not excepting even farmers' daughters, could afford to wear shoes and stockings except on Sundays. The reason why boys wore boots and socks was because they were more cared for than girls; but this may have been a little jealousy on her part. I suggested the rougher kind of work which the boys had to do, and to this she gave a qualified assent.

As you approach Cong the mountain of Benlevy rises near the road. Rosshill, the Earl of Leitrim's seat, lies to the left, about two miles from Cong, away from the road near Lough Mask, but out of sight. Cong is prettily situated, with an old abbey and two churches, one Protestant and the other Roman Catholic. The distance from Maum to Cong is about thirteen miles. I put up at Burke's inn, the only hotel in the place, or I should have selected another, as I had been warned against this one by my clerical friends at Leenane. But I certainly had reason to remember the oft-quoted line—

When ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise,

for the inn looked clean and comfortable, and I should have been spared the annoyance of expectation; but, as

it was, all was marred by the dread of the inevitable night. It was about one o'clock when I arrived at Cong, and so I availed myself of the opportunity of ordering some dinner. I asked whether I could have any pudding. The waiter said he would see, and came back with the peremptory message, 'The master says there can be no pudding.' At Irish inns the innkeeper is always called 'the Master,' and he is the person, and not the mistress or landlady, to whom all things are referred. The landlord may be governed by his wife, as in a court the sovereign is by his favourite, but, as regards the servants or guests, 'the Master' is the personage to whom appeal is made in any doubt or difficulty. I like the phrase, for it speaks of an authority in a house to which all must submit without demur. And perhaps a man, after all, is the more appropriate head in a house, and, as regards the outward world, he wields the domestic sceptre with more chance of being implicitly obeyed.

On emerging from the inn, in order to have a quiet look at the place, I was at once pounced upon by a guide as his lawful prey. After in vain endeavouring to release myself from his clutches, I thought it better to enter into a treaty of capitulation. 'My name is Mick, sir,' he said, 'and I am mentioned by Mr. Murray.' I have been amused to find how ubiquitous, according to the guides, this gentleman must be. He visits, sees, and writes everything, and the existence of the indefatigable editor is altogether ignored. Having surrendered myself into Mr. Mick's hands, I prepared to see with his eyes and hear as he would have me hear. We first inspected a curious old cross in the main street, with an

inscription in Irish, of which the following is a translation: 'A prayer for Michael and Gilbert O'Duffy, who were Abbots in Cong.' We then, by a short cut over stone walls, visited two caves, called the Lady's Buttery and the Horse Discovery, the latter so called from it having been discovered through a horse slipping in there. These caves are quite dark, and we saw them by means of lighted tapers waved about by Mr. Mick. They are, however, simply caves, and nothing more. We then entered the domain of Ashford House, belonging to Mr. Guiness, the gentleman who has so munificently restored St. Patrick's Cathedral at Dublin. We there saw a cave called the House of Rock. There is a curious subterranean river at Cong, which runs between the Lakes Mask and Corrib, and this is one of the outlets, which are numerous enough about the place. We then ascended a high tower, which has liberally been erected by Mr. Guiness, in order to enable visitors to obtain a good view of the surrounding country, which is certainly very grand and extensive. For the information of botanists, who will, I fear, find my travels as barren as those from Dan to Beersheba, I may mention, but only on the authority of Mr. Mick, that there are two or three ferns—one called the Royal Fern—in the grounds of Ashford House which are not to be met with elsewhere. We then walked through the domain and out some distance from the town to a cottage, where we obtained the services of an old woman, and walked with her over rugged stones to the most curious and interesting cave of all, called the Pigeon Hole. This place used to be very difficult of descent, but, through the kindness and forethought of Mr. Guiness,

steps down to the cave have been made, so that the most timid lady might now descend with ease and safety. On arriving at the bottom of the cave the old lady lit first one taper and then another, and, thus illumined, she walked round and about the cavern, waving the tapers and looking exactly like one of the Witches in that scene in Macbeth. This cave is certainly worth seeing, and, as thus lit up, presents a very striking and remarkable appearance. We then ascended, and Mr. Mick and the old woman held a consultation whether they should take me on to another cave; but I cut the Gordian knot by writing down in my note-book their account of it, which I read at the same time, as follows: 'The Priest's Cave further, near the town, but rocky and inaccessible.' This seemed very much to please the old lady, who said with some rapture, 'See, now, the *gintleman* knows how to write.' There are also other caves, which I did not see, namely, Captain Webb's cave, about which Mr. Mick had a curious though not over-nice story, in verse, and Kelly's cave.

On our way back to the town Mr. Mick pointed out numerous collections of stones as memorials of the dead, which have thus arisen—in the case of a funeral, the relatives, on passing the spot, place two or three stones on the heap, and so in the course of time a large pile becomes raised. This practice is still continued by the country-people. There is one pile of stones near the road raised more artistically than the rest, and on which is the simple memorial, 'John Joyce and Wife Mary Joyce.' There is no date and no tradition of a date, nor whether these were members of the great family of Joyce, though the pile wears the aspect of antiquity;

and such is therefore not improbable. We then visited the Abbey, an interesting old ruin. Here in the churchyard is an old tombstone which tradition assigns as placed over the grave of the last king of Connaught. The only inscription remaining which can be read is, 'Pray for the soule of ——.' About forty-eight years ago the last Abbot, one Father Patrick Prendergast, died, and he lies buried next to the traditionary king. There is a spot called the Strangers' Burying Place, where numerous skulls and bones are to be seen scattered about. Mr. Mick certainly proved a most original and entertaining guide, having all kinds of stories about the curiosities of the place, and the visitors, and their appreciation or non-appreciation of them. He was much pleased with one entry in the Visitors'-book of which he had been informed, to the effect that the stranger, after various statements about Cong, added, 'But Mick was charming!' I mentioned this incident in the course of the evening to a gentleman who was assiduously devoting his time to a steady perusal of the Visitors'-book, but he said he had not met with any such entry, so I suspect it was a touch of the Master's banter.

The weather had been fine all day, but the evening proved wet. Mr. Mick left me at the inn door with the request that I would say something about him in the Visitors'-book, which I promised to do. I found in the coffee-room a large turf fire, which, as I was very warm and dead beaten, proved anything but agreeable. In the west country one leading idea of an innkeeper is to give the traveller a good fire, regardless of the state of the weather, and without consulting his wishes

on the subject. I dined alone, but a party arrived just now from different quarters, consisting of an English gentleman and his wife, and two young Irish gentlemen, friends taking a short tour together. My mode of travel soon became divulged, and this led to the introduction of my unfortunate map. The English people had been travelling along the coast of Clare, and had just come from a spa called Lisdoon-varna; but they were quite horror-struck at the idea of not finding on the map either the cliffs of Moher or the spa. I had by this time become acclimatised to this wretched production, for in the north-west I had not found the fashionable and well-known watering-place of Bundoran there, nor in the west, Maum, nor a road of any kind to the place. My friends, however, were much surprised at my coolness on the subject, and they extended to me their fullest sympathies. Indeed I could not express here all that the English gentleman said on the matter, for fear of subjecting my worthy publisher or myself to a criminal information, action for libel, or defamation of character, indictment, summons, warrant, or some one of those numerous processes by aid of which the legal gentry are wont to torture their victims. I don't know whether my English friend himself was connected with the law, but he recommended me to bring an action against Mr. Wyld in the County Court; but his wife gave me more judicious advice, which in effect was that which Punch gave to persons contemplating matrimony—'Don't;' and which sound advice I intend to follow. The only origin I am able to suggest for the existence of this map is, that it was drawn out by Mr. Wyld as an exercise at school, and being the

foundation of his career as a geographer, he has retained so much affection for such first attempt as really to think it a good map, and one worthy to be reproduced, with possibly some slight improvements, and sold to the public. At least this is the most charitable construction to be put upon the matter, for it seems incredible to suppose, that a gentleman of Mr. Wyld's high character before the world would knowingly and wilfully issue such a map. But considering the many inconveniences to which I was subjected by the use of this map, and that I forego the County Court action, I think the least reparation Mr. Wyld can do me would be to purchase a hundred copies of this my work.

The Irish gentleman from the county of Donegal produced a map which had been in his father's possession for thirty years, and which was far superior to mine. This gentleman was agreeable and pleasant during the evening, but his friend annoyed me rather by indulging in badinage to a merciless extent, making my pedestrian mode of travelling his key-note. The next morning he asked me whether my impressions of the Irish had proved correct. I said I had come to Ireland with my mind a perfect blank on the subject. 'Yes,' observed the Donegal man, 'like a blank sheet of paper.' I replied, 'Yes, but of course it will be filled up with something;' whereat his friend became silent and thoughtful. Was he thinking, that when that blank sheet came to be filled up, he himself would occupy a blot there?

When the time for rest arrived the English lady suddenly discovered that the sheets in her room were not clean, and came out, to her husband's annoyance, to order more. A wise precaution, no doubt, for the fears

with which the clerical party at Leenane had filled my mind with regard to this inn were realised. The next morning, on leaving, the Master civilly accompanied me to the corner of the street, to point out the way; but I was more occupied in looking at him than in listening to his directions. If the truth must be told, the Master was not clean-looking. The same condition of things pervades his hotel. I am afraid he has been spoilt by a testimonial. There is placed over the mantel-piece, in a small neatly-glazed frame, a statement from the then Lord-Lieutenant, Lord Carlisle, when he made his celebrated visit to the west country, and duly countersigned by his secretary, testifying to the cleanliness and comfort of this hotel. Well, perhaps the beds were clean on that memorable night, or perchance the vice-regal party were over-fatigued by their prolonged drive. At any rate this testimonial is now used as a cloak to cover a multitude of ——. Well, never mind, poor Lord Carlisle is dead. I only wish these others were dead too.

Before I leave the west country I would wish to refer, as delicately as possible, to a topic which, however, some of my readers I fear may think I should not allude to at all. I mention the subject here because, although the grievance exists more or less throughout Ireland, it is more rampant in the west. It is the unclean nature at the inns of certain necessary places of resort. A few pounds would remedy the matter completely. Those who have stayed at the hotel at Leenane will know well enough what I mean, for there the objection has been removed, and the Master does not scruple to allude to the circumstance, in

public advertisements, as one of the advantages of the inn at that place. I have little doubt that English-women, who complain so bitterly of the dirt and uncleanliness at Irish inns, are more influenced by this unspoken reason than any others. The English lady, though she leaves a home surrounded by every luxury, is by no means a fastidious traveller; indeed, she rather enjoys the variety of roughing it than otherwise. Only you innkeepers must take care not to offend her scrupulous sense of delicacy. If you do, that will be fatal. No attention in other respects—such as clean beds, good table, civil servants—will countervail so grave a defect in your establishments. The continental innkeepers along the main routes made this discovery several years ago, and they are profiting by the result.

But I turn to a more pleasant topic, that of turf, which forms the principal or almost only article of fuel in the west country, and, more or less, in all parts of Ireland. The turf is cut from the moors, as a general rule obliquely, though sometimes horizontally. It runs from three to six feet in depth on an average, and is cut in small squares and then placed in large heaps. When dry it is fit for fuel. The turf is sold for so much per load, and the peasantry, I imagine, club together, for I generally saw one large pile serve apparently for several cottages or huts. When once a moor has been cleared of the turf then it is exhausted, and becomes in the course of long years fit for cultivation. The first crop consists of thistles and weeds, and gradually a soil is formed, and the moor reclaimed; so that in the course of time all the bog-land of Ireland

may be reclaimed, and the land placed under cultivation, when turf as an article of fuel will cease to exist. The heat given by the turf is not unpleasant, though not so good as from coals, neither will it stand that constant poking which the Englishman so much enjoys. In this respect it somewhat resembles coke. It is a pleasant kind of fire to look upon, though I am informed dangerous to the eyes. At least I hear it said that there is more blindness and weakness of eyes among the Irish peasants than those of other nations. This is pitiable. Certainly the peasants are thinly clad, and I see them during this warm weather leaning over the turf fire. Moreover, the chimneys are so badly constructed that the cottages and huts are frequently full of the turf smoke, which I believe is that which injures the eyes so much. However, I rarely saw a peasant either blind or with weak-looking eyes, and would fain hope that the evil may be in some degree exaggerated.

CHAPTER XI.

Distant View of Joyce's Country—Cross—Glencorrib—Moyne Castle—Ross Abbey—Irish bye-paths—Burying-places in Ireland—Headford—Suggestion for securing a Clean Bed—Difference of opinion as regards an Inn—Absence of Milestones—Clooneen Castle—Ruins of Annaghdown—Cregg—Laghtgeorge—Clare-Galway and Abbey and Castle—A way-side Inn—Other Ruins—Want of Education—General View of Galway—Hotel Experiences there.

TUESDAY, September 12.—I left Cong this morning about nine o'clock. For the first few miles a good view in the rear is obtained of Joyce's country. I must say, I parted company with the Wild West regretfully, and took many long lingering looks behind, as the scenery gradually faded away from view. I love the Wild West, its grand mountains, barren moors, heathy rocks, and deep solitudes. A lady, a dear old friend of mine, says that I ought to have had a companion during my travels in Ireland, and she quotes Zimmermann, who remarks, though in finer language, that solitude is only beautiful when there is some one near to whom we can say 'How beautiful!' But I would ask, is there any evidence to show that Zimmermann ever visited the West of Ireland? If so, I think indeed even he would consider solitude there appropriate and pleasant. I was frequently reminded of those well-known lines in Byron's 'Childe Harold' (Canto ii. 25, 26):—

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unroll'd.

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless;
Minions of splendour shrinking from distress!
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less
Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought, and sued;
This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!

About three miles from Cong I pass through Cross, a village where there is a National School, and then two miles further on Glencorrib, where is also a National School. I entered the boys' division of the school here, and sat down a short time. A young man, the only schoolmaster, was catechising the boys in grammar, and they answered the questions very well. Around the room, which was spacious and well ventilated, there were maps arranged, and framed directions of an elaborate nature as to the character of the education. When the boys were dismissed for an hour or so, I had some conversation with the young schoolmaster. I asked him how he managed about the religious education. He smiled, and replied, 'Oh! we have no difficulties of that kind here; we are all Catholics.' At Glencorrib there is a seat belonging to Colonel Higgins. Two or three miles further on there is, to the left, in a field near a farm-house a tower, the remains of Moyne Castle.

Further on, near Headford, I came in view, to the right, of Ross Abbey, one of the most extensive ruins the Guide-books say to be found in Ireland. Cong is on the borders of the county Mayo; you skirt a corner of which for a short distance, and again enter the county of Galway, in which Ross Abbey is situate. I thought to reach the Abbey by a short cut over the moor, but shortly came upon a broad stream, which I did not like venturing to jump in my knapsack, and so had to retrace my steps. Further on, I was again rash enough to adventure on the moor. This time I certainly reached the Abbey at last, but only after a good deal more walking and fatigue than would have been necessary if I had gone on to Headford and taken the cross-road to the right from thence, which is no doubt the best course for the pedestrian to pursue. It is difficult to make your way over an Irish bog. You are constantly in danger of slipping into some deep hole or other, and almost surely come in for a wetting. I was told by a man that there was a pathway, which I contrived to find and follow for a short distance; but shortly I meet two or three men at work, one of whom says: 'You are going astray, sir.' They directed me again into the path, which however again I soon lost, and was obliged to wander along over the moor, when after a good deal of floundering about I at length reached the Abbey. I may here remark that the Irish bye-paths over fields or moors are the most perplexing I ever encountered. They are so little used, for one reason, that the tracks are scarcely perceptible, and then at a stone wall there is no gap or break, but merely a projecting stone or two, to rest the foot upon in order to climb over. Then, again, the

path frequently takes a serpentine course, in order to escape a morass or cross a stream, or wind round a hill. In order to make these ways at all convenient or accessible a local knowledge is indispensable. And yet the Irish being an indolent people, place much value upon bye-paths, and you feel constrained by a kind of moral force to take the one indicated, though it may land you in the middle of a moor or amid pathless fields. Of course, if by one of those lucky chances which rarely occur, you met again your director, he could say with truth, 'You have gone astray, sir;' you ought to have done this or that, or something else, a fact of which you feel painfully aware. But unless the pedestrian wishes for the excitement of being lost on a moor, or to rough it unnecessarily by getting wet, or the amusement of taking about three hours to reach a place by a short cut when an hour round a dry road would suffice, I should strongly recommend him stoutly to resist all solicitations to take a bye-path of any kind or description whatever.

Ross Abbey is an immense ruin, most picturesquely situated on the banks of the River Black. It was a beautiful day, and the rooks were flying about the towers, and the scene altogether was strikingly romantic. A holy calm prevails here! I enter the interior of the Abbey, which has been long used as a burying-place. I take up a very perfect skull, which is lying on the ground. Two small worms are creeping about it, and there are several large insects and many smaller ones quietly reposing there. I was never so much reminded before of those solemn words of Job, used in our service for the dead, 'Though worms destroy this body, yet in

my flesh shall I see God.' Here, indeed, on a human skull are the worms, sad emblems of mortality! I pass on and observe here another skull, and numerous thigh and other bones; near there several other skulls and bones, then a skull and bones in the corner on a gravestone, and again, on another gravestone beneath one of the arches, nine skulls, and further on five skulls behind some low gravestones. I then observe an old tombstone fixed to the wall, dated — November, 1717, consisting of a coat-of-arms and the following inscription:—'God be merciful to the souls of Ullick Burke and his Wife Kate Lynch, son to John Burke of Castle Hacket, and their Posteritie.' I again pass on, and observe here four skulls and bones, and there three others, then twenty skulls and a collection of bones in a window recess, other skulls lying about, and four skulls and some bones in a recess on a kind of shelf. I then observe an old tombstone to the O'Donnells, of date 1646, let into the wall in the west chapel of the south aisle, consisting of a coat-of-arms; and another tombstone, let into the wall, to a priest, bearing date 1687. Outside the Abbey there is a large heap of skulls, more than a hundred, and an immense pile of bones. Many of the skulls and bones are covered with moss. A strange spectacle truly! Here probably is the skull of a man who would not meet his enemy in life, but who rests by his side quietly enough now. There a father or mother who would not receive an erring daughter in life, but who meet together in death. And while I think of these things I cannot help congratulating myself that I am an Englishman, and live in a country where the dead are respected.

Wherever and whenever I die, no matter. No wife, mother, sister, or relative or friend, may be about my dying bed or close my eyes. To strangers the last sad offices may be allotted, but at least I shall be buried decently in that earth which is the mother of all, and in the coming years, aye centuries, though no memorial or record may be there, my bones and remains will be respected, and if turned up by some mischance, restored again as quickly as possible to the ground from whence they have come. Worms indeed will destroy this body, but the process will not be seen by man, and no stranger will take up my skull as I did that one just now, and moralise on its mortal aspect. Before I quit Ross Abbey let me say a word or two to the people of Ireland on this painful subject. No country will ever appear to the stranger as civilised where the dead are not treated with respect. In the heathen world the last and direst disgrace which could befall a man was that his bones should remain unburied, the sport of the elements, food for wild beasts, or the prey of vultures; and the spirits of the departed were supposed to haunt the earth until this sacred rite had been performed. A few shovelfuls of earth would cover the bones in the Strangers' Burying Place at Cong; and at Ross Abbey, two sturdy labourers would in a single day do that which even the ancients considered a crime to leave undone.

Having leisurely inspected Ross Abbey, I threaded my way back with difficulty over the moor and across the fields and by a farm-house, when I regained a cross-road, which took me into Headford. It was market-day, and nearly all the women and girls had on thick shoes,

or boots and stockings, though hereabouts I generally observe all of them with bare feet. On the road I saw a most decent-looking woman, apparently a farmer's wife and well-dressed, walking with naked feet and carrying her boots and stockings. On my way to-day a respectable well-dressed boy asked for a halfpenny to buy some bread at the next village. I was much surprised at this modest request from such a quarter, and had some conversation with him as to the reason of his present reduced position. He said he had been in a school at Galway, kept by the monks; but, as I understood, was discontinued through being a stranger, as one of the boys there, who had been obtaining things from a Protestant seminary, had turned Protestant. I gave the poor boy a penny, with a kind of apology for offering him such a trifle.

Headford is a clean well-looking little town. I went first to the Headford Arms, and was shown by the Boots into a small bedroom. It was, he admitted, 'tossed,' being an Irish word for disturbed or disarranged; but he very civilly promised to have the room put in order. I, however, said I would try for better accommodation at the other inn, Redington's; but I allude to this incident because I was informed by the landlady at the latter hotel that there had been that very day the funeral of the mother-in-law of the Master of the Headford Arms, and they were hardly in a condition to entertain strangers. Yet this circumstance was not referred to by the Boots, although, even late at night, it would have been accepted by me as a valid excuse for declining a guest. As I have occasion sometimes to animadvert with severity on the inhospi-

tality of some of the Irish innkeepers, I refer to this exception the other way with the greater pleasure.

The small bedroom off the coffee-room at Redington's Inn certainly looked uninviting enough, and, as I had spent a sleepless night at Cong, the matter was of some consequence; but the landlady assured me the bed and linen, for they were not there at present, would be perfectly clean and comfortable. And so it turned out. This circumstance made me reflect whether beds would not be freer from objections if they and the linen were, as here, altogether excluded from the bed-post until actually required. I fear it is the stagnation of a bed which, no doubt, often does the mischief. I think a traveller would do well under suspicious circumstances, by the aid of a gratuity to the chambermaid, to have the bed and linen entirely removed and others substituted from the reserve store of the establishment. In other respects, however, Redington's Inn was not a good one. All that could be obtained for dinner was half-done chops and hard-boiled potatoes. I was somewhat amused at my only fellow-traveller here, a young gentleman on business from Dublin. He thought the inn a very good one, and much better than he expected to find in such a place. What his preconceived notions of country inns in the provinces were it is difficult to imagine. However, I was certainly reminded of the proverb, 'Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.' This gentleman, though quiet in manner, is so thoroughly genial and good-humoured, that with the aid of some really good whisky-punch after dinner, we contrive to pass the evening pleasantly enough. Besides, the landlady is

so civil, and says that a treatise might be written on the hotel accommodation in Connaught. I am pleased with the observation, for, if she thinks a book on this topic might be written concerning a single province, surely my readers will not think me of a grumbling disposition if, in the course of my travels, I devote a page or two here and there to a subject so important to the comfort and peace of mind of all travellers.

The distance from Cong to Headford is about ten miles. I may observe that from Westport to here there are no milestones, except between that place and Leenane there are two or three defaced stones which might in former times have served as such. Except in the morning the weather has been fine all to-day.

Wednesday, September 13.—The inn overlooks the entrance to Headford Castle, which, however, I believe contains nothing particularly worthy of inspection. I left Headford this morning about 10 o'clock. The road passes the grounds of the castle. About a mile and a half, and to the right, I observe the ruins of Clooneen Castle, which consist of one slight building. About two miles and a half further on, I see to the right on the shore of Lough Corrib, the ruins of the Castle and Church of Annaghdown. They are somewhat separated. There were also pointed out to me to the right the ruins of a castle in the distance among some trees. I pass through the village of Cregg, and observe the Currabeg Monastery and Schools. Then over the river Cregg by the bridge near Cregg Mill, from which on either side a pretty water-view is obtained. The road then skirts the park of Cregg Castle, which lies embosomed among trees out of sight. Then

through Laghtgeorge, where to the left a road diverges to Tuam. Here the traveller evidently comes within the region of episcopal influence, for milestones are encountered here and continued to Galway. The first I notice has the number 6, so I presume they commence at Tuam.

Then on to Clare-Galway. Here there are the remains of an old abbey in a good state of preservation. I counted more than one hundred skulls about, and there are also numerous bones. I believe that some years ago even more skulls and bones than now were to be met with round and about the burying-places in various parts of Ireland, but a great many of them have been at different times taken away by the Dublin medical students, for anatomical purposes. Certainly there would seem to be an inexhaustible supply. I would recommend any London medical student, instead of buying a skeleton for five or ten pounds, to spend the same amount of money in a short trip to Ireland, where he could supply himself and friends with any number of skulls and bones at merely the cost of carriage, for I presume they are *nullius bona*, as the jurists would say. There is a small chapel attached to the abbey, but it is apparently not now in use. The best view of the abbey is from an adjoining field, where the sketcher or photographer would do well to take up his quarters. Near the road are the ruins of an old castle. I entered the inn here, and had a half glass of whisky in some water. The charge was twopence. The water was brackish, but the good woman excused this on the ground of the recent rains. The room where I sat down, and which was equivalent

to the taproom of an English public-house, presented a very untidy appearance, containing lumber, such as barrels, an old door, and odds and ends.

Before reaching Rockwood House, Killeen, four miles from Galway, you see to the right a ruined castle near Rocklawn, and Kiltullagh Castle to the left, looking very picturesque in its loneliness. In front you observe the ruined tower of Killeen, but the house lies back from the road out of sight. Then through the village of Killeen. As you approach Galway there is another ruin on the right, near the village of Menlough. Near here I was asked by an intelligent-looking boy to read the direction of a letter. He was walking in company of some men and women in charge of two carts. I thought this incident did not look well for the state of education in this part of Ireland. While walking through the streets of Galway, the same boy accosted me, directing my attention as a pedestrian, with a natural feeling of pride, to the circumstance that he had not taken long on his walk to and from the country. It seems a pity that a boy, with so much physical strength and intelligence, should be allowed to remain ignorant of the first rudiments of human learning.

About two miles from Galway I came in sight of the town and the Queen's College. The general view from here is good, but at another turn of the road a better prospect is obtained. You see the Bay, with the vessels and boats looking black in the distance, and the whole town is before you. The sun was setting and the effect was fine. I walked slowly through the town to Eyre Square and beyond. An

old woman bade me welcome, and asked a penny, which I gave her. Then a boy in Eyre Square, and again another, made similar requests, and with the same result. The Railway Hotel is a large fine-looking building, but I put up at Black's in Eyre Square. Kilroy's is gone, and Black takes his place, giving up his old establishment. I did not, however, find Black's Hotel comfortable, though it seems to be the popular place of resort for the commercial gentlemen, who generally know what is good. The waiters were uncivil, and at night the bed was unclean. I ordered some fresh herrings, but they proved to be corned, which made the already thirsty traveller still more thirsty. I may observe that corned beef, mutton, and fish are rather common at the inns in Ireland, as having frequently few guests the fresh provisions ordered are not all required for immediate use. The process consists, I believe, merely in slightly salting the meat or fish, not so much, for instance, as in the case of the bloater. Indeed the waiters endeavour to persuade travellers that corned food is about the same as fresh. Other travellers seemed treated here in the same uncivil manner. One, apparently a commercial, was mentioning to a friend that he asked the boots whether he should forget to call him the next morning at 5.30 A.M. He replied 'he might.' So having business to transact next day, the traveller, to prevent such a contingency, was going by the midnight train. However, *audi alteram partem*, as the Latinists say. I fear the waiters here must be often very much provoked by travellers. Another commercial asked the waiter for some oysters, who replied, 'There are none in the town,

sir.' 'It is a lie,' the traveller rejoined. Possibly it was, as I saw a woman in the street on the next day selling oysters; but still the guest's rejoinder was offensive in the extreme, and moreover quite unnecessary, and to a person in a dependent position cruel. But this same commercial had some reason for being irate with all waiters just now, for he was endeavouring to excite the sympathy of his friends by exhibiting a new great coat with a hole burnt in it, through being put close to the fire by the boots at Mullarkey's Hotel at Clifden. As, however, the commercial had been talking of the income-tax he paid, representing as it did a considerable annual sum, he could not elicit much lively sympathy on his behalf. I observed the boots here, who certainly looked an original fellow. During the night most persons in the house must have had reason to think of his existence with no pleasant feelings. A traveller for nearly an hour was ringing and knocking to obtain admittance, and making enough noise to awaken the seven sleepers. At length I heard door after door open, and when the whole household had been roused, the traveller obtained admission. I heard afterwards that on one occasion a traveller was stabbed by a waiter at this hotel, provoked probably by such an incident as that I have alluded to. Mr. Black is, I am informed, a widower, and probably the defects of this hotel are owing to the removal of woman's gentle influence.

CHAPTER XII.

Galway—The Railway Hotel—Lynch's Monument—The Church of St. Nicholas—A primitive Hair-cutter—The Claddagh and experiences there—Salthill—A good Bathing-place—The Geography of Ireland—Hotel Bills.

THURSDAY, September 14.—I walked out this morning to explore the town of Galway. I observe Lynch's Mansion, with its curious carved figures, at the corner of Shop and Abbeygate Streets, and the old house on the opposite side. I enter the Roman Catholic parish chapel in Middle Street, which is a very plain structure. I then visited the building in Lombard Street, which has a fine gateway, and was formerly a nunnery. I was standing in the square court-yard looking about me, when a woman came forward and said no one appeared there without paying for his footing. To this custom I tacitly submitted, and, placing myself under her guidance, she took me up-stairs and pointed out an old date over the mantel-piece in one of the rooms. The principal curiosity here, I believe, is an old chapel; but I did not see it, as the man having the key could not be found. I was soon joined by several self-constituted guides, each of whom offered to show me some specialty. I however paid the woman who first accosted me sixpence, with which she seemed very well satisfied,

and took my departure. This large building is let and sublet in a number of rooms, and contains a goodly collection of inhabitants. Indeed in London a stranger would hardly like to entrust himself alone among such people, but here I felt perfectly safe.

Then I walked on to the West Bridge, which is a new structure, built about sixteen years ago, replacing the old bridge. From here, on the left, you see the wooden bridge, and on the right the Upper Bridge. I then went on to the Queen's College, and saw over the Library, Museum, Examination Hall, and Class Rooms. Altogether it is a fine noble building with good grounds. It was vacation time, and, though nearly 12 o'clock, the porter appeared in a state of demi-toilet, but civilly gave me directions how to proceed; and shortly afterwards I fell in with an under-porter, who showed me over the establishment. On going away I saw the porter, who had evidently cut his chin in shaving, and through hurry, I fear, on my account. I apologised for coming at so unseasonable an hour—a remark which he received as if made in irony, as indeed it was. I received an elaborate report of the origin, progress, and present condition of the Queen's College at Galway, the names of the professors, the numbers and attainments of the scholars, and other particulars. I feel conscious that, properly speaking, I ought to epitomise this information and place the same in a condensed form before the reader, together with the writer's own moral, religious, political, and philosophical reflections thereupon; but such a task would be too laborious a one for a pedestrian traveller to accomplish, so I amused myself on the next day

with tearing up the reports and scattering the fragments before the wind as I walked along.

I returned to the town by way of the Upper Bridge, and pass the Gaol, a large grim-looking building. Here I met an intelligent boy, and asked him how I could obtain admittance there. He said there were two modes of doing so; one was by committing some crime, and the other by obtaining permission from the visiting magistrates. We both arrived at the conclusion that the first course was inexpedient and the second difficult. I then pass the County Court House and the Town House, and enter Father Francis's Chapel in Francis Street, which, however, does not present any particular features of notice. I then observe the thick square bastion in this street, some remains of the old fortifications.

I now returned to Black's Hotel. I had partly intended the day before to make a move towards the Railway Hotel, but my night's experiences confirmed such intention. However, I had given out some things to be washed, so was bound there until 1 o'clock. So I remove to the Railway Hotel. I do not like, as a general rule, taking such a step for a single night, and believe in my previous travels not to have done so before; in the first place because of the trouble, perhaps, but also, and I hope mainly, because the doing so without some grave reason throws discredit on the innkeeper, which, if it comes to his knowledge, he is likely to feel though the pecuniary loss may be trifling. The change from Black's to the Railway was like one from barbarism to civilisation, and I found the latter hotel most clean, quiet, and comfortable, with a good dinner,

and including herrings, no longer corned but fresh. On comparing, however, the bills of the two establishments, I found Black's the more moderate of the two. There were but few guests at the Railway. The proprietor would act more wisely if he made his tariff exactly the same as Black's. A slight difference may not affect the choice of casual visitors, but I think it may influence the determination of commercial travellers who come round regularly.

Having taken up my new quarters at the Railway Hotel, I issued forth again in order to see more of the town. On emerging into the square, a boy begged of me a penny. I reasoned with him on the absurdity of his request, and that if I complied with it I should not be able to walk through the town. He replied no other boy would see. I said, 'There is one,' pointing to a ragged little fellow. This silenced him for a while, though as he still continued following, I thought he must be meditating some new mode of attack. At length the boy said, 'See, sir, that boy is now gone,' and looked as if he had now removed the only objection to the transfer of a penny from my pocket to his own. Finding no escape from my persecutor, I bargained that he must earn his penny by showing me Lynch's Monument, which I had been unable to discover in the morning. So we walked together to Lombard Street, near the Church of St. Nicholas, where this monument is erected on a wall enclosing one side of the churchyard. I could only tell the story by copying it from the Guide-books, but it is sufficiently disclosed by the memorial. The device consists of a cross, bones, and skull above, with this inscription underneath—

Remember deathe. Vaniti of vaniti.
All is but vaniti.

There are two open window-frames above. Lower down there is the following memorial—

This ancient memorial of the stern and unbending justice of the Chief Magistrate of this city, James Lynch Fitzstephen, elected Mayor A.D. 1423, who condemned and executed his own guilty son Walter on this spot, has been restored to this its ancient site, A.D. 1854, with the approval of the Town Commissioners, by their Chairman, v. Rev. Peter Daly, P.R., and Vicar of St. Nicholas.

After duly inspecting this curiosity, I requested my youthful guide to show me the sexton's, and then his duty would be over; but on the way a rival claimant for the penny appeared in a boy I had not noticed before, who claimed it on the ground that he had shown my guide the way to the memorial or the sexton's, I could not quite make out which. The result was, that these two boys and their respective partisans formed quite a crowd, and when at length having arrived at the sexton's, I gave my guide a penny the rest became very stormy and vociferous. The sexton's wife came out and asked, with an amused expression of countenance, what the row was all about; but as she at once opened the door for me to enter, I presume she did not take me to be in the wrong, but was aware of the predilections in this respect of the youthful inhabitants. Then, after sitting down for a time to allow my persecutors to disperse, I sallied forth again, under the guidance of the sexton, to visit the Church of St. Nicholas. We spent about one hour there, but, dear reader, I could more easily fly from

here to you than write down a tithe of what the worthy sexton told me about this church. He had unfortunately observed me copying at Lynch's Monument, and therefore seemed to think, I presume, that I was a traveller more than usually curious, and moreover possessed a kind of carpet-bag memory. The sexton had a long yarn about each aisle, buttress, and monument, but only (for he was a modest man and knew nothing of himself) as he had heard tell or say from some distinguished visitor or other. And then the inscriptions led to short biographical notices of the memories they commemorated; and the old position of pulpit and pews, and the modern restorations, had to be duly entered upon, and how the expense was borne. Verily a little learning is a dangerous thing, but may there not also be too much? However, without being guilty of that grave offence of the Guide-books, and saying that the traveller should on no account omit to visit the Church of St. Nicholas, I may observe that should he have half an hour to spare his time would be well occupied in doing so.

Having parted from the loquacious sexton, I was desirous to find some hair-cutting rooms, so I asked the mistress of a respectable shop in one of the principal streets if she would kindly recommend me to the best hair-cutter in the town. She smiled and said the only one she knew of was that in Eyre Square. It was a most humble establishment, which I had already observed. You ascended to the first floor, and there found a small ill-furnished room with a feeble mirror. The hair-cutter was a youngish man, but of somewhat a melancholy cast of mind. I congratulated him on the monopoly he enjoyed, but he said the times were not as

they used to be—that now nothing well could be done out of Dublin. He should be very glad to be out of the City of the Seven Tribes. He attacked me with having been cutting my own hair, but I said I had not done so and should not think of interfering with his trade, at which he appeared pleased. I certainly, as I look round the room, do not feel surprise that the leading families of Galway should prefer Dublin. Fancy a young lady with a fine head of auburn hair coming to have it cut and dressed here! I may observe that Galway is still sometimes termed the City of the Seven Tribes. I presume the townspeople are proud of the title as it appears on the omnibuses. According to the Guide-books, there were originally a greater number of tribes—some thirteen or fourteen, but probably seven of them were more distinguished than the rest, and hence the ancient name.

I now made for an old portion of the town of Galway called the Claddagh, which I had read a good deal about and was particularly curious to see. The place is principally inhabited by fishermen and their families, and has a high reputation for morality. The Claddagh consists of a collection of thatched cabins and cottages arranged somewhat in the form of streets, though very irregular. There are about eighty dwellings and five hundred inhabitants, though formerly both the cabins and people were more numerous than at present. The cabins belong to Mrs. Grattan of Dublin, and are let at from sixteen shillings to one pound a week, or at the rate of about sixpence per foot. The Claddagh is said to have peculiar laws and customs of its own, though from my enquiries there, I doubt this information.

Certainly there was formerly a mayor or sheriff, to whom all disputes were referred and whose decision was accepted as final without recourse to the law or the courts. A Mr. Burke, a tradesman in the town, was the last mayor or sheriff, but he is now dead and no successor has been appointed in his stead. In the midst of the Claddagh there are two or three open spaces of ground covered with green turf, and the place looks by no means unclean or unhealthy.

I made some enquiries of a policeman as to the situation of the Claddagh, and whether I might with safety venture alone there. He described the inhabitants as poor, half-starved creatures, and who were perfectly quiet and harmless. The policeman was very civil, and, I believe, would have accompanied me had I so desired; but my object was to visit the place as a stranger, and judge of my own reception. However, to enter such a rookery alone required some exercise of courage, though by this stage of my travels I had acquired considerable confidence in the Irish character. I walk on quietly enough, and see nothing until I enter a small square enclosure. Here a dog was busily employed with glistening eyes in the endeavour to masticate some hard substance or other; but he did not look aside, bark, or even notice my approach in any way. This scene, much as I had been annoyed by dogs in the course of my travels, deeply affected me. 'Surely,' thought I, 'there is poverty here!' otherwise this dog would not allow me to pass thus, undisturbed and unchallenged, into the middle of the Claddagh; the instinct of hunger has overcome his sense of duty. But I walk on, and soon a number of

people rush out from different cabins, and almost simultaneously surround me. The most vociferous is a young girl—at least she scarce looks more than twenty—who proclaims herself a widow, and begs for a stone of potatoes for herself and her children. She is a pretty, dark-looking young woman, with jet-black hair and eyes; and from the piercing manner with which she looks into my face she probably feels that those eyes which, when so youthful, won a husband, have not yet lost their power; and perhaps she is right. I reason with her as to the impossibility of complying with such a request; that if I did so I should never be able to walk through the Claddagh, as every one else would require the same. Did ever woman, young or old, listen to reason? at least this one will not. I ask her how much a stone of potatoes would cost. A little girl near says, twopence-halfpenny, for which she is reproved by the young widow. I take out all the coppers in my pocket, being exactly this sum, and contend that on distributing them I must be allowed to proceed. But my closed hand is seized in such a forcible manner that I fear my fingers will be broken; so I give way, allowing the coppers to take their course, and avail myself of the temporary lull to go on my way. But it soon becomes clear that I have only added fuel to the already burning fire. I am followed, and again surrounded; so, observing a cabin a little more respectable-looking than the others, I rush in, and am not mistaken in my supposition that I should find a shelter there, for the people at once shut the cabin door and offer me a chair, which I gladly accept, and begin to collect my scattered senses, for such a scene

was new to my experience. Meanwhile, the crowd collect round the door, determined, apparently, to cut off all retreat, and there was no mode of escape in the rear. The occupiers of this cabin were a young man, who was the sole support of his mother, and one or two other relatives. He was a fisherman, and had been out that night and caught nothing. Presently there entered a fine-looking old man, with a weather-beaten countenance and a broad-brim hat. He seemed a man of some importance in the Claddagh, and I was specially introduced to him. 'These people,' the old man said, meaning the crowd outside, 'are very poor.' 'Then,' thought I, 'there are distinctions even here—the rich and the poor, as elsewhere.' As the crowd showed no disposition to disperse, I found it necessary to parley with them, and came to what I considered advantageous terms of capitulation. They were these—that I should hand out for distribution a shilling's-worth of coppers, in consideration of which I should be allowed to proceed through the Claddagh without further molestation. But upon putting my hand into my waistcoat pocket, I found only a florin, which however it was agreed should be entrusted to the young widow to change. So she was admitted into the cabin for the purpose of taking the coin, and then went on her way. While she was absent, I commenced reading the account of the Claddagh as contained in Murray's Hand-book, in order to test its correctness. As I proceeded, marks of assent were made, but I had not read far before the noise of the crowd at the door became so deafening that I was compelled to stop and close the book. I asked the old man why they did

not elect another mayor. He replied that the people of the town were careless in the matter, and did not care about the affairs of such poor people. He forgot that it was the part of the electors to be active in the matter. A long interval, during which a shade of suspicion crossed through the mind, but only a shade—such as may pass through an angel's mind and leave no trace behind, for I had confidence in that beautiful young face. But the character of the Claddagh is safe in her hands. I hear a loud uproar, look up, and see the young widow bounding with main force through the noisy crowd. Now she is admitted, and with one hand full of coppers she comes up and looks me full in the face, as much as to say, 'See, I am an honest woman!' But there was no answering look, her eyes fell, and I believe she acquitted me of the injustice of having suspected her. However, she wished me to count the money, which was all in copper, and so I did, and of course found it correct. I then entrusted her with a shilling's-worth of coppers for distribution among herself and such of the crowd as she pleased. I was preparing to depart when the people of the cabin asked something, and I gave them a penny each. Then without delay I left, and made my way through the crowd, and as I passed on I heard, 'God bless you, sir,' and 'God speed you, sir,' coming from many voices. I emerged into a green space of ground where was a striking contrast. All was still and quiet here! There was nobody about, and none came out of the cabins or molested me in any way. I only saw a child or two playing at a door here and there. Whether the people hereabouts are better off than their neigh-

bours or are away just now I don't know; all I feel certain of is the fact, which is somewhat startling. At length I am joined by the old man and several others. He asks me where I come from, and on my saying 'London,' he observes that there are no such places as this there. I tell him there are worse, alleys and courts with no such green spot as here, where a thousand people and more live huddled together. At this he is greatly surprised, and well enough he might be. I thought afterwards, that probably many Londoners when pointed out the Claddagh, while driving by on a car, turn away from the sight with a shudder, little dreaming that not far from their own homes are populations living in still greater destitution and poverty, and moreover, alas! deeply stained with crime and vice. The old man and his companions asked something of me, so I distributed the remainder of my coppers, giving to each one a penny except the last, who came in for only a halfpenny. We then walked on together until the old man and several others departed to some work, but the two who remained, having nothing apparently to do, accompanied me as far as Salthill, pointing out things on the way, but as matter of civility only I think, and with no intention of seeking for anything more. Here I parted from them. It is said that the Claddagh people have kept themselves very separate from the town, but I think they are gradually becoming amalgamated with the townspeople. Perhaps they are beginning to see the advantages of such a course, for on my way back in the evening I saw one of these last indulging in luxuries on a doorstep, which a servant-maid was kindly handing out to him.

Salthill is the seaside suburb of Galway, and is really a very pretty watering-place. It possesses numerous fine residences, occupied I believe by the richer inhabitants of Galway. Indeed the splendid houses speak well for the wealth and prosperity of the town. There is a good hotel here called the Eglinton. The contrast between the Claddagh and Salthill was to me striking enough. A short hour since and I though poor was rich among the very poor, but here I am poor indeed! In the Claddagh a couple of shillings was a regular largess, here the whole contents of my purse would be scorned with contempt. Such is life!

There is a good bathing-place for swimmers at Salthill, consisting of a platform attached to a rock, from which the swimmer may jump into the sea at high water, or he may descend the steps and have a plunge that way, and the rocks afford dry places for dressing. However, as to myself, not being in practice, I was obliged to be contented with a bathe from the pebbly beach near. I returned by the road away from the sea to the town, and here also passed numerous rows of villas and good houses, though not so grand as those at Salthill. I reached the Railway Hotel at nightfall, and thus ended this most interesting day's excursion.

For the benefit of those readers whose geographical knowledge of Ireland may have become rubbed out amid the active duties and employments of life, I would here observe that this country is divided into four provinces, namely, Leinster in the east, Ulster in the north, Connaught in the west, and Munster in the south. These provinces are again subdivided into thirty-two counties, namely, Leinster, containing twelve; Ulster,

nine; Connaught, five; and Munster, six. Of the nine counties in which I have been travelling, more or less, hitherto, five of them, namely Antrim, Londonderry, Tyrone, Fermanagh, and Donegal, are in the northern province of Ulster, and the remaining four, namely Leitrim, Sligo, Mayo, and Galway, in the western province of Connaught. The town of Galway is considered the capital of the west of Ireland and is the best head-quarters for the tourist to this part of the country. It is also a great place of resort for anglers, the salmon being most plentiful here, and are, I am informed, to be seen swimming about in large numbers in the summer. The rights of fishing are rented by a gentleman who sublets at so much per year per rod, every third salmon belonging to the renter of the fishing.

The economical reader will probably by this time be glad to know something more about the hotel bills; I therefore append two as specimens of the rest, and in order to show practically the cost of travelling in the west country.

Leenane Hotel, Connemara.

Robert M'Keown.

		s.	d.
Sept. 6.	Dinner (including whisky-punch)	2	6
„	Ale	0	5
„	Bed and Attendance	2	6
„	Breakfast	1	9
		7	2

Black's Hotel (late Kilroy's).

Eyre Square, Galway.

		s.	d.
Sept. 13.	Dinner	2	6
„	Punch	0	7
„	Bed	2	0
„	Attendance	1	0
„ 14.	Breakfast	2	0
		8	1

CHAPTER XIII.

Oranmore—Clarinbridge—Kilcolgan—Ballinderreen—Kinvarra—The Castle there—An Umbrella a means of Introduction—Useful Information—A Girl-swimmer—An officious Landlady—A genuine Irish Boy—An Invitation accepted—Observations on Irish Hospitality—Erin's green Fields—Knocking, but no admittance—An industrious Boy—Village and Castle of Corranroo—Effects of Potheen—Ballyvaghan and Fair there—Native Irish—Corkscrew Hill—Lisdoonvarna—A small Cabin—A civil Waiter—Observations on interest excited by Pedestrian Travel.

FRIDAY, September 15.—I left the Railway Hotel at Galway this morning at nine o'clock. I proceed along the end of the bay. From two or three places a good view is obtained of Galway, particularly from a stone stile. You see Mutton Island and the hills of Clare in the background. On to Oranmore, about six miles from Galway. To the right is the ancient castle of Oranmore. I then pass through the villages of Clarinbridge and Kilcolgan. To the right is Tyrone House, the seat of Christopher St. George, Esquire. I then leave the main road, leading to Gort, Ennis, and Limerick, and take a road to the right, and pass through the village of Ballinderreen, and then for miles through a bleak and desolate country until I reach Kinvarra. This place is distant from Galway about seventeen miles. There is a castle here called Dungoury, which is in a very good state of preservation. I ascended to the top, from which a fine view is obtained. Below is the village

town of Kinvarra, prettily situated on a small bay and with some appearance of trade. Around is a stone-covered country, wild and uncultivated. On walking into the town a storm of rain fell, and I offered a share of my umbrella to a gentleman in the road, who kindly showed me the inn, and on learning, as was the case, that my mind was a blank as to my course of travel from this place, he wrote on a slip of paper a prescribed route as far as Kilkee. This information, contrary to my usual experience during these my travels, proved correct. This route included, I was glad to find, the spa of Lisdoonvarna. I had heard of the place for the first time from the lady and gentleman at Cong, but I could not catch the pronunciation, and as it was not down either in Murray's Hand-book or on Wyld's map the spa had become lost. I did not recollect the name, nor did I know the county, only that it was situated somewhere in this part of Ireland, so I knew not how or where to enquire. This information therefore came most seasonably to hand, as I was anxious to visit a spa in this country. The gentleman I refer to proved to be the medical practitioner of the place. He kindly asked me to join his circle to tea in the evening, at eight o'clock, and then left me meanwhile to my own resources.

It was still early in the afternoon, so I walked to the end of the bay, and bathed as well as the weeds which were gathered thickly there would permit. On my way back, an old woman told me a story of a girl of the village, some time since, who was accustomed to swim across the bay, put some wheat-ears between her teeth from the field on the other side, and then

swim back again. The distance to and fro would be about a mile. On my return to the inn I found a turf fire lighted without any direction of mine, a mode of welcome not at all acceptable this warm weather. The hostess is a stout well-meaning woman, though rather too fussy. She places before me some oysters and eggs, scanty fare enough. She tells me she is the mother of eighteen children. Only fancy! This woman has brought eighteen immortal souls into the world! Yet what accident is here. A young man forms an attachment in early life, becomes jilted and remains a lone being for life. A friend more fortunate marries the girl of his love, and as Sam Weller would say, as a consekence of the operation, and in defiance of every Malthusian theory, there comes into the world a dozen children. My hostess tells a pretty story of one of her eighteen, a boy. He went to London *en route* for Australia, and wrote from the metropolis to say, that though he had seen all the sights there, he still thought no place equal to Kinvarra. The Irish, as is well known, have a wonderful attachment for their own country, but think of this, O ye Cockneys! Kinvarra preferred to London. Certainly there is no accounting for taste.

In the evening, at eight o'clock, I went out to take tea at my medical friend's residence. His house is a very good one, situate in pleasant grounds of its own. I was most hospitably entertained, and regret was expressed that being Roman Catholics and a fast day they could not have asked me to dinner. I was offered some potheen, but greatly regretted that, through feeling a little indisposed, I could not partake of it, for this was

my only opportunity of tasting such liquor during my travels, for it seems that the manufacture of potheen is prohibited by the Excise laws, and can only be obtained *sub rosa*. The family consisted of the medical gentleman, his wife, three daughters, a young man a cousin on a visit, and the assistant. One of the young ladies sang Kathleen Mavourneen very sweetly. The line—

It may be for years, and it may be for ever,

fell appropriately enough on the ear of the stranger. Most likely 'for ever!' I left this genial house about half-past eleven o'clock, kindly guided back by the assistant, arm in arm, to the inn, without whose aid I should have found it difficult indeed to grope my way through the garden and down the steps, as the night was dark and there was no moon.

As this was the only occasion of hospitality proffered to me as a stranger during my travels in this country, I would wish to avail myself of the opportunity of saying a few words on the delicate subject of Irish hospitality. I am aware I am treading on delicate ground here. As a traveller who had a general intention of writing down his truthful impressions of the country, I was vexed to find the Irish people so sensitive with reference to anything like criticism on their manners, habits, or customs. But surely I may write the truth in a book, provided I set down naught in malice. Uncle Toby says he has no objection for a man to have a hobby-horse, if he does not wish him to get up behind. So, dear Irish readers, you need not read my book, nay more, I give you leave, on coming

to the first passage which gives offence, to throw the work into the nearest fire. There is one consolatory reflection I throw out for the benefit of my Irish readers. If I freely write things which may be considered to the disadvantage of their country, then when I write of matters to its advantage I shall be readily believed to speak the language not of compliment but of *truth*. Well then, in this matter of hospitality to strangers, I think the Irish are neither better nor worse than their neighbours. In fact, I should be inclined to think that they are rather more suspicious of strangers than the inhabitants of other countries, and more prone to imagine sinister objects and motives. Indeed, in these civilised times, it must necessarily be, that in all lands a certain halo of suspicion must envelope the stranger when he stands at the threshold of the domestic circle. 'Who is he?' 'What is he?' 'Whence comes he?' These questions will occur as a matter of course to the least suspicious mind. It cannot be, that in European countries that hospitality can be afforded to the stranger, which we read of in eastern fable, allegory, or books of travel. The framework of society will not admit of such a course being pursued. Still I am inclined to think, that the sacred threshold will be more readily crossed by the stranger in any other country than in Ireland. I write these remarks in no feeling of bitterness, but simply to remove from the mind of the intending traveller in this country a misapprehension which I believe often exists, and consequently leads to disappointment, and thus harms both the country and the traveller. I have many Irish friends in England, and some Irish relatives

near Dublin, and had I asked them, I have no doubt I could have taken about with me sufficient letters of introduction to have enabled me to gain a footing in the country. But I was desirous to visit Ireland as a stranger, and to see the country with the eyes and perceptions of a stranger. And my remarks apply to travellers who are strangers pure and simple. Those who take with them any letters of introduction, of however general a character, would I believe find themselves more hospitably entertained and treated than in many other countries, perhaps than in any other. Indeed, had I taken one or two introductions to Belfast, I should I believe have found it difficult during ten weeks' travel to get further than the Giant's Causeway.

I have only observed lately the particular green of the fields, that special peculiarity of Ireland, so as to have given rise to the expression 'the Green Isle.' I have remarked a green field near Ross Abbey, another on entering Galway, and one again to-day. These fields were beautifully green, but as a general rule I observe the colour of the grass is very much the same as in England. Why there should be such a difference I had no opportunity of discovering, but certainly the green fields of which travellers and visitors write and speak so much are the exceptions, and not the rule.

Saturday, September 16.—During the night I heard a great knocking at the door by some travellers, and this morning I asked my hostess whether they had been admitted. She replied no, she was afraid of disturbing me, and moreover the servant-girl was away at the fair, and there was no one but the mistress to get up and admit them. It seems that the poor fellows had

gone away and come back again, there being no other inn in the place; but the landlady would not relent. Indeed as she gave me the account she laughed and thought it good fun, and said the night air would do them no harm. I mention this incident, to warn the pedestrian traveller in Ireland, of the fate he may expect if he arrives at a country inn late at night. However, should he appear at any reasonable hour he will be very well treated at Kinvarra, because a grand precedent has been set by Mr. Blake, the member for Waterford, who was recommended by his medical adviser to take a walking tour, and who came along this route on his way to Lisdoonvarna, and with a knapsack, which, according to my hostess' description of it and the contents, must have been one of quite a model kind.

I left Kinvarra at half-past nine o'clock this morning. I pass to the right on leaving the town a round tower, and on the left you have the hills of Clare. Then to the right there are the Kinvarra National Schools, a neat-looking building, erected in 1840. Shortly afterwards I meet an industrious boy, who has been making good use of his time by catching a fine lobster. Though he knows a house further on where they generally buy the lobsters he catches, yet, on the principle of the bird in the hand being worth two in the bush, the boy offers the lobster to me, but I excuse myself from becoming the purchaser on the ground of travelling. I tell my young friend of the story of the lobster which seized a man's hand and held it so fast that he was drowned by the rising tide, but the boy says he is aware of this propensity on the part of the lobster,

and always has in view the prevention of such a casualty. I then pass through the village of Corranroo, where you have fairly passed out of the county of Galway into Clare. Then on to the foot of some hills, from whence a fine view is obtained of the arm of the sea and surrounding country. There are three roads here, that to the left leading to the south, and that to the right being a road longer by two miles, leading to Ballyvaghan, the road in the centre over the hill being the shorter one to the same place. Further up the hill you have a still better view of the bay, and an immense expanse of table-land, with a round tower on an island to the left, and the town of Galway in the distance on the other side of the bay. Then on to the ruins of the Cistercian Abbey of Corranroo, which lie to the right of the road. It is a fine old abbey with ornamented arches. The ruins cover a large space of ground. I observe some skulls and bones about. I see before me a beautiful cock-robin in a recess, who does not notice me sitting on the tombstone opposite, so calm and quiet is the scene. This robin reminds me of one who used to greet me in my little garden when a child. I observe the sculpture of human heads on the capitals of one of the arches.

I then took a path which leads into a bye-road leading into the main road to Ballyvaghan. Shortly after reaching the main road there is a ruin to the right of an old castle or mansion. About two o'clock I met an old farmer in a cart, quite 'drunk and incapable.' A friend came up on foot who was in the same condition, and assisted him. I asked a boy whether the men had been drinking potheen at Ballyvaghan. He

looked at me with a knowing smile, and said there was none in the place, not a drop. 'Ah!' thought I, passing on, 'you take me for a gauger, I see, my boy; no potheen in Ballyvaghan on market-day—a likely thing, very likely!' On the left, before entering Ballyvaghan there are the ruins of apparently an old church. I pass through Ballyvaghan, a clean neat-looking kind of town with an inn. It was fair-day. Pigs, sheep, drapery, fruit, and salt fish, were the principal articles of merchandise. A good deal of Irish was being talked in the fair, and by two farmers on horseback on the road. I met a woman who said that neither herself nor her husband could speak the native Irish, and they found themselves therefore at a disadvantage in doing business in the fair. One of her boys had picked up the language, which was of some assistance.

To the right, after leaving Ballyvaghan, there are the remains of a castle called Newtown, and further on the ruins of a church or chapel, and afterwards to the right the remains of an old abbey or castle. On ascending the hill there is a magnificent view of the valley below, with the stony hills on each side, and the bay in the foreground. The road then winds in a serpentlike way up a high hill called Corkscrew Hill, from its assuming somewhat the shape of that useful instrument, and proceeds for several miles over the moorland, and then through a more cultivated part of country to the Spa of Lisdoonvarna, which is distant from Kinvarra about twenty-four miles.

Shortly before reaching the spa I entered a small cabin occupied by two old women. Only one bed in a recess, and underneath a place for the chicken. There was a

kind of apology for a chimney, but the smoke went out at the door. I sat down for a short time and had some talk with these old women. One of them said she should be quite contented if she could have this hovel entirely to herself. What a reflection on human ambition! This poor woman would be content to have as a home that which a fine gentleman would hardly think good enough to rest in for one hour.

Arrived at Lisdoonvarna I took up my quarters at Redy's Hotel, to which I had been recommended by my kind medical friend at Kinvarra. It was late in the evening. I asked the waiter for some dinner. He replied, 'I fear there is nothing.' I said, 'But you have a table d'hôte, I hear, at four o'clock.' 'Ah! yes; but the things are all consumed by this time,' he rejoined with a smile. However, though the waiter promised nothing, he produced some very good salmon and a joint of meat. The visitors were just sitting down to a table d'hôte tea, and my travels seemed to excite a good deal of interest, and particularly the distance I had come that day, which was solemnly repeated by a gentleman who was talking to me at the side-table to the ladies around their tea. I may here observe that, throughout my travels in Ireland, the greatest possible curiosity and interest were evinced on the part of all with whom I conversed. The Rev. Harry Jones—and by which mention of his name I confer on his work at least a year's immortality—in his book entitled 'The Regular Swiss Round' says, that his sympathies were quite excited by the sight of a solitary traveller entering the inn with no one with whom to discuss the journey of to-day, or to map out

plans for the morrow. From my own personal experience I can assure the reverend gentleman, that his sympathies will be much better bestowed in some other and more deserving quarter. For my part, at the different hotels and inns I was overwhelmed with friendly advice and kindly interest. Not only was my route of to-day freely discussed, and of course some better one I ought to have taken instead suggested, but the plans offered for my consideration on the morrow were so numerous and conflicting, that to prevent the difficulty of choice I generally carried out my own preconceived ideas. In order to give the reader some idea of this general curiosity, I will proceed to set down at random and in no particular order, the various questions on which information was sought to be elicited.

'How many miles do you walk in a day?' 'Do you not feel tired, walking so much?' 'Where did you start from?' 'Where are you going?' 'What countryman are you?' 'What is your occupation when at home?' 'Are you an Exciseman?' 'Do you travel on business?' 'What is your trade?' 'Why have you not a companion? 'Are you married?' 'Why are you not married?' 'How long do you intend to travel in this way?' 'Do you lie to in the winter?' 'Why do you not travel by the railway?' 'Why do you not travel by the public car?' 'Are you not afraid of being shot?' 'Are you not afraid of being robbed?' 'Do you carry an over-coat?' 'Do you carry a stick?' 'Do you carry an umbrella?' 'Have you a black hat with you?' 'Have you another suit of clothes with you?' 'What kind of

shirts do you wear?' 'What socks?' 'What boots?' 'Would not shoes be better?' 'Do you carry fire-arms?' 'What do you do when you get wet?' 'Do you carry anything for luncheon?'

Some of these questions certainly were only asked once or twice, and others seldom. The most favourite question with the gentry was, 'How many miles do you walk in a day?' or with the peasants, 'How fur have he come?' Indeed, the similarity of ideas passing through many differently constituted minds on the same subject, would have been a curious matter of study for the late lamented Mr. Buckle, could he have been induced to take such a tour, and the result of which, by removing him from his books for a time, might have been to save his unique and valuable life to the literary public. Frequently I preferred at an hotel being silent to speaking, for fear of opening the floodgates of the questioner. It is very difficult for a pedestrian not to disclose his mode of travel, as after the weather the most common remark among strangers is as to their mode of transit from one place to another, a subject which seems to occupy all their minds. 'Did you come by the train?' 'What a slow train we had; I thought we should never have arrived here.' 'Did you come by the public car?' 'The car was empty to-day.' Any one of these or similar questions discloses at once that the pedestrian cares for none of these things, but is travelling on foot. I do not speak in the language of complaint. Surely the most perfect lady or gentleman may ask a pedestrian how many miles he walks in a day, but when the same question is asked by a perfect lady or gentleman every day, or two or three

times a day, why the perfect lady or gentleman becomes a bore. It is the course of nature, which in these matters acts unjustly and visits the consequences of the acts of others upon ourselves.

I always made it a rule throughout my travels to answer every question put to me to the best of my ability, and I believe I left no question entirely unanswered. By these means I think not only I saved myself further questions, but also gained the confidence of the people. Though over and over again I said to myself, 'Would, sir, that you could put some new question, or at least an old question in some new form.' One main ground of curiosity was the supposition, that the knowledge and experiences of the pedestrian must be much greater than those of others. Whether this be so or not I must leave to the judgment of those of my readers who have travelled in the ordinary way in Ireland. Do I tell them anything they did not know before? Is my knowledge of the inhabitants greater than theirs? Do I give more vivid descriptions of places, or is my scenery more picturesque than what appears to a traveller by train or car? But whether real or imaginary, this supposition seemed to seize possession of the mind. My fellow travellers might have come along in first-class railway carriages, or on public or private cars, but they appeared instinctively to feel that their experiences must pale before mine, and they gave me precedence not so much as matter of courtesy but of right, as being the best informant. I was never silent at an inn without feeling that I could turn the tables at any moment. I had but to lead in at a break, and so convenient, too, as to be resisted with difficulty;

and from the listener I could become the listened to. Certainly, when walking I saw a train proceeding along a railway; and more especially when it dived into a deep cutting, or disappeared altogether in a tunnel, I could not help reflecting how little travellers in general must see of the country through which they pass; and on these occasions my sympathies were practically roused in their favour. There is no doubt that a traveller soon tires of looking out of the window, and his prospect is soon circumscribed, until at length it is confined to the folds of a lady's dress, or his neighbour's button-hole. Travellers by the public cars of course see more, but here their view is confined to one side of the country, unless in the case of the fortunate possessor of the front seat. Those proceeding by private cars are placed in the most advantageous position, as they can look about them more, and occasionally get down and walk a short distance. But after all, there is nothing like leather. If you wish to see a country thoroughly and to acquire correct impressions of the manners, habits, and customs of the inhabitants, and to know something of their inner life and of the way in which they treat strangers—Walk! Walk! Walk!

CHAPTER XIV.

Card-playing on Sunday—The Spas of Lisdoonvarna—An unpleasant Insect—A crowd of Dogs—Ballynacken Castle—Village of Killalough—Talk about the Fenians—A suspicious Peasant Woman—O'Brien's Tower—The Cliffs of Moher—Misinformation—Liscannor—An unclean Bed and the remedy—A night Adventure—O'Brien's Bridge—Lehinch—A friendly Irishman—A shrubbery of Trees—The Blowing or Puffing Hole—A fine Sea-scene—Milltown Malbay—A dangerous Bathe—A good Hotel—An Old Man's Opinion of the Fenian movement.

SUNDAY, September 17.—In the morning I joined the table d'hôte breakfast at nine o'clock. There was some conversation about my English friends I met at Cong. It was stated with reprobation that the lady proposed the playing three-card loo on the Sunday evening. They played, and she lost about five pounds, and the fortunate winner was pointed out to me, an elderly medical man, who looked much pleased with his success, as well enough he might be, since it would go some way to pay his hotel bill at this most economical place of resort. I allude to this incident, to show practically, how desirable it is that English travellers should preserve the same ideas abroad which they do at home. This was more than carrying out the maxim about doing while at Rome what they do at Rome. It was taking the initiative. These good people, I feel sure, at Brixton, Camberwell, Camden Town, or

wherever they live, would not dream of playing even the refined game of whist on Sunday, much less three-card loo. But here conscience pricks me and says, 'Did you not dance at Swineford on a Sunday evening, a thing you have never done in England on a Sunday?' So I proceed.

After breakfast I sallied forth in my slippers to see the spas, and my object being observed by a respectable Irishman, one of the visitors to the place, he very civilly offered to be my guide to them. We saw three springs, one sulphur, another magnesia, and the other iron. I tasted them all, and neither of the waters was particularly nauseous. We then went on to a place below the site of the small Protestant church, and difficult to find, so that my friend's guidance was of real assistance. As he led me on, in a way to prevent getting wet, he said, 'See how careful I am of you.' The sight here is certainly a curious one. There are two springs close adjoining, one iron and the other sulphur. On our return walk I asked my friend what diseases these waters would cure? He replied, 'Lor, sir, every disease under the sun.' My faith in the spas, however, was somewhat shaken when my friend, who had been here drinking the waters for a month, excused himself from showing me the remaining spring, on the ground that the sulphur made him so weak that he felt too tired to walk any more at present. Of course I wished him good-bye, with thanks for what he had already kindly done, but still on leaving him I could not help reflecting, 'Why, this is my morning stroll in slippers, simply, before taking a day's journey, and yet this man, who looks strong and in the prime of life, is tired already.

Can these waters, therefore, be very strengthening?' The wells containing the springs are still left in their rude natural state, and only at the sulphur spring, being that apparently the one most usually taken, is there even an attendant with glasses. At the other places there is only a cup or glass for all comers. The remaining spring I did not see is of copper, and only used I believe for external applications. This spa is much frequented, and there has been a good season here this year, I am informed; but if it be wished to attract English visitors it is essential that the springs should have proper surroundings. An Englishman will never believe in the efficacy of a mineral water which is lathed out of a most primitive-looking well. It should be placed under cover of a splendid saloon, and be made to issue from the mouth of a nymph, a lion, or the like.

I should have much preferred remaining the Sunday here, and one or two of the visitors were kind enough to urge me to do so; but during the night I was attacked by an insect which if I knew the grand name given to the species by eminent naturalists I might mention it here. As it is, I may remark that the insect was of a whitish colour. To the experienced traveller need I say more? And to the inexperienced I would add, 'Ignorance is bliss.' So I was compelled to feign some excuse, not the real one, to my kind friends as a reason for tramping on. In all other respects the hotel was a very good one. The company very pleasant, and in the evening two or three of the gentlemen sang songs. There were two priests, one elderly and another a young American, who made themselves very agreeable

The waiter, too, remarkably civil. Lisdoonvarna is prettily situated in a valley, and very secluded. I should be inclined to think that what does people good here is more the calm and quiet they enjoy, combined with freedom from care and pleasant company, than the efficacy of the springs. But what matter the cause, so that the result is achieved. If there were no spas there would be no visitors. Certainly if the post could only be shut out, a person by a little aid of the imagination might fancy himself here in a kind of happy valley.

I left the spa at one o'clock. My first destination was to visit the castle of Ballynacken, near Mr. O'Brien's residence, about two miles from Lisdoonvarna. On my way there I met about a dozen of this gentleman's dogs in the road, of various sizes and breeds, and of different degrees of tameness and fierceness. They quite blocked up the road; but the only thing to do seemed to be to put a bold face on it, and proceed through them. This I did, inwardly trembling not a little, but fortunately the dogs neutralised one another—some barked, others were silent; there was evidently a want of concert, a mob without a leader, so I passed on my way quietly. Mr. O'Brien must be a regular dog-fancier. I was complaining to a youth a little further on of the number of dogs at large, and he said with a smile, 'Oh! there are lots more about the farms.' On arriving at Mr. O'Brien's grounds, and on ascending the hill, I was amused to find my progress disputed by a snarling little dog, apparently left behind by his companions to do fag duty while they took their constitutional. However, the little brute did me some

service by bringing out a girl from the house, with the key of the tower of the castle. This I forthwith ascended, and enjoyed a good prospect from the summit, of Galway Bay, the three islands of Arran, and inland of the surrounding country. I then descended, gained the road, and proceeded through the village of Killalough, where there are four hamlets, one called Fisherstreet, principally occupied by fishermen. Hereabouts I had some talk with a man about the Fenians. He had heard of a person being stopped the other day, on his way home at night from Galway Fair, and made to take the oath. He spoke also of a midshipman having written from the fleet to his mother, saying she must not be surprised if a Fenian army succeeded in landing on the Irish coast.

Then the road goes over a high hill, with fine views of the sea, and in places breaking with white foam on the shore. I stop by way of rest to have some talk with a peasant woman at a cabin, who is about feeding her pigs. At first she is rather sulky, evidently suspecting me to be a spy of the landlord's; the view does her no good, and the pigs are worth nothing. Presently, however, I enquire my way to the cliffs of Moher, and the poor woman discovering me to be a tourist brightens up at once, her little prosperity oozes out, and she says she feeds her pigs three times a day, and if they required it she could feed them more. The road winds over the hill, and along the edge of the cliffs of Moher, or continuations of this range. You do not, however, see much of these celebrated cliffs until you reach a lofty hill to the right of the road, where Mr. O'Brien has most hospitably erected a tower, to

enable visitors to view the cliffs of Moher to advantage. He has also added stables beneath the hill, for the accommodation of the horses of the various vehicles coming here, and a large building on the brow of the hill for the use of picnic parties. The tower is kept by a person who is there merely during the day, and it being Sunday evening, unfortunately I could not ascend the turret, as the door was locked and the custodian absent. I may mention, also, by way of correction of Murray's Hand-book, which as a general rule I find most accurate and reliable, that there is no inn at the tower, though persons coming on day expeditions here may bespeak provisions. I was obliged to content myself with the views of the cliffs of Moher obtainable from different parts of the hill. These are grand and extensive, though the rock scenery to one who has just come from the North of Ireland is rather tame and disappointing. A pathway of steps has been made here along the cliffs, I presume also by Mr. O'Brien's liberality, and so fenced in that the most timid lady might venture there. From this pathway a near view may be obtained of these majestic rocks.

It was now near nightfall. I had been much misinformed as to the distance by my good friends at the spa, and now felt in a rage with them. According to their information I could easily reach Lehinch, where there was a good hotel; but this place proved to be many miles further than they imagined. The country here is wild and desolate-looking, and did not hold out much promise of an inn of any kind. However, I was informed by a countryman that there was a small inn where I could get a bed at Liscannor, on the bay of

that name some miles further on, so there was nothing to be done but to make for this place. I walk on several miles, and pass to the right a monument erected to the memory of Cornelius O'Brien, father of the present proprietor, G. O'Brien, whose residence, Birchfield House, is a little further on, being skirted by the road. It is now quite dark, and with difficulty I keep on my way. I arrived at Liscannor between seven and eight o'clock. I enquire for the inn kept by Mr. and Mrs. Consedine, to which I had been directed. It is a grocer's, and general shop as well, which I enter, and ask the master whether I can have a bed. He replies, 'I must ask the missis.' Presently she enters from outside—a stout pleasant-looking woman—and I repeat the question, and she says I may have one. The servant shows me up into the coffee-room. It is in a slovenly condition, with the remains of a broken glass on the floor, showing that the room had been in request during the day. The broken pieces are picked up by the servant-woman, but presently a girl with naked feet appears, and I warn her of the débris, at which she is much obliged. How these girls contrive to preserve their feet is to me strange enough. I rarely saw a wound or hurt of any kind. It seems as if the natural mode of walking would not be very dangerous, and sometimes there is safety, for you are thereby enabled to clutch hold of anything. No doubt this is one reason why the rope-dancers contrive to perform such wonders, as by long practice their toes become as pliable as their fingers, and can hold the rope as well.

There is but scant fare for dinner. I ask the servant to bring me some whisky-punch. She comes with

a glass of it ready-made. I fear it is too strong, and that there may be more than a wine-glass of whisky. 'Well,' says the servant, 'I can't say but there may be a little more; trust missis for being able to make a glass of punch.' I ask her whether they have any potheen in the house. She says, 'No; you see, as there is a constabulary next door, it wouldn't do for the master to be a having any on't about.' The whisky-punch is certainly strong, but well mixed and very good. At length, soon after ten o'clock I enter the bedroom; but, oh! ye powers, what a sight presents itself. The bed curtains and linen are literally swarming with the three classes of the insect world which so often rob the traveller of his rest. I ring the bell, and the chambermaid appears. 'Cast thy bread on the waters, and it shall return after many days;' but here, within an hour or two, the bread is returning. That care of her unprotected feet now evidently is enlisting this girl's sympathies in my behalf. 'Lor, sir! I have only been in the house three weeks, and never knew of this; bless my soul! what a sight!' I asked her to fetch the other servant, which she proceeded to do. Meanwhile, the insect army, alarmed by the light, began to beat a retreat; but when the head servant appeared, a sufficient number still remained to satisfy her I could not sleep in that room to-night. So I said they must make me up a bed on the sofa and chairs. This they commenced doing with cheerful alacrity. While these operations were going forward, Mr. and Mrs. Consedine, who had been away at a party, returned, and entered on their way to their own room, which led off from the other side of the coffee-room.

'What's all this?' enquired the master; 'What's the matter?' the missis. 'I don't know, ma'am,' replied the servant, while she gave the bed that peculiar tap which seems necessary to its making, and went on with arranging the clothes. I felt I was in for a row, but sat quiet, thinking, as I was having my own way, I would say nothing to provoke hostilities. After a short silence the missis said, with emphasis, 'There is nothing the matter with the room or the bed.' To this audacious assertion no reply was given; she did not countermand my directions, and so the storm blew over. We then had some friendly discourse before retiring to rest about my travels and two elderly ladies—somewhat ungallantly referred to by Mrs. Consedine as 'stale old maids'—who had come here lately. They wished to take these rooms ('Gracious goodness!' thought I, 'what an escape!'), only they could not be given up to them exclusively; so they took some lodgings in the village on my hostess's recommendation; and coming for a week, remained for a fortnight, being so much pleased with the place. They visited the cliffs of Moher almost every day, and took sketches. These ladies had been staying at some equally out-of-the-way place, the name of which I forget, and by their course of travel probably saw a good deal more of the native Irish, their manners and customs, than if they had confined themselves to the established routes.

We therefore parted company for the night very amicably. The sofa-bed proved very clean and comfortable, only a single flea disturbing my repose. But during the night I was suddenly awoke by a man crying and bellowing like a maniac. At first awaking,

my impression was that the master had become suddenly mad; but I lay still, thinking I would at present trust to the chairs as outworks, and if they were broken in I would then commence defending myself. Besides, the master may rush through the room, and downstairs, out of the house. However, it soon becomes apparent that the maniac is outside. The door is shaken, then the shutters, then loud cries of, 'Oh! Anthony, get up! get up! oh! oh!' with the most piteous bellowings. Of course, the master has no lucifers, but I always carry them, and I direct his attention to them on the table. He strikes a light and goes down. I then learn from my hostess the reason of all this uproar. It is a servant-man of the establishment, whose wife is accustomed to be taken violently ill suddenly in the middle of the night, and he is come for something to soothe the poor woman's pain. There is no medical man nearer than several miles, and there is no other shop in the place where castor-oil, wine, or the like can be obtained, and this knocking up in the night constantly occurs. I observe that the man must be very much attached to his wife to make such a row about her, and that husbands in England would not do so. Presently the master appears and says he has given the man some sherry for his wife, which, as it had no doubt a good deal of brandy in it, probably revived the poor woman. At least, there was no further disturbance. On the master's return, I heard Mrs. Consedine somewhat exaggerate my observation. She said, 'The gentleman says that in England the husbands don't make such a row about their wives, but let them die where they be.' I was almost inclined to contradict this distorted view

of the matter, but it seemed neither delicate nor convenient to do so. Therefore I turned round, and went off to sleep again.

Monday, September 18.—I left Liscannor this morning before breakfast, starting at seven o'clock. There was a good deal of mist, so I could see nothing for a time. The road passes over O'Brien's Bridge, near which are the remains of a castle, and then, by the sea across sandy and undulating mounds of grass-land to Lehinch, a small watering-place. I arrived here about eight o'clock, and breakfasted at the Royal Victoria Hotel, a good-sized and comfortable-looking inn. I met an Irish gentleman here, a clerk in Somerset House, out for his holidays, who had been spending part of his time at Lisdoonvarna, the waters of which he highly commended, and the rest of his holiday he was devoting to this place. This gentleman gave me some information, and on leaving he accompanied me to a lodging-house to learn the prices. The young woman who appeared said the rent for a lodge or house during the bathing season, containing two sitting and three or four bedrooms, was from six to eight pounds a month. The frequenters of English watering-places will be able to draw a comparison, and if I mistake not, very much in favour of the economy of seaside visits to Ireland. Lehinch is a pretty watering-place, with beautiful sands.

Having parted from my friend with thanks for his courtesy, but with some inward annoyance at his pencillings on my map, I left Lehinch at ten o'clock. The road winds round the shore, and presents a fine view of the bay and Hag's Head, with Liscannor, Moher,

and O'Connor Castles, and the white houses here and there on the opposite coast. Shortly after leaving Lehinch you pass over a bridge with a shrubbery of trees on either side, forming a great relief to the eye, and to the left are high hills covered with grass and foliage. About a mile from Milltown Malbay I took a road leading off to the right to the coast, where there is the cavern called the Blowing or Puffing Hole, and hereabouts, although I do not see them, are or were the ruins of Freagh Castle. From this spot a fine sea scene presents itself, consisting of a table of rocks leading out from a promontory on which is grass with sheep feeding. Over the rocks the sea dashes, producing beautiful white foam, and into the Puffing Hole. Opposite is Hag's Head and the adjoining coast. Then I walked on by a road which leads past a view of Spanish Point, so called from some of the ships of the Armada being wrecked here, to the village of Milltown Malbay, distant from Liscannor about twelve miles. From thence I walked to the shore and bathed. It was not rough, but the tide was coming in with the full force of the Atlantic, so I could not venture out to swim. I never remember encountering waves which, when receding, had such power; they nearly carried me off my feet. I then put up at the Atlantic Hotel, close adjoining, from which there are good views of the sea. The visiting part of Milltown Malbay is about a mile from the village, and consists of this hotel, and many lodgings and other houses overlooking the sea. The place is finely situated, with good sands.

I was apparently the only coffee-room guest at the Atlantic Hotel. I was civilly shown into a private room as it overlooked the sea, which the coffee-room

does not, though there is a broad expanse of green lawn in front of it. I ordered some dinner, and in a short time appeared roast turkey and pudding. Altogether the Atlantic Hotel is one of the best inns I have yet visited in Ireland. I had here the only perfectly clean bed since that at the Railway Hotel, Galway. I may here observe that latterly, in the west and south-west country, I have found the beds clean with the exception of a single intruder, a flea. It is a great pity that the hotel keepers should not go a little further and drive out this remaining enemy. His presence may appear a trifle, but the usual result is that you are awoke in your first sleep, which is extremely disagreeable, and to many altogether destroys their chance of a night's rest. I hope when the editor of Murray's Hand-book pays his next visit to Milltown Malbay he will be able to substitute for 'tolerable' 'very good,' with reference to the Atlantic Hotel. After dinner I sauntered about the grounds, watching the carting of potatoes and looking at the sea. There are some seats in a garden fronting the hotel, which forms an agreeable promenade.

On my way to-day I walked some distance with an old peasant man, and we engaged in conversation on the subject of the Fenians. He disapproved of the movement altogether, and thought it would bring about no good. He did not, however, seem to attach much danger to the conspiracy, and appeared to have full confidence in the power of the Government to put it down. The old man said slowly and with emphasis that he had a long memory, but never knew a case of persons opposing the law but it was the worse for themselves in the end.

CHAPTER XV.

Distant view of Milltown Malbay—Village of Quilty—Mutton Island—Kilmurry—Two quiet Dogs—Expense of building a Bridge—A sensible Pony—Doonbeg—Killard Church—Bealaha—Black Whiting—Harbingers of a Watering-place—Kilkee—Bathing Regulations—Hotels at Kilkee—A poor Dinner—Advice to the Pedestrian—A cheap Bathe—A walk in company—A solitary Milestone—A killing pace—Kilrush but no Pun—Steamboat as a Ferry—A new Map brought on the scene—Hog Island and Scattery Island, on the Shannon—A cool proceeding—Tarbert—Enter Kerry—Views of the Shannon—A dull Road—Listowel—The River Feale—Am mistaken for a Spy—View of Slieve Mish and Dingle Mountains and Macgillicuddy's Reeks—About Touters—A Waiter's Story—Ungenerous Rivalry—Tralee.

Tuesday, September 19.—I left Milltown Malbay this morning at half-past nine o'clock. The road winds round the bay, and then joins the high-road to Kilkee. From here a good view is obtained of the Milltown Malbay visiting part. The bay hotel and surrounding houses look well. Then on to the village of Quilty, with a row of thatched cottages by the sea, skirting a large field, and called Sea Field. Opposite is Mutton Island, with a castle or tower in the centre, and two islets to the north. Further on there is a good view of the sea with Milltown and the hills of Clare in the background. Near Quilty, to the right, there is a castle, apparently inhabited, and the village or hamlet of Kilmurry. Then the road proceeds for several miles through a flat but well-cultivated country until you

come in view of some low but undulating hills, which serve to relieve a little the monotony of the journey. Then on the main road for some distance, when I took a cross-road to the right leading to the high-road to Doonbeg and Kilkee. On account of Milltown Malbay not being down on Wyld's map I find I have come about three miles out of my way. I ought to have taken the turning to the right, leading to the main road after crossing the bridge over a river about three miles from the village of Quilty. This information is told me by a very civil man of the farmer grade. I unfold my map to show its delinquencies, and place it on a bank where some peasant men are sitting near with two fine dogs, who remain quite quiet on the bank beside us.

On a small bridge over a broad stream which the bye-road crosses there is the following estimate of its cost:—'This bridge was built by John Lynch for 128*l.*, June 10, 1838.' Whether this amount be little or much I know not, but certainly such records if generally given would convey some useful information to succeeding generations of the cost of labour at the time. Shortly after I reached the main road I fell in with a young farmer on horseback. He said Kilkee had been very full this season with the quality, but was now emptying, and partly on account of the Limerick races. He expressed surprise at my walking, and said he would offer me a seat on his pony, only it would not suffer any one to get up behind. A sensible animal!

I then pass through Doonbeg, and cross a bridge, over the river of the same name. Doonbeg is a poor little village, with no inn, and a small chapel. There

are two square towers here, one in the village, and the other on the bank of the river before passing the bridge. Further on is Killard Church and the village or hamlet of Bealaha. Shortly after passing through this place I meet a young man, with a rod and a bundle of whiting which he had caught this morning, looking quite black with exposure to the sun. I asked him why he had not put some grass round them. He said he did not know; he could not get any. I am afraid this petty incident lets in a little light on the Irish character. This youth here, after toiling all the morning, is evidently too indolent to secure the fish he has caught from being spoilt.

Then on through several villages and well-cultivated land to Kilkee. About a mile from the town I meet three well-dressed young ladies, as sure harbingers of a watering-place as swallows of spring. 'But why, girls, do you come out into this dreary country? Would it not be pleasanter to walk on the sands, enjoying the gentle ripple of the coming waves, or to take a brisk constitutional over the cliffs?' Certainly it looks as if life at the seaside were somewhat monotonous. Shortly after, the sea opens out to view with headlands and a small islet, and hills with Kilkee nestling quietly beneath. A nearer prospect is more pleasing still; and from the end of the bay on entering I have a good view of the place. The town consists of two or three back streets, but principally of fine rows of houses, extending round nearly the whole extent of the bay, forming as near as may be a semicircle. Towards the north part of the bay there are some good detached houses, and the best houses are in a row, on the north or opposite side of the

bay. Towards the south the headlands appear, and in the background a gentle range of undulating hills. The bay is magnificent, with a sandy shore, and shut in by the land with a bar, partly extending across the mouth, with the broad Atlantic beyond. Altogether, Kilkee is the most picturesque and pleasing watering-place I have yet seen in Ireland. It is situated in the south-west and is much frequented by the Limerick people, being so convenient of access for them. The way they come is by the steamboat down the Shannon to Kilrush, and from there to here by car. The distance from Milltown Malbay to Kilkee is about twenty miles.

Wishing to bathe, I asked a woman on the sands the regulations of the place. She said ladies might bathe from the machines, or boxes rather, at any time of the day they pleased, but gentlemen only within particular hours, which had long passed. 'What,' said I, 'not from a box?' 'No,' she replied, 'not nohow.' This seems rather one-sided; however, nothing remains to be done but to walk over the hills to the north, and have an uncomfortable bathe from a recess under the rocks, for the sea was beating in strongly. There are some fine caves along the shore here. It was dark when I returned, so I walked into the West End Hotel by mistake for Moore's, which I had had pointed out to me in the light. There are three principal hotels here, Moore's, Warren's, and the West End, all close together on the Esplanade. Moore's I believe is the best. It certainly looks so. I ordered some dinner at the West End Hotel—anything that could be forthcoming. First came some fresh herrings—a good beginning; but

then the dinner suddenly collapsed. Not a chop, steak, or bit of fresh meat of any kind could be got in the town; there was only some salt meat, which I declined. The waiter, however, with considerable naïveté, promised that I should have a chop in the morning. Fancy the hungry pedestrian having to wait until the next morning for his second course! I may here observe, for the benefit of the inexperienced pedestrian traveller, that it is wise to refrain altogether from salted articles of food, such as ham or bacon for breakfast, or salt meat or fish for dinner. By adopting this precaution a good deal of unpleasantness, in the way of thirst, will be prevented.

Wednesday, September 20.—In the morning I bathed from the shore, from one of the boxes. It is a fine sandy shore. The charge for the box—hear it, ye frequenters of Brighton or Ramsgate—was only one penny! I started at eleven o'clock in company of three young English gentlemen, who were doing their tour partly on foot, for Kilrush, distant about eight miles. The road passes through a dull-looking country, with a peep of the sea every now and then to the right. Since leaving the high-road from Galway to Gort and Ennis, I have met with no milestones, but to-day we saw one milestone with the number 5 on it. This was as great a curiosity to my fellow-travellers as to myself, and we paused for a while to look at the object. We contemplated its removal to some museum in England, only feared the act would be viewed as sacrilegious by the good people of Clare.

We walked at a killing pace, and the waiter from the West End Hotel, who came on by a car, was surprised

to find us on the Quay at Kilrush. I think the pace was too quick, and herein I believe consists the great objection most young men have to walking tours pure and simple. This is my third walking tour, and the more experience I acquire the more I am led to form the opinion, that walking is an art, and like all others only to be learnt slowly, and by learning and practice. One great point, I think, is for the pedestrian not to walk too quickly. The few miles he gains in the course of a day by the process are not worth the effort, besides there is always the danger too commonly incurred of breaking up altogether, through over-exertion and fatigue. Another main point is, that each individual should keep well within the limits or measure of his own strength. In this respect, indeed, walking alone possesses a great advantage.

Kilrush is a small pleasant-looking town on the banks of the Shannon, as it reaches the sea. The principal streets are Henry Street and Frances Street. The Market-place Square is also a good part. There are two hotels, the Vandaleur Arms and Williams's. I intended to cross the Shannon in a boat, wishing to proceed on from the opposite bank to Listowel, but after making many enquiries, and being directed from this place to that, the only chance of crossing, except on exorbitant terms, was by means of a hooker, a kind of fishing smack, the owners of which were regaling themselves in the town, and would not start until the turn of the tide in the evening, and until, I also opined, a good deal of whisky-punch had gone down the throats of the boatmen. So finding those near the harbour endeavouring to make a 'plant' of me, as they say in

the vulgar tongue, I went on board the steamboat, just starting for Limerick, with the intention of using it as a ferry, and being put out at Tarbert, the first stopping-place, and on the Kerry side of the Shannon. My friends had preceded me on board, being bound for Limerick. One of them produced a map of Ireland, price one shilling, issued by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, which he had found very useful. Since my return I have procured this map, and refer to it in the course of writing out my notes. This map seems very accurate, though perhaps it commits the opposite error to Wyld's, by attempting too much. The enumeration of every village and hamlet renders the locality of well-known places indistinct. As I have said so much in blame of Wyld's map, I may here observe that by it the boundaries of the different counties are traced by colours, an advantage also which Cassell's map possesses. On Stanford's map you cannot readily distinguish the limits of a county, but on the whole it is the best of the three maps, according to my judgment, and the one which I would most recommend to the reader as more generally useful than either of the other two.

On leaving Kilrush you have, to the right, a good view of Hog Island, and also of Scattery Island, the ruins of which, consisting of a round tower and some remains of churches, you see distinctly. As you approach Tarbert there is a lighthouse. When the boat stopped here I parted from my friends, and with some other passengers was landed on a raft or barge, a short distance from the bank of the Shannon, near the landing-place for Tarbert, from which we got into a boat alongside. I waited some half hour or so patiently

enough, but could see no chance of any progress being made towards the shore. I complained to a peasant near me, when he composedly asked whether I was in a hurry. I could not exactly say I was, being on pleasure bent; still I wished to reach Listowel before nightfall. At length I perceived a young man at work at a windlass, by means of which he would in the course of an hour or so gradually draw the barge to the landing-place, and with it, as an appendage, the boat containing the passengers. This was too much to stand, so two or three of the passengers unhooked the boat, and were about to put off, when it was angrily brought to again by the aforesaid young man. Then an interval was occupied by an old man and a car-driver in a discussion on the merits of the innkeeper at Tarbert. The car-driver said he had misled a party of ladies and gentlemen the other day with regard to the steamer. The old man, who was quite an advocate, said he was sure the innkeeper would rather lose his life than tell a lie. I was more inclined to believe the statement of the car-driver, for my friends I had just left had made a somewhat similar complaint. They, according to their account, had been also misled as to the time of departure of the steamboat the evening before, but being determined not to be 'done' in this way, they at once chartered a hooker, and thus, though it was getting dark, crossed the broad Shannon to Kilrush, and from thence took a post-car to Kilkee, arriving there between eleven and twelve o'clock. This is the kind of energy which travellers should adopt, and they would more cure such a fault as that I have referred to than by a return to the hotel, and loud complaints at the bar. At length

the old fellow's attention was attracted to me, and with great readiness he took up the cudgels on my behalf. He said, using his finger like an advocate, that if I insisted on being landed they could not refuse, as by law I had a right to be put on shore, and if they did not do so, I might make a complaint to the commissioners, trustees, secretary, directors, or somebody or other, on the subject. I reasoned with the old man on the absurdity of the course he was recommending, but without avail, and as his proposition was seconded and carried unanimously, I thought there would be no harm in trying the experiment. So standing up in the boat, and assuming as much dignity as a man of middle stature and ordinary presence has at command, I said with mock-anger I did not feel, 'Here, I say you men, I paid my fare at Kilrush, on the faith of being landed at Tarbert, and I insist therefore on being put on shore immediately, otherwise I shall make a complaint.' This remonstrance, contrary to my expectations, had an immediate effect, the young man stopped the windlass at once, in the midst of one of its revolutions, and jumped into the boat. But even now his national indolence did not forsake him. Instead of taking the oars and rowing us in comfort to the shore, he used the rope as a pulley, and though he had a care of me, as being, if I may use the expression, the only gentleman passenger, he was continually splashing the others with wet. When the boat reached the landing-place I jumped on shore, and walked on without waiting to complain, for the day was already beginning to wane.

The Shannon divides the counties of Clare and

Kerry. I am now in the latter county, rendered so celebrated for its lakes, towards which I am now fast approaching. The road from the landing-place at Tarbert winds round the grounds of Tarbert House (J. Paterson, Esq.) and presents good views of the Shannon, with the opposite bank covered with foliage, with here and there a mansion. Tarbert then appears about a mile from the landing-stage, and with the church looks better than when you enter the place, for it is a dull kind of little town. There is an inn here. The road then proceeds for eleven miles to Listowel, through at first a pretty well-cultivated country, then bog-land; but with nothing either to interest or amuse. A countryman offered me a seat in a rough-looking cart, which, however, in pursuance of my plan, I did not accept. I arrived at Listowel, distant from Kilkee about nineteen miles, at dusk, about a quarter-past seven o'clock, and put up at the Listowel Arms. I was quickly well served with some dinner at this inn, and altogether I found it one of the best I have yet experienced in Ireland. The bedroom looked beautifully clean, and not [illegible]ooked so but proved so.

Thursday, September 21.—Listowel is a nice town, with an ivy-covered tower and a fine market square, in which is the church. I left Listowel at half-past ten o'clock this morning for Tralee. The road winds round the grounds of Lord Listowel's residence, and then crosses by a bridge the river Feale, a broad stream here. It was a lovely morning, the cattle were standing about in the water refreshing themselves; the view is fine and the whole scene quite romantic. Two

women, apparently farmers' wives, pass. I ask the name of the river. 'The Feale,' was the reply; 'but I perceive, sir, you are a stranger, not to know the name of this river.' 'Yes.' 'What are you travelling for?' 'On pleasure; I am come on a walking tour to see the country.' 'Oh! indeed, sir, this is a long way to come to see Listowel.' Perceiving that the women had some foolish suspicion which I could not remove, I bade them good morning and walked on. Presently my questioner, who had left her companion, overtook me on the road, and after some conversation on ordinary topics she seemed to acquire confidence, and said voluntarily, 'You know, sir, when you joined us just now and had left, my neighbour said, "I should not wonder now if that man were come out to look after these 'ere Fanians, I shouldn't be surprised if he had a shot;" and I thought so too.' I had then some talk with her about the Fenians, but she knew or professed to know nothing about them. The good woman, however, was evidently sorry at having suspected me of being a spy, and at the cross-road where we parted she said, 'I suppose you will be coming this way again nevermore?' 'Probably not.' 'But if so, that is my house yonder, and if you will pay me a visit there you shall be welcome.' I thanked her for this kind proffer of hospitality and went on my way, though not exactly rejoicing, for this new feature of travel somewhat alarmed me. I had little doubt that with the same opportunity for explanation I could easily remove any suspicion of this kind. But what if I should be taken for a spy as a matter of course, and shot at from behind a hedge. The idea certainly was not a pleasant

one to entertain, and happily it obtained no practical hold on the mind.

The road then proceeds with the river to the right, and two or three good residences in the distance, and a fine view of Listowel in the rear. Then on through a well-cultivated country and a pretty valley, when after several miles you enter a beautifully wooded glen, and further on proceed through a valley with a waterfall. Then for two or three miles the road is dull, until you come in view of the Slieve Mish and Dingle Mountains with Macgillicuddy's Reeks above to the left. I then enter Tralee, which I presume has not many visitors, for the waiter or boots from two or three of the hotels, comes out to seek my custom. These are called by the uncharitable 'touters,' a word I do not adopt, because it is offensive. Indeed I do not dislike their assistance, for sometimes on entering a strange town, even if it be recognised by your guide-book and an hotel recommended, it is difficult to find the one indicated, and when the place is ignored then you are relieved of the tiresome process of enquiry and search. I invariably find these 'touters,' as they are called, civil and amenable to reason, and I by no means feel bound to follow their directions, unless they are supported by the merits of the case. After looking about me a little I put up at the Blennerhassett Arms, which I found clean and comfortable. The waiter tells me a story about the alarm created at Killarney by the Fenians. A musician from Dublin about to give a concert there, arrived a day or two ago at the Victoria Hotel, and meekly asked whether he could have a bed. 'A bed!' the master replied, 'why you

can have any bed you like in the house, for all the visitors are leaving, on account of the Fenians.' I afterwards discovered that this story could not be true, and also that there is a perpetual feud kept up in the local papers of Tralee and Killarney, the one attempting to injure the other. The latter place at least might well rest on its far-famed lakes, and leave its less fortunate neighbour alone.

Before dinner I walked out to see the town of Tralee. It is a clean-looking place with some good streets, the most fashionable being Denny Street, leading to the grounds of Sir Edward Denny. These grounds are liberally thrown open to the public. I entered them and sat about there, but they are nothing in particular. In the middle of the town there is a fine town-hall, with some guns in front, in memory of officers and men who fell in India. Tralee is distant from Listowel about seventeen miles. It presents to the eye of the stranger the appearance of doing a good trade, and of being a mart for the supply of the surrounding country.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Road from Tralee—Hedges with Birds singing—Brown Flesk River—Cloonmealane—A Policeman's information about the Fenians—Meaning of the word 'convenient'—Birds again—Distant View of the Killarney district—Village of Malahiffe—Near View of Killarney—A Funeral—An out-of-the-way route from Tralee—The town of Killarney—Season on the wane—'Happy Jack'—Roman Catholic Cathedral—Lord Kenmare's Domain, and view therefrom—The Lake Hotel and experiences there—The Muckross Hotel—Abbey of Muckross—Grounds of Muckross House and views there—Brickeen Bridge—Dinish Island—A Mountain-dew Woman—The old Weir Bridge—Trackless Walk over the Tomies Mountain—Lose the way—Magnificent views of the Lake district—Find the way again—O'Sullivan's Cascade—On and on to the Gap of Dunloe—Engage a Guide—The present Kate Kearney—Progress by night through the Gap of Dunloe, and from thence to Muckross—Difficulties of obtaining admission—Want of Sympathy—Tea after a long Walk—A Resolution.

FRIDAY, September 22.—I left Tralee this morning about eight o'clock. I took the old road to Killarney, which leaves the town on the right shortly after quitting the hotel, then passes to the left by the Soldiers' Barracks, and on over level ground for about a mile, when you cross a bridge over a small stream, where there is a fir plantation. Then I ascend a hill from which a fine view is obtained of the country below, and Tralee in the distance. Then on for some way until there are two roads, that to the right leading to Milltown, and the left to Killarney. Then for a mile or two the road proceeds over bog-land until you reach a

level and pretty well-cultivated country with a line of hills behind. After a while I come to hedges on either side of the road, a novelty in Ireland. Here all the birds in the neighbourhood seem collected together, and are singing sweetly, reminding one of a country district in England. Further on, about nine miles from Tralee and near midway between that town and Killarney, I cross the Brown Flesk River over a bridge and then pass through Cloonmealane, where there is a constabulary, with the village and church of Farranfore to the left. Here I have some talk with a policeman about the Fenians. I ask him whether there are any of them about. He does not shirk the question, but at the same time shows no disposition to be confidential. 'They are,' he observes, 'convenient to here.' This is all the information I obtain. I may here observe that the word 'convenient' is used in Ireland among the lower classes in a special or peculiar sense, as equivalent to 'near,' or 'adjoining,' or 'accessible.' The word thus used sounds strange at first, but when accustomed to it the phrase appears remarkably significant, and to convey in one word a meaning for which the English language proper does not exactly afford an equivalent.

Then again the road passes through hedges, with birds singing, and afterwards over a hilly country until a few miles from Killarney, when you have a fine view of Macgillicuddy's Reeks, Mangerton, and the Purple Mountains, and the entrance to the Gap of Dunloe. In the valley beneath is seen the pretty church of Aghadoe. Then on through the village of Malahiffe and over land part bog and the rest cultivated.

Hereabouts good views of the various mountains open before you, and shortly after I come in full sight of Killarney, seeing to the right the Torc Mountain, with the town looking prettily sheltered among trees at the base of the mountain, with a glimpse of Loch Leane or the Lower Lake, and Mangerton Mountain rising above. The cathedral is a conspicuous object among the trees. To the left is a large black-looking building, I presume the Workhouse; and the Lunatic Asylum, a very large establishment; with the Railway Hotel, a superb-looking building, and its grounds below. Two or three sombre cottages to the right in the fields just as you descend the hill, alone give a poverty-looking aspect to the scene.

As I enter the town of Killarney a funeral is just leaving it. The coffin is placed uncovered, on a public car, with mourners on each side. Three horses precede, a man and woman on each of two horses, and two men on the third, as chief mourners. The car is followed by five common carts with mourners, and a good many on foot. An unseemly discussion arose as to admitting more on the car. It seemed a curious reflection, that as I enter Killarney for the first time, one of its inhabitants is leaving the place for the last time for ever! How familiar to him must have been the scenes which I now come to feast my eyes upon—how common, how hackneyed!

The distance from Tralee to Killarney by the old road I came by is about nineteen miles, being nearly three miles shorter than the car-road, which I believe goes through Castlemaine and Milltown. But I meet with no milestones in my journey to-day. I was told by Lord

Kenmare's lodge-keeper that an Irish gentleman, the other day, had come in one day on foot from Tralee, by way of Castlemaine and Milltown, and over the Macgillicuddy's Reeks to Killarney. This would be a more interesting route for the pedestrian than my own, though too fatiguing for one day. The journey should be broken at Milltown. Killarney is a pretty good town. It has three main streets—High Street, by which I entered; Main Street, being a continuation of High Street; and New Street running off to the right. There are arches off the streets with alleys running down, with cottages or houses on each side, and a gutter in the middle. There are some hens about, and in one case a pig, but the dwellings look pretty clean. I enter a kind of whisky store and general shop in the High Street, to obtain some refreshment. I rally the good woman about the waiter's story at Tralee, telling her I expected to find a deserted town and the choice of the best bedroom in the first hotel in the place. She says the report is not true, and that it was only an attempt on the part of the Tralee people to injure them. She doubted whether I could get a bed at any of the hotels; that the Victoria Hotel had several times lately not sent their omnibus to the station, being already full. Presently this same omnibus came by on its way from the station, quite empty. The good woman said nothing on this significant fact, and I too remained silent, for, as Lord Bacon says in one of his famous essays, badinage should not be indulged in where it relates to a person's important concerns. For surely the Fenians are driving away the visitors, or the season at least is on the wane.

Some boys, in two or three instances quite little children, feebly begged of me in Killarney, and a guide followed me to the refreshment shop. He proclaimed himself as 'Happy Jack,' and as recommended in Mrs. Hall's book, though he looked too youthful to be down in that now somewhat antiquated work. He was willing to make himself generally useful, and volunteered to find me lodgings, and take me up Mangerton Mountain and elsewhere, and row me on the lakes, and return by 9 o'clock, and all for ten shillings. Considering that it was now dark by 7 o'clock, and there was no moon, the reader may imagine what I should have seen of the beauties of Killarney during the remaining two hours of our excursion.

I visited the Roman Catholic cathedral, which is a plain structure, with, however, some good pillars, and otherwise ornamented within. I then walk on to a lodge, and enter Lord Kenmare's domain. The gatekeeper soon eyes me, and offers to show me the view from a place called Green Hill, taking care, however, to state that it is no part of his duty to do so. This information, no doubt, is meant to countervail the effect of a notice I shortly pass, to the effect that no gratuities are allowed to be taken by any of the servants. Would it not rather be better to fix a tariff in this respect, than make a prohibition which practically cannot be followed? The view from the top of Green Hill is magnificent in the extreme, and the day being fine, there was nothing to disturb the scene. You see about half of the Lower Lake, with the famous little island of Innisfallen, and Rabbit and Lamb Islands, and some small islets. In front is Ross Island, with

the castle, consisting of a square tower and nothing more. There is a bridge to cross from the peninsula to it. In the extreme distance to the right, are the three heights called Macgillicuddy's Reeks with the Purple Mountain below, and Tomies Mountain underneath. To the left, low down, are the Glenargh, Windy Gap and Boy's Mountains, then Torc Mangerton and Croghane Mountains, and finally the Kerry Paps. Down below to the extreme left, is Flesk Castle (Mr. Coltsman's), and then the Loretta Convent and Muckross House (Colonel Herbert's); while at your feet lie Lord Kenmare's fine mansion, and its extensive grounds. I should not recommend the friends of any romantic girl to bring her to this spot, for the convent in the distance there is so beautifully situated, and so suggestive of calm, and quiet, and repose, that it seems altogether a most envious abode. I was sorry that I did not avail myself of an opportunity of visiting the island of Innisfallen, rendered so celebrated by the verses of Moore, and the descriptions of Thackeray and other writers. But certainly at a distance Innisfallen looks like an ordinary little island, and nothing more. In this instance, at least, distance does not give enchantment to the view.

On parting from the gate-keeper near the lodge, I gave him sixpence, in a fourpenny-bit and twopence, thinking this a sufficient gratuity for the short walk to and from the spot called Green Hill. But to judge from the man's action, *he* did not think so, for he commenced rattling the coins up and down in his hand in my very sight. 'Tear the board down, my lord, it is of no use!' I went out by the main road through the

Park, and then turned to the left for about a mile, and then to the right for another mile, over the Flesk Bridge, from which a pretty river view is obtained, then on in the direction of the Lake Hotel. Hereabouts two or three women and girls asked me to buy arbutus wood, and other articles; but it was really now become too dark to see anything, so they did not press the matter, and we parted, on the understanding, on their side, that business should be resumed in the morning.

It was no easy matter to find the Lake Hotel in the dark, but at length I see the entrance and enter the grounds, the road winding through which is lit by oil lamps on each side. On reaching the hotel, I enter and accost the mistress apparently, as the first person I see, and ask her for a bedroom. She said there was none vacant, but at the same time looked down suspiciously. However the statement was probable; besides, it was too late to stop and parley, so I made at once for the door, intending to make for the Muckross Hotel further on, and try my luck there. But on my leaving, the boots, an elderly, respectable-looking man, came running up and said that there was a bedroom, though not a very presentable one, which he would show me if I liked. I consented, and he led the way to a building adjoining the hotel, and we entered a bedroom with tattered paper, and ill-furnished, and without a single chair. However, I agreed to occupy this room on the tacit understanding that it was the only one disengaged. Boots said they had been intending to have the room papered, only were too busy to think about it, and then asked about the distance I had come to-

complimented me on my walking powers. This, as I have already remarked, always makes me suspicious, and so it did in the present instance. There was a peculiar feeling of dampness near the washing-stand, which was capable of an easy explanation the next morning, for I discovered that the stables were close adjoining, and also other places not to be mentioned. Indeed, the whole room probably was over a sewer. However, there would be no ground of complaint here, if indeed this be the only bedroom really disengaged this evening. But is that so? While I am waiting for my dinner in the coffee-room, the boots, who here acts as chambermaid as well, in my hearing came up to a party of ladies and gentlemen, who were having their tea, and said he feared they found their rooms rather uncomfortable, and would any of them like to change? A discussion ensued: for the most part they preferred to remain where they were, but one young lady elected to change her room. Now I feel persuaded there was no departure since my arrival, and therefore it puzzled me how, if this young lady can change into another room, that greenhouse place I occupy could be the only bedroom disengaged when I arrived. The only solution I could think of, was that come to by the learned Dr. Paley on one occasion. Let me tell the story. At a party at the bishop's, a discussion arose with reference to some improbable incident: one had his solution and another that; at length Paley from the er end of the table cried out, 'It is a loi, my lord, hat's the solution of it.' Two travellers I met the orning had been, they told me, shown into what ed the greenhouse, but they wisely refused the

accommodation, and came on to Muckross. The boots told me the room had been occupied for a fortnight by an artist who came here to sketch. Poor fellow! Perhaps he imbibed so much fresh air among the mountains during the day, that he became insensible to the odour at night; or did he make a bargain for sake of economy? At least I hope so; otherwise, when he had the bill he would be startled to see the charge of two shillings and sixpence per night. This boots has been here for a long period of years, I think eighteen, and his powers of persuasion have evidently reached a high degree of excellence. Indeed I think on a warm summer's evening he could persuade a traveller to sleep on a dunghill. 'With a blanket under you, sir, and a sheet above, you will sleep as softly and quietly as on the best bed we have in the house.' I make these remarks with regret, because the Lake Hotel was the only one before coming to the country, of which I had heard in connection with Ireland, and it was invariably well spoken of by friends, so much so indeed that I had some curiosity to visit the place; moreover, it was the only tourist hotel, by which I mean, one opened expressly for the reception of travellers bent on pleasure, where during my wanderings in Ireland, I met with any inhospitable treatment. The next morning I heard two or three complaints in the coffee-room from different parties. I believe the present proprietor is about to retire, and hence probably he is committing the usual fault of kicking down the ladder, by which he has obtained competence for life, or he may be suffering from plethora of too much prosperity.

Saturday, September 23.—In the morning

breakfast, I walked in the grounds of the Lake Hotel. It is beautifully situated at the east end of Castle Lough Bay. There is a fine view of the lower lake, with Mangerton Torc and Purple Mountains. I observed particularly the many-coloured tints on the mountains, the beauties of which have been often rapturously described by travellers. The coffee-room here presented a kind of London appearance. The visitors had evidently come to 'do' Killarney in the shortest time possible, and with as little fatigue as could be managed, and in a quiet, genteel manner. There was one exception, which came under my notice—that of an old man, with a pleasant-looking countenance, who seemed quite at sea. He appeared to have neither guide nor map, and asked me whether there was anything to be seen except the lakes. I said there was the Gap of Dunloe. Presently a young man came up and asked him to complete a party of eight, bound on the regular excursion to the Gap and lakes; so that, by accident, and without trouble, the old gentleman must have made the usual Killarney round.

Not being willing to remain at this inhospitable hotel any longer than absolutely necessary for my own convenience, I left the place at ten o'clock. Shortly after reaching the main road, a man on a horse, or a pony, as he termed it, wished me to engage him for the day's excursion up Mangerton Mountain and among the lakes. On the nothing-like-leather principle, he said ould by this means see the views better than from . I declined the man's services, but he continued s them until I reached the Muckross Hotel, bout a mile beyond the Lake Hotel. Here,

having engaged a bed, I immediately issued forth to visit the Abbey of Muckross. This is a fine old ruin, and in a good state of preservation. A good view of it is obtained as you approach on the carriage road, but there is a janitor who admits visitors, and gives the customary explanations. The abbey churchyard is still used as a burying-place, but it is kept in decent order, and there are no human remains about. Having duly inspected the interior of the abbey, I walked in the adjoining grounds. From different points here there are good views of the lower lake and the mountains.

There is plenty of hotel accommodation in this romantic spot, for, in addition to the Muckross, there is O'Sullivan's adjoining, the waiter or boots of which actually proposed that I should leave the former for the latter, on the ground that they were just making up a party for an excursion. I then walked through the grounds and plantations of Muckross House. Here the arbutus and other trees of various kinds, and flowers, abound in great luxuriance. The day was beautifully clear and fine, and the sun shone brightly. From many parts of these grounds magnificent views of the lower and middle lakes are obtained. There is one spot in particular on the margin of the middle or Muckross or Torc Lake, from which you can survey its whole extent. I may here observe, that the water of the lakes does not look of a pleasant colour on a near inspection; it is not exactly brackish, but discoloured, either from the effects of a stony bottom, or more likely, from the fall of the leaves. When I say that the water is not inviting to bathe in, my description will be better understood. I then pass over Brickeen Bridge, by

lower and middle lakes. Here boats visiting the latter lake make a divergence under this bridge; but those going on to the upper lake keep straight on through a narrow slip of water or river, and past the Old Weir Bridge, and through another or a continuation of the same narrow stream, called altogether the Long Range, into the Upper Lake. From Brickeen Bridge a most picturesque view is obtained of the lower and middle lakes, and it would be advisable for those coming through these grounds in cars to stop here and there, and get out occasionally and walk a little, and not, as I see visitors this lovely morning, just have the car stopped about half a minute and then on again.

I then reach Dinish Island, and am admitted through a gateway to a plantation beyond. Here I feel at a loss which way to turn, and being accosted by a woman selling what is termed mountain dew, that is, goat's milk with a dilution of whisky, I ask her if I can go this way to the Old Weir Bridge, and then on to the Gap of Dunloe. She seems as surprised as if I were about to destroy the trade of the district, and says I can never reach the Gap this way, and that the Old Weir Bridge is not intended for persons to walk over, but merely for ladies and gentlemen coming by the boats to get out and stand on to see the river. A bridge not intended for its ostensible purpose! This is very fine. I take out Murray's Hand-book, and show the woman the ground-plan of the Killarney district, but she will deign to look at it, and says that if I follow the will land me in the next world. Finding her ble, I return, and, removing a paling from the he side of the gate, retrace my steps to the

lodge on Dinish Island. Here the gate-keeper, who is gossiping with some boatmen, attacks me for having got over the gate, which is not allowed. I denied having done so. She then asked how I had come through. I replied, if she would wait she should see me return. On learning from her that the way through the plantation would lead to the Old Weir Bridge, I went back again, and in the same manner crept through the wicket. The gate-keeper, who had been watching me, called out that nobody had a right to go through *that* way, which the mountain dew woman on the other side commenced mimicking. She made me a final offer of some mountain dew before proceeding on my journey, which I declined, on the ground of its being too early. She replied that I should meet with no other opportunity to-day, which in the event proved correct. I soon found myself proceeding over bog and morass, and through thickets where neither guides nor mountain dew girls ever penetrate.

After a little trouble I reached the Old Weir Bridge, and paused here to look around. It is certainly a romantic spot. There was a boat near with some visitors, so the scene was not entirely solitary. Here are the rapids, which the guide-books speak of so graphically as shot through with so much skill by boatmen. But the stream to-day looks neither rapid nor dangerous, and such as a child might guide a boat through. The present visitors seem to have come to the end of th excursion and do not venture through. I then on over a mountain-path until I reach a desolat expanse of heathy ground. It is clear this is way I seek, so I retrace my steps over the

Bridge in another direction. I make my way through a thicket, and find myself on the banks of the Long Range, and shortly after discover a path which leads by a serpent-like course over a small stream flowing into the river. Then on until I meet a boy, who tells me that there is a path over the Tomies Mountain to the Gap of Dunloe. I follow this path, which is rugged and difficult enough, and lands me in the thicket wood of the mountain. I come to a turning, where the path descends deeply down to the left, and apparently in an opposite direction. This course I distrust, and proceed straight on, seeing a kind of track-way before me. But after a while I become lost in a thicket, and find myself mistaken. I afterwards learnt that the path at the descent winds in a circuitous manner round the mountain until it reaches the ridge. The best plan now seemed to be to march on, and to my relief I presently see a house on the borders of the lower lake, and reach a regular pathway along by it to a most welcome seat, where I stop to rest for a time. I had passed through the enclosures of the house, but did not see a soul anywhere about. From this seat there is a most beautiful view over the lower lake. Then through the thicket again on an apparently reliable path. I hear the voices of some woodmen beneath me, but it seems such straight work now that I do not seek them out for the purpose of making any enquiries. Then I find a mountain pole, which materially assists me in my onward progress. So on and on until the pathway fades gradually into insignificance and finally disappears altogether. It is clear now that I am lost in the midst of the wilds of the Tomies Mountain. Three courses are

open to me: first, to retrace my steps, if only I can find them; secondly, to descend the steep mountain-side to the borders of the lake, and then trust to the chapter of accidents; or, thirdly, to ascend through the thickets of trees and brushwood in the direction of the Gap of Dunloe. I elect the third course, but the way proves long, wearisome, and fatiguing. For about two hours I ascend and ascend, and yet there seems no end to the ascending. One thing, the progress up the mountain-side is by no means dangerous, for it is so enveloped with trees and underwood, and so covered with fern, thick grass, and moss, that a fall would not carry me far nor hurt me much, unlike in this respect the danger which the traveller on the Swiss mountains must have to encounter.

The views however are magnificent. The whole of the lower and middle lakes are before the sight, with the surrounding woods and shrubberies. The upper lake unfortunately is in the background, altogether out of view, or the panorama would be complete. With this exception, however, the entire lake district is spread out before the eye. The sun was shining brightly, and the sky wonderfully clear. I hear the bugle-horn of the boatmen awakening the echoes. I see the rowing boats like specks on the lake, and a sailing vessel appears no larger than one of those models to be seen any day on the Serpentine. Altogether the glorious scene was such as to remain engraven on the memory.

On and on until I see a low wall, on the other side which I fear there is only a rivulet. But no, God! it is a path, a regular wide path too.

in comfort for a mile or two, until this path like the others fades away into nothingness, and I find myself in a large open space between two woods. A lonely cow feeding here looks with as much surprise as if I were an apparition. Then again I enter the thicket and again discover a path, which leads me to O'Sullivan's Cascade. This is a most wild and romantic spot. There is a rustic bridge by which the ravine might be crossed in wet weather, but at present it appears safer to walk over the stones. I stop here to drink some water by ladling it out with my hand, for my thirst has become parching. Oh for some goat's milk and whisky while wandering through these wilds! How welcome! But the mountain dew girls never penetrate into these pathless solitudes. No guide bores the traveller here! Then on through the wood, sometimes finding and again losing the path, until I reach an open part near two or three houses, and fall into a track which seems to promise no more difficulties. Alas! at the end of a mile or so, this path, like its predecessors, proves equally treacherous, and there is nothing before me but a plantation. Into this I rush wildly, for, at least according to the compass, it lies in the direction of the Gap. I emerge on the other side into a boggy moor, and for the first time to-day become thoroughly wet in the feet. I make for a cottage in the distance, and enquire of a woman standing outside the way to the Gap. She says she has no English, but make her understand me, and she points out the tion. I follow this until I am encountered by a g, the harbinger of a human master, who puts ore in the way, and at length I reach the

main road near Kate Kearney's cottage and at the entrance of the celebrated Gap of Dunloe.

It was now after six o'clock, and the evening was falling fast. It was too late to think of visiting some curiosities to be found in a field near there, so nothing remained but to walk on. I was still indeed some fifteen miles or so from Muckross, but I was not tired; the thrilling and beautiful scenes I had witnessed to-day, scenes never to be effaced, seemed to brace the energies and give new vigour to the system. Moreover, I am under the impression that the road is now straight, clear, and unmistakable; simply so much distance and nothing more. It seems, however, that I am reckoning without my host. There joins me from Kate Kearney's cottage a guide, one Daniel Moriarty by name, and a boy, who persist in stating that I shall never find my way through the Gap alone, and that I shall walk all night and not reach Muckross after all, but Kenmare. It was getting dark, and the difficulties as stated by the guide, this road turning here and that there, and no chance of meeting any one to direct, that I fairly gave in and engaged Mr. Moriarty's services as guide as far as might be necessary. The boy agreed to go back on receiving a few pence. And well enough that he did so, for otherwise, as we afterwards thought, we should have had to carry him. It seems that them other of this boyis a widow, and her children are taken in by Kate Kearney at her cottage. S is the grand-daughter of her namesake, a celeb beauty in her day. The present occupant cottage was referred to by a gentleman at t Hotel as 'dry as dust;' but 'handsome is as

does,' and this charitable act of hers deserves a passing record. I did not see the present Kate Kearney, as she did not issue forth from her cottage with her mountain dew, as would have been the case had I not arrived so late.

Having once arranged terms I found Daniel Moriarty good company enough. He is a very young man, but has been acting as guide here for some time, supporting himself and mother thereby. Moreover, he proved a most conscientious guide, being anxious to explain every object of interest as if it were daylight. But it was so dark, there being no moon, that I could only see the broad outlines of the rocks and precipices we passed. Here is the small lake where St. Patrick threw in the last snake he killed, there a pass like that of Llanberis in Wales; and now the guide awakes the echoes by addressing the rocks with such expressions as 'You are a fool,' 'You lie,' and the like. About the middle of the Gap we stopped at a cottage and had some goat's milk and whisky. I allowed the latter to disappear gradually, but partook of most liberal potations of the former. I had never tasted goat's milk before, and truly found it most refreshing and strengthening. It seemed to give new energy. The good woman brought me a chair outside, but Mr. Moriarty preferred taking some bread and milk inside the cottage, which was full of smoke, but I presume he has become [illegible]limatised. On starting, the guide asked the good [illegible]an for a burning stick with which to fire off a [illegible] he kept somewhere under a rock to awake the [illegible] 'Yes,' she said, 'for it will please the gintle[illegible]t 'the gintleman' was far too tired to be

pleased with anything but his bed, which however was now still a long way off. On starting again Moriarty asked if I knew how far I was from Muckross. This question I had been debating, but afraid to ask, thinking it better to trudge on in doubt. It appeared we were now some ten miles from Muckross. It further transpired that I might have obtained a bed of some kind at Kate Kearney's, and that there was a party there every Saturday night. This was provoking to hear now, for rather than endure so much fatigue I should have preferred stopping there for the night. Besides, a party at Kate Kearney's would no doubt have presented some rare fun. When we reached the rock Moriarty was unable to find the cannon, and therefore the echo could not be awakened.

We now turned off the main road to the left, and proceeded over precipitous rocks, and through rivulets, and here and there a wood. I surrendered the mountain pole to Mr. Moriarty, and he found it of some assistance in feeling the way. It was so dark that I could only just see the white of the guide's smock-frock about a yard off. At length down I came, an unprotected fall, as flat as a pancake, as they say in the vulgar tongue. Fortunately I did not hurt myself, and it had the good effect of making Mr. Moriarty more careful, for he was somewhat alarmed. Before this he was proceeding incautiously, although I frequently warned him of the result. Luckily I had my umbrella with me, and feeling the way with this proceeded more quietly until we reached the centre a plantation, when the guide stopped. This was ous. It was pitch dark. 'Have you lost your

I asked. 'Yes, sir,' was the honest reply. Here then was a dilemma, to be lost amid Egyptian darkness in the middle of a plantation on a dark night. After a pause, Mr. Moriarty said the best course would be for me to remain still while he groped about. With the pole in hand he went here and there for about ten minutes, when at some little distance I heard the welcome intelligence that he had found the way, and guided by his voice I joined him. Without any further practical difficulty, we then walked on to Lord Brandon's cottage, where a shout from the guide brought out the gate-keeper, who was surprised to find a visitor out so late. Murray's Hand-book says that a silver key is necessary here, but to my surprise only twopence was demanded, which I felt constrained to double, considering the darkness of the night. Shortly after passing through this gate we proceeded by the head of the Upper Lake, glimpses of which we saw, and so on into the Kenmare road. Here our dangers were over. Mr. Moriarty stopped to take out and light his pipe, and said with an air of just pride and satisfaction, 'Well now, that was well done.' We then walked on. Hereabouts is the cottage where one of the sellers of mountain dew in the Gap lives. Her name is Bridget O'Sullivan, called the dark-eyed Bridget. I asked the guide why she did not come out now, but he observed that it was too late, she must be preparing to go to rest. However, as we passed the cottage, the young woman hearing some passers-by, called out whether we required any mountain dew. Had it not been for our late supply in the Gunloe it would be acceptable indeed. As it

was I felt half inclined to enter the cottage and see the young beauty, but my disposition to do so was either not observed, or at least not seconded by Mr. Moriarty. Besides, we were again in nice walking trim, and had still, I found to my disappointment, several miles to walk to Muckross. When the guide stopped to light his pipe I thought we were near the hotel, but his satisfaction simply arose from the more trying difficulties of the journey being escaped. Another of the mountain dew girls of the Gap, better known than the others, is named Mary Hartnett, otherwise called the Queen of the Gap. One great disadvantage indeed of going through the Gap at night was that I was unable to see these beauties. 'At least,' said the guide, 'you can say you have walked through the Gap of Dunloe.' Which is about all I can say, for the beauties of the spot, whether living or dead, were through the darkness concealed from view.

The flat well-trodden road seemed to render our further progress easy enough. 'You ought,' observed Mr. Moriarty, 'to feel fatigued now. You are the best walker I have ever known.' The remark reminded me of the great Napoleon's saying as regards the English, that they did not know when they were beaten. Though the well-trained pedestrian may feel his fatigue very much afterwards when the excitement wears off, yet at the time it is difficult to walk him down. The guide moreover said he should not have come had he known the difficulties, and that he would not take such another journey for ten pounds. At length we see a light, which Mr. Moriarty says issues from the cottage of a friend of his, where he can pass

the night, as it is too late and far for him to return home. Here presenting him with the mountain pole, I part from my friendly guide, the original gratuity stipulated upon having being twice added to, but quite legitimately so, as at first the bargain was, to be guided to Lord Brandon's cottage, then the Kenmare road, and finally on to about here.

It was still two or three miles from Muckross, the road was dark and dreary. I met no one, and the way seemed so long that I am sorry to say I began to distrust the truthfulness of my guide—that he had been mistaken as to the road, or had left me in the lurch as they say in the vulgar tongue. But the fact was I was dead beaten, and evidently made slow progress. At length I see dimly O'Sullivan's, and next the Muckross Hotel. But here all is dark and silent as the dead, both within and without, for it was now the still hour of midnight. I knock violently at the door again and again, but no answer. Here is a plight. I look down at the hard gravel, and think how absurd to hurry home here, with nothing to find but a bed of stone. How much pleasanter and softer some one of the many downy beds of fern, moss, grass, or flowers, which I left on the Tomies Mountain, far removed from any fear of attack by man or beast. At length I think of a means which has been never known to fail in England, whether adopted by a lover to wake his mistress, an out-door servant his master, or a friendly policeman some early riser on his beat. I take up a few small stones, and throw them at one of the windows. After awhile I see a light, which could not come more welcome to the sea-tossed mariner on the

look-out for the friendly beacon which is to warn him from the dangerous rock. Then I hear a female voice which says, 'Lor, I declare it is the gintleman!' Then another interval, and the great door is slowly unbarred, and the boots appears before my view. He shows me into the coffee-room, lights the candles, says the waiter is getting up and disappears. I throw myself on the sofa, and await that functionary's appearance. When he comes I tell him briefly the nature of my day's excursion and the reason for being so late, but contrary to expectation I do not meet with any sympathy, which perhaps I did not deserve for going on so foolhardy an expedition. He said he had no idea I was going so late in the day to the Gap of Dunloe, he thought I was intending to walk to the upper lake only, and had put in at the small inn at Looscannagh, otherwise had he known he would have given me some advice, which no doubt would have been to the effect that I should take a car to the Gap of Dunloe and have a boat ready to await my return.

Some food was placed before me by the waiter, but the master had taken the keys to bed with him, and I could obtain neither wine, beer, whisky, nor soda-water or lemonade, nothing but tea. Which, however, I found the most refreshing thing to take, as indeed I invariably do, whenever after a fatiguing day's walk I can make up my mind to refrain from other liquors. The waiter having served me went to bed again. On retiring to rest my day's difficulties were not over even yet, for I ascended the wrong one of the two staircases, and for some ten minutes or so sought my own room in vain, until I discovered there must be another

staircase, and then by descending this one and ascending the other and groping about awhile I at length found my own bedroom. However, on seeing so many unoccupied rooms here I could not help reflecting that even at Killarney, amid the wild beauties and softening influences of nature, fashion should still rule supreme. How many strangers probably have this season been contented to sleep two or three in a bed, and on sofas, chairs, or the floor, or in armchairs, at some one of the fashionable hotels of the Railway, Victoria, or the Lake, when by coming out to this rural spot they could be well and comfortably accommodated. I was told, indeed, by the master how full the hotels at Killarney had been this season, so that travellers had to drive from place to place to obtain accommodation, and implying, though he did not say as much, that he had come in for some share of the prosperity. I really hope he has, for this hotel is most clean, comfortable, and also economical. The engraving indeed of the hotel I see in the coffee-room, and which may be exhibited in other places, is not accurate in giving a view of the lake, in not having which the Muckross Hotel certainly labours under a disadvantage. At least I do not see any such view, either from the coffee-room or any other part of the hotel I have visited, though it is possible that if the draftsman were placed in a chair on the roof, such a view may have presented itself to his eye.

Before going to sleep I recorded a resolution which I do not think it likely I shall depart from, that if ever I visit Killarney again I will follow in the wake of the fashionable tourist, always excepting that I come on here in the first instance, or at all events if the

other hotels are crowded to overflowing. The prescribed programme appears to be as follows: a party join in the morning at the hotel and proceed in a large two-horse car to the entrance of the Gap of Dunloe, near Kate Kearney's cottage. The party then either walk or ride on mules through the Gap to Lord Brandon's cottage. Hereabouts at the head of the upper lake they enter a boat ready there by appointment, and row through this and the lower lake, making if choice and time permit a *détour* to the middle lake—and thus returning without fatigue to the hotel. To this programme I shall adhere. In this respect I think the ancient precept the best, *stare super antiquas vias.*

CHAPTER XVII.

Ascent of Mangerton Mountain—Offer of a Pony—Mountain Dew Girls—A Faithful Companion—Conversation free but innocent—The Devil's Punch Bowl—A Lucky Well—Change for a Soverei n—A doubtful Custom—The Keeper of the Well—A sham Reconciliation—A Description of the Mountain—Objects of Interest—Descent of the Mountain—Disinterested young Guides—Kilgarvan—Kenmare—A new Route—Erroneous Information—The Beggars in Ireland—Talk about the Fenians—Roman Catholic Chapel—Meeting with Teacher of National School—A young Farmer—Prevalence of small Conspiracies—A Poor Idiot—Village of Benarm—The Esk Mountain—A fierce Dog—Ideas as regards Strangers—Superb View—Lord Bantry's Lodge—A precocious Boy—Absurd Distinctions—Lady Bantry's View—Glengarriff—Dwellings of the Poor in the South and West.

SUNDAY, September 24.—I left the Muckross Hotel this morning at eleven o'clock with a party of four gentlemen for the purpose of ascending the Mangerton Mountain, they for the excursion, and I *en route* to Kenmare. There is a good road, which turns off to the left shortly after you leave the hotel and leads up to the base of the mountain, where the cars stop. Shortly after reaching this road we were overtaken by the man with the pony, or horse, I saw yesterday morning. He offered us to ride up the mountain. We asked him how one horse would suffice for four men. He replied when one of us got tired he might ride. But suppose two became tired at the same time. This dilemma seemed to perplex him, though had he known

the custom of the west country he could have answered we might two of us ride the horse, one behind the other. He proposed to charge so much for the pony but nothing for himself. Poor animal! I wonder whether he would obtain any extra benefit? I turned and looked at the horse's head. It seemed, poor thing, to look so intelligent and to brighten up so, as if almost it understood the treaty, and were willing to undergo any amount of work to serve its master. But after telling the man plainly that we intended to rely exclusively on our own legs he turned the horse's head and went back again. The views of the lakes and surrounding country to be obtained on this road up to the base of the mountain are very fine, and those who do not like the fatigue of going farther would act wisely if they came thus far either by car or on foot.

When we reached the car stand we encountered the mountain dew girls, who form quite a feature of the ascent of Mangerton. They carry a small can of goat's milk and a small bottle of whisky and a glass, with which they refresh the weary traveller. These two liquids mixed together in proportions according to taste bear the designation of mountain dew, and the purveyors are called mountain dew girls. Nothing less than sixpence will they condescend to receive. They were on this occasion about six in number, including two sisters to my mind the prettiest, one eighteen and the younger one sixteen. So each of us had at least one belle to accompany up the mountain. Had choice directed I should have selected the eldest of the two sisters as being the prettier, but chance gave me as companion the younger. She, however,

proved so faithful that I began to feel quite in love with her; for carrying a knapsack, and being fatigued with my hard day's work yesterday, I was obliged at the steeper part of the ascent fairly to lag behind and to sit down once or twice to rest. But this young girl instead of running on to her companions remained to keep me company, and refreshed by her with a glass of mountain dew, I after awhile rejoined my companions. Our conversation was free, but for the most part innocent enough, though one or two of my fellow-travellers were indulging in some *double entendres* which in the case of virtuous girls is a practice highly reprehensible; though my own question to the elder of the two sisters, whether she had had many opportunities of changing her condition, passed perhaps the proper bounds of decorum. I am offered some more mountain dew, but decline on the ground that I intend to wait until I reach the Devil's Punch Bowl, being under the impression that there is a booth or hut there where I may obtain an ample supply. At length after some stiff walking we reach this place, which consists of a very small lake in a recess of the mountain, and bearing some resemblance to a punch bowl. Here however the spot is barren, there being no hut of any kind. There is what is called a well at this place of which it is deemed good luck to drink, and accordingly we do so. Then my fair young companion reminds me of the pledge to take some more mountain dew at the Devil's Punch Bowl. I state my interpretation of what I meant. It won't do, she says she only came up so far on my account. As if indeed she would have left her sister and companions, and gone

back alone from the middle of the mountain. However, a promise is a promise, but I have nothing less than a sovereign. She will get change. So I partake of some more mountain dew. Then from among her companions she obtains the change, for the most part in small coins. For form's sake I count. There is a sixpence short. I call the young girl's attention to the circumstance. With such a number of coins the slightest explanation would be satisfactory, but she says I had put the sixpence into my other hand. This I felt sure was not the case, so I count again. Still there is a sixpence short. Then the young girl looks caught and guilty, and looking down is silent. Oh! what a contrast with the young widow of the Claddagh! I give the girl sixpence for the further supply of mountain dew, but I am not thus easily to escape from the hands of this impudent young hussy. She further demands threepence for giving change, though it had been done exclusively for her own benefit, on the ground that this charge is customary. As if in this wild spot money could have been changed often enough for any custom to become established in the matter. Nay, more, has any traveller been fool enough ever to change a sovereign here before? I doubt it. However, the young girl looked so flushed and pretty at my stern determination to resist such an unheard of, though small imposition, and my friends and her companions had gone on up the mountain side, leaving me alone engaged in this ridiculous dispute with a mere child, that at length I gave in, and handed her a threepenny-bit on the express understanding that we parted friends. No sooner was this dispute ended, than an elderly

woman I had scarcely observed before, appeared and asked a gratuity, on the ground that she was the keeper of the well, though she lived in a cottage at the foot of the mountain; but the request comparatively speaking was a reasonable one, so it was complied with. In company with the young girl I then ascended the remainder of the mountain side, but it was clear that our reconciliation was a mere sham. She no longer stood before me the artless and innocent mountain girl, but like the rest of the world was 'of the earth earthy.' The rising good opinion was dashed aside, the opening confidence for ever destroyed. O virtue, how beautiful must be the reality when the semblance for awhile can appear so charming! And yet this young girl had with her sister been to mass this very morning. Will she tell this little incident on the mountain to the priest at her next confession? I have my doubts. But before the ink is dry I begin to think I ought to be her father confessor, and conceal this little fault. At least I hope it is the first and last offence of the kind. If so, this young girl will have no reason to regret that the stranger counted his change at the Devil's Punch Bowl.

When I reached my friends we were joined by the owner of the mountain, Mr. Herbert's, keeper; and being now near the summit, I proposed to read out the account of Mangerton from Murray's Handbook, so we, mountain dew girls and all, sat down, and I read out the description from beginning to end. As I closed the book Mr. Herbert's keeper said 'Very good;' but I fancied a shadow had come over the faces of the mountain dew girls, particularly that of the elder and

prettiest of the two sisters. Had I given them pain? if so it may do them good, for by being a little less obtrusive they will evince more self-respect, and possessing natural attractions, will by the change, I think, wheedle more money out of the pockets of young gentlemen, and, for the matter of that, of old gentlemen too. We now stood on the very summit of the Mangerton Mountain. The young girl seemed still determined to turn me to some account, for she asked one of my fellow-travellers to take some mountain dew, on the ground that that gentleman had taken it twice in the course of the ascent; but he excused himself, justly alleging that everyone might do as he pleased. Presently I wished my friends good-bye, and they left to descend the mountain on the other side. The mountain dew girls also departed. There was not a word of adieu to or from them, though when they were gone it seemed as if there had been an omission on one side or the other. I was now left alone with Mr. Herbert's keeper, who was good enough to point out the different objects of interest, and I took a leisurely look at the surrounding scene. The general view from the top of Mangerton is certainly disappointing, and by no means equal to that from the Tomies. It does not either come up to the glowing descriptions contained in guide-books and works of travel. And yet the day was charming, and the horizon most clear. I noted down what I really saw from the summit of the Mangerton Mountain. Near at hand you see the Horse's Glen, Devil's Punch Bowl, and an expanse of country; then in the distance the lakes and surrounding district, and rising behind them the Torc and Purple Mountains,

and Macgillicuddy's Reeks. The upper lake is seen very indistinctly, which I regretted, as beyond glimpses in the dark last night and now to-day from afar, I had no regular opportunity of seeing this lake, which, according to some writers, is the most beautiful and charming of the three.

I now prepared to descend the mountain on the Kenmare side, and Mr. Herbert's keeper very considerately advised me to accept the guidance of the three sheep-boys, who were about to drive their little flocks to the village below. This advice I followed, and fortunately, for the path, if such it might be called, proved difficult, rugged, and not easy to keep to. For about an hour I continued gradually descending the mountain-side, again and again losing the path, and again and again being directed to it by one or other of the sheep-boys as he came within call from some distant walk on the mountain, driving before him a sheep or two. At length I reach the foot of the mountain near some houses, and am walking on unconsciously, thinking the boys had not reached their destination, but not finding them following I turn back and discover that they go no further. I pause a little, but these small boys ask no gratuity, and apparently expect none; they merely guided me down the mountain out of courtesy. I give one of them sixpence to be divided between himself and his two companions, and this trifle appears quite satisfactory. On leaving them I could not help drawing a contrast between this and the other side of the mountain. At Killarney such a sum would be spurned by the smallest of boys like these as wholly inadequate.

Shortly after leaving the foot of the Mangerton Mountain I gained the high road and proceeded on my way to Kenmare. I passed through Kilgarvan and two or three other villages or hamlets, and the scenery is good. I reached Kenmare after nightfall, and put up at the Lansdowne Arms. This is a good and comfortable hotel, and convenient quarters for excursions to the country around. The waiter here tells me I am the first traveller he has known who has come here from Killarney over the Mangerton Mountain. He says there are wild deer on the mountain, but apart from such a contingency as an attack by them, I should not recommend this route. The descent to the Kenmare side of the mountain is more inaccessible and fatiguing than the ascent from Killarney. I was induced to come this way by the information of Lord Kenmare's gatekeeper, who said the adventurous traveller he mentioned stated he was about to take that route. Moreover, the gatekeeper professed to have some knowledge of his own on the subject. He said I should find Kenmare quite at my feet on descending the mountain, which proved delusive. The distance from Muckross to the top of Mangerton is about three miles, and from thence to Kenmare about ten miles.

Before I leave the neighbourhood of Killarney this may be a convenient opportunity of saying a few words about an annoyance which proves very troublesome to visitors to Ireland, and more especially to those who come to Killarney. I allude to the beggars. I did not find them myself near so annoying or troublesome as I had been led by the books of travel I had read, and from what I had heard, to expect. Indeed, acting

quite contrary to the advice of my Guide-Book, for the first two or three weeks of my travels I gave to all who asked of me. The aggregate amount was not much, and its distribution enabled me to travel along the road more pleasantly. In the streets of Galway I encountered a novel mode of begging. I was eating a pear, when a small boy said, 'Give us a bite, Sir.' To his no little surprise, I handed him the whole which remained. I have never yet visited a country where a penny, or even a halfpenny, will go so far or be so much appreciated. The candidates for charity I found also very amenable to reasoning, and are by no means unreasonable in their demands or pertinacious in enforcing them. At Killarney certainly, through taking an out-of-the-way route, I escaped the beggars almost entirely, and therefore cannot speak of them here with the weight of practical experience. True also that a pedestrian may not be considered so good a 'plant' as a car full of ladies and gentlemen; but again, he cannot, like them, so easily escape, therefore what he gains on one hand he loses on the other. On the whole, I cannot help thinking that the travelling grievance of the beggars in Ireland is very much exaggerated, and, moreover, that it might be a good deal lessened by the judicious distribution of a few pence here and there, and by the exercise of good-humour combined with a little firmness.

Monday, September 25.—I had some talk this morning with the waiter about the Fenians, and mentioned to him the incident on the bridge at Listowel. He said that a half a dozen different constructions would be put upon a traveller in Ireland. He

said also that all the public cars entering and leaving the town were watched by the police, and, moreover, that they were going about as detectives in the disguise of tourists. This course I think objectionable; why not assume the garb of a country farmer, or an excise-man, or anything but a tourist, for such a practice is likely to injure the country by keeping visitors away. Though an innocent traveller may feel that he is safe of not getting into any actual scrape, yet he does not like the idea of being an object of suspicion even for a moment. After breakfast I walked out and looked at the new Roman Catholic chapel here. It is a fine building, well decorated inside, and altogether worth seeing. I believe it has been erected at considerable expense, and partly contributed to by the priest of the chapel, who has a private fortune. He is generally kindly forthcoming to show visitors the chapel; but I did not, unfortunately, see him this morning, being probably too early. I left Kenmare at half-past nine o'clock. I pass over the Suspension Bridge, from which a good view is obtained of the town and bay, and surrounding country. Shortly after I am overtaken by a young man, the teacher of the Shelburne National School, a little further on, and to which seminary he is bound, to attend to his duties there. We walk on together, and fall into conversation. The Fenians form one topic. It seems that General Beauregarde, of the American army, has been on a visit to Kenmare. Indeed, I myself had seen his name in the Visitors' Book at the Lansdowne Arms. The general, the teacher told me, had been talking vaguely about the Fenian movement in the presence of some Irishmen.

He said America had only just come out of a severe struggle, but let them rest awhile and then the world would see what they could do; that he had lost more men in one engagement than all the forces the Queen could then muster in Ireland. I think this style of conversation at the present time, on the part of an American visitor of high rank in the army, extremely injudicious, if not positively wrong. It may mean nothing, but the Irish are ready to believe anything on the Fenian movement. Certainly this conversation, as related to the young man before me, seems to have sunk deep into his mind, though he is a teacher and possesses some intelligence. We turn to the topic of education. The Shelburne National School to which we are going is a mixed school—that is, the boys and girls are taught together, and my young friend is their only teacher. He thinks his salary, which he mentions, too low, as it is not enough to support a man without some other employment, and I think so too. I mention as some excuse for my inquiries that I have a brother in England who is an inspector of schools, but afterwards feel sorry for having done so, as the poor fellow evidently begins to think I have some interest. He said he mistook me just now for that mysterious character I have referred to in a previous part of my travels, Vere Foster, and yet this teacher had on one occasion seen and conversed with him. We now reach the School-house, and there are two or three neatly-dressed pretty-looking little girls waiting at the gate, being earlier than any of the boys. My friend gives the key to one of them and walks on with me. I gently wish him not to do so, but he says on

account of the Pig-fair, or market, at Kenmare to-day there will not be a large attendance of scholars. I advert to the circumstance of the importance of the office of teacher, in the opportunity of influencing the rising generation of the district for the good of themselves and the community. This view evidently strikes his attention, but still it does not clearly outweigh the pecuniary disadvantage of his position. The teacher tells me he has never been to Dublin, but passed his examination at Killarney. A good deal of the land hereabouts, he informs me, belongs to the Marquis of Lansdowne. Hence the name of the school.

We are now joined by a mutual acquaintance, a young farmer, and the teacher returns to his duties, I shaking hands with him on parting. The farmer proves a pleasant intelligent fellow. He says that the teacher who has just quitted us is on probation merely, and quite agrees as to the lowness of the salary. Indeed the impolicy of such a course of economy on the part of the authorities is exemplified by what the farmer now informs me. He says that the predecessor of this young teacher became implicated in some conspiracy, was tried, and is now suffering a sentence of penal servitude. What an engine of good or evil is here! If the National teachers are discontented they will, as a matter of course, disseminate the same ideas among their pupils, and thus the youth of Ireland grow up with feelings of disaffection towards their rulers. We now had some talk about the Fenian movement. The farmer disapproved of the acts of the Fenians, but still did not express himself very strongly on the subject. He spoke of the extreme difficulty the police had in

obtaining information, and of the unpopular character of the informer in the country districts. He named a family near here, one of whose members some years since became informer in the matter of a conspiracy then rife. They had ever since been placed by their neighbours under a kind of ban. A cloud had enveloped them from which they had been unable to emerge. The informer himself had been sent off by the Government to one of the colonies. I may here observe that small conspiracies of minor importance seem constantly occurring in different parts of Ireland, especially the south and west, amid the most quiet times. Most of them only attract the attention of the local constabulary, some that of the Government; but it is only in the case of some general movement, like that of Smith O'Brien in 1848 and now of the Fenians, where the united action of the legislature is called in request, that these conspiracies excite any kind of sensation among the English people.

As we passed through a hamlet a poor idiotic fellow came running out and offered to be my guide through numerous mountains, the names of which he repeated with great quickness and volubility. My friend gave him a penny and persuaded him to go back, which he did. The farmer said everybody was very kind to the poor idiot. This observation smote me. I had not been kind to him. True I had no copper about me, but I might have given him a bit of silver, which would have been missed by me little, but would have benefited him much. My friend said this idiot was generally quiet, but sometimes he would break out and then he would wander for days alone among the mountains.

Poor fellow! I thought afterwards what a curious guide he would be; certainly, I understood, perfectly harmless. He spoke of the different mountains familiarly, more as friends than inanimate things. They are indeed the companions of his solitude. He has seen them in various aspects, in the noonday sun, at night, amid storm, wind, and tempest, and by the light of the pale moon with the dark shadows of neighbours around and about them. From the human habitation, where perchance in his mad moments he meets with no sympathy, he flies to the mountains to find it there. Here his wild wanderings and incoherent ravings are listened to with patience because there is no power to answer.

To the left at some distance I am informed there is a curious ravine called the Priest's Leap. I walk on with the young farmer as far as his destination, the small village or hamlet of Benarm, where there is a little chapel. Here I see a poor man in a cart, who met with an accident about a week ago and to whose condition the farmer directs my attention. I now walk on, taking a turning to the left and over a bridge on to the road over the Esk Mountain. The distance from Kenmare to here is about seven miles. The walk over the mountain is very steep and rugged, though there is a fair road all the way, and there are no natural difficulties for a good pedestrian. The young farmer said he frequently rode over the mountain to Glengarriff, and preferred the scenery to that of Killarney which he had seen. The Esk Mountain is peculiarly desolate and wild. Even some calves seem inclined to dispute my progress, but on my approaching nearer, on second thoughts walked away among the

heather. I sat down to rest often, and stopped once or twice to partake of the mountain stream, for it was burning hot. About half way over the mountain a very fierce dog suddenly rushed out at me, there being apparently nobody near. I was immediately put on my self-defence and kept him off with my umbrella, though latterly he was within about two inches of my feet. After awhile a man in ragged attire, a broad-brimmed old hat, and an open shirt which showed his bosom, and smoking a short white clay pipe, emerged leisurely from a hut, having heard the scuffle, and called the dog off, saying quietly, 'Oh! sir, he won't hurt, he allays barks like that, but never bites.' Certainly, if so the dog has received as good a training as the horse of the life-guardsman, which always gives to the crowd the appearance of being about to kick without actually doing so. If the dog only means to bark what does he *mean* by placing his beautiful rows of white teeth—for I must admit them to be such—within two inches of my knee? Such a propinquity for the purpose is scarcely necessary. But what can this dog, who looks intelligent too with his glistening eyes, think I am coming after. Unless I take away his master and sell him into slavery, there is nothing apparently to steal. Of the two the dog with his natural coat, which somehow or other he has contrived to keep very clean, looks the better dressed and the most respectable. In my anger I sometimes think the Irish people have two ideas and their dogs one. The people think you to be a stranger, and to this idea add the one which may be uppermost for the time being, that you are an exciseman, a travelling bagman, a spy, a Fenian, or the like;

but the dogs have but one idea, that you are a suspicious intruder, who must at once without inquiry or investigation be barked or bitten away from the homestead. With regard to the dogs, I had fully made up my mind that if any one of them actually bit me, he should not escape with his life. During my walk round Ireland I never struck a dog once, but if I had done so it would have been unto death, though hands and feet had to be called into requisition. Probably the moral force of this determination had its effect on the dumb animals—for it is said they have some instinct in these things—and saved me from being actually bitten.

Further on, over the mountain, I met a strapping young woman taking this route from Glengarriff to Kenmare, being shorter by several miles than the car road. We stopped for a few moments' talk. Besides this girl I did not meet a single traveller on the mountain. The views over the Esk Mountain are very fine, particularly about half way across, where, to the left, you observe a hill of undulating rock. The mountain is not quite uninhabited, there being habitations here and there. I descend to the foot of the mountain on the Glengarriff side. Here the view is superb. On through a valley which is termed the Rough Glen, which is truly magnificent, with the Caha Mountains in the distance. The county of Cork is entered somewhere on the Esk Mountain. At the lodge gate of Lord Bantry's residence a little boy invited me to ascend to a spot in the grounds called Lady Bantry's View. He was a most intelligent little fellow. It was not often he took visitors up, as he was generally at

school, and his daddy did that. That was their cow there, and her name was called Bessie. Did I not feel tired carrying a knapsack? Where was I going to next? Not know! I ought to know. His daddy was born at Sheerness. Had I ever been there? Could not say for certain. Surprising! At length the little fellow put a question which puzzled me sorely, for he could not pronounce the word clearly, but he seemed so curious on the subject that, though tired, I succeeded, after some effort, in understanding him. Was I a Protestant? So were his family. Then I must go to the Bantry Arms, as Roche's is the Roman Catholic hotel. Formerly, it seems that, as a regular practice, there were Protestant and Roman Catholic hotels and public cars. As regards the latter, the railways have a little, and public opinion more, tended to remove such absurd distinctions. But as regards hotels, this practice seems, to a limited extent, still to prevail; as, for instance, here, and at Sligo, where the Victoria is the hotel resorted to by Roman Catholics.

Lady Bantry's View consists of a mound with a seat made or laid out under the direction of her late ladyship. From this spot a good view is obtained of Bantry Bay, a ruined chapel or church, the Roman Catholic or Roche's hotel, a glimpse of the church and village, and a good sight of Cromwell's Bridge. In the rear you see part of the Rough Glen, and the grounds and lodge of Lord Bantry. It seems that his lordship comes here nearly every day from his residence near Bantry, to enjoy the quiet and seclusion. I had asked my young guide whether I could bathe in the sea near here, when he said he could show me a

deep pool where his lordship fished, if I could swim; but I said I preferred the salt water when procurable. We now descended from the mound, and returned to the lodge. Still the boy continues his prattle. He looks pale. Is he, as they say, too intelligent to live? I hope not, and that the visitor of ten years hence will find this boy grown into a strong young man. His little sister is playing near the gate, a healthy, rosy, child. I am sure she must partake of good things from his lordship's larder. She puts up her cheek poutingly. I am surprised I do not kiss it, but that would seem a liberty even with a girl so young; therefore I wish the mother and children good day, and walk on my way. I put up at the Bantry Arms Hotel, not, by the way, because it is the Protestant inn, but because it is certainly the nearest, and, according to my Guide-Book, the best hotel in the place. Having obtained a towel, I then went out to bathe, and returned to a tea-dinner. The distance from the commencement of the Esk Mountain to here is about seven miles, and from Kenmare about fourteen miles.

On the Esk Mountain, probably there are the worst habitations I have seen in Ireland. Throughout the west and a great part of the south of Ireland the contrast between the cottages of the poor here and in the north is very striking. Mere hovels or huts or cabins frequently occur in these parts of Ireland. Indeed, I should be ashamed to receive the rents of many of these habitations and live on the produce in the most humble way anywhere. Surely the landlords ought to reform these matters! Of course there is many a specious answer forthcoming. Tenant right, life

estates, settlements, entails, jointures, rents-charge, pin-money, portions, county cess, mortgages by ancestors, young family, expensive sons, luxurious daughters, extravagant wives, improvident servants, want of time, careless agents, ungrateful tenants, a cut-throat peasantry, &c. &c. &c. But still a little something might be done, a gradual reformation effected, a slight improvement made. Pull down, your grace, my lord, or sir, or madam, or your ladyship, that hovel on the mountain-side yonder, and build in its place something of brick and mortar. Jealousy! Oh! no, you will make nobody jealous, for there is not another dwelling anywhere within sight. However, nowhere in Ireland did I see any such pools of dirt or filth before the cabins as described by some writers, and mentioned to me occasionally by travellers. In the front of the hovels there is laid a thick coating of dry fern or heath, which looks rather pleasant than otherwise when newly put down, and never anything like so bad as a farmyard in England. I think a good deal may depend in this respect on the state of the weather. On my alluding to this subject to one of my fellow-travellers, on the walk from Kilkee to Kilrush, to the effect that I had then as yet seen no such cabins as those described by travellers, he said he had just met with such on the Esk Mountain. But on journeying over the same ground shortly afterwards my experience, or rather observation, materially differed from his. The explanation, no doubt, is that my friend walked over the mountain in wet weather, but myself in dry. And on this account my observations generally, with reference to the dwellings of the poor, may differ from those of

other travellers who have preceded me. For the present season is a remarkably fine one; such a long-continued drought has not, I am informed, been known in Ireland for more than forty years, or within the memory of the present generation or the oldest inhabitant. In very wet weather it can readily be imagined, that either fern or heath before the cabin would work up into that puddle or pool of slosh which has been so graphically described by writers of travel in this country.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A domestic Inn—Good Bathing—Safe Boating—Advantages of Glengarriff—An alarmist Waiter—A Fenian Attack—A doubtful Story—Probable Result of groundless Alarm—Roche's Roman Catholic Hotel—Distant view of Glengarriff—A Countryman and the Fenians—Ballylicky—Carriganass Castle—The Shehy Mountains—The Dance Mountain—A friendly Escort—A Dog and his Master—A Peasant's objection to Walking—A real Friend—Inchigeelagh—A homely Inn—A better Route suggested—Carrynacurra or Castle Masters—Macroom—Carrigadrohid—Coachford—Dripsey—Inishcarra—The Valley of the Lee—Carrig Rohane Castle—Cork proclaimed—Expected Rising of the Fenians—Ominous Signs of Danger—Undefined Fears and their Result—Meeting with a Soldier—Panic allayed—Aspect of Quiet—Cork—A Frightened Gentleman—The Imperial Hotel—A would-be Pedestrian—Experiences of the Imperial Hotel—Claims of Pedestrians.

Tuesday, September 26.—The Bantry Arms Hotel is beautifully situated on the edge of the bay, and overlooking it and the several little islands. This inn is kept by a family of the name of Eccles, consisting, I believe, of mother, son, and daughters. They have a most hospitable reputation along the country side, and this character is fully borne out by entries in the Visitors' Book. One of them had a long illness here, and was nursed by Mrs. and the Misses Eccles as if they had been his mother and sisters. Another arrived here with an empty purse and was assisted home, and there are other testimonies to the like effect. The bedroom is perfectly clean and has a good look-out over

the bay. It is an old-fashioned built hotel, with winding stairs, and the perplexities of the stranger are much increased by the door of exit from the bedrooms bearing a number as if one of them. This truly Irish difficulty should be remedied. I never went up to my room without finding myself in a kind of labyrinth, from which once or twice I had to be extricated. In the morning before breakfast I went out to bathe. There is a recess for the purpose not far from the hotel at the end of the bay, nearly opposite the rector's residence, but quite out of sight of it and other habitations. The strong swimmer might swim to one of the little islands, rest and return. There is no tide or stream to interfere with the bather's safety, so this is a capital bathing place for gentlemen. For ladies I do not see any such accommodation. As regards boating, however, the bay is so calm and quiet that ladies may venture out for a row alone, as I see a party this morning. Altogether Glengarriff is a most lovely spot and romantically situated. The tourist who does not like running about from place to place, but prefers quiet, should stay here for a week or two. I see by the book that Admiral Dacres, family, and officers have been staying here for a day or two. Master Dacres expresses his approval of the hotel, especially the apples. I hear the admiral well spoken of as a genial pleasant man. The presence of the Channel Fleet off the coast just now, though I presume accidental, seems to give a feeling of great security. It is possible, however, that as the squadron must be cruising somewhere, it has been directed to appear here. There is nothing like the exhibition of overwhelming force, especially

where the process costs nothing. Besides, there is some fear that American privateers may succeed in landing troops on the Irish coast.

The waiter here is a regular alarmist. Last evening on hearing of my intention to walk on to Cork he said it was not safe for me to travel alone. This morning he comes up with a long face and tells me that a gentleman on the road to Bantry in a car last night was stopped and turned back. He says as I wear a beard and moustache I shall be mistaken for a Fenian. Then if so, I reply, I am safe, feeling that I could easily satisfy the police as to my real character. Whether the waiter be sincere or not, or since the season is on the wane he wishes in the interests of the hotel to detain travellers here, I don't know. Certainly he has succeeded in spreading terror round the room, for one of two friends—strapping fellows too—is remarking to the other that the time to come and see this beautiful country would be when there are none of these wild Irishmen about. What makes me as a pedestrian doubt the waiter is a statement by him that he once walked from here to Cork, a distance of sixty-four miles, in one day, a possible feat of course, but very improbable. I am reminded of a story by one of the boatmen on Loch Gill, who mentioned, apropos of my journey, of the incredibly short time in which on one occasion he had walked from Sligo to Bundoran, a distance of about twenty miles. His fellow-boatman, in order politely to show his incredulity on the subject, said that he could cap this, as they say vulgarly, by the following story: a mother was just putting the potatoes in the pot when she expressed a wish to have some fresh herrings; her

son immediately started for a place about ten miles away, and returned with the herrings *before* the potatoes were boiled. I usually find that long distances are generally walked some twenty or thirty years ago, and I am sometimes uncharitable enough to think that a mile a year is added to the story unconsciously.

The waiter looked surprised when I quietly asked for my bill, but he did not further attempt to detain me. In those cases, however (if any), where he succeeded in doing so, I do not think the tourists on looking back and finding that the alarm was groundless will have any reason to regret their success, for really this is one of the most beautiful resting-places I have yet seen in Ireland. I left Glengarriff about ten minutes past ten o'clock this morning. About a mile on the road I pass Roche's or the Roman Catholic hotel. It is pleasantly situated in its own grounds, and I am informed has been much frequented this season. The road now winds round the bay, and you have a fine view of Glengarriff in the distance. The road then proceeds through rocky ground, which presents a very peculiar appearance. At the first bridge there is a short cut over the hills, but I keep to the main road. Shortly after leaving Glengarriff I fell in with a countryman, and we conversed on the popular topic, that of the Fenians. He had no particular information on the subject, but I told him what the waiter at the Bantry Arms had mentioned about the danger I incurred. The man turned and looked at me, and said with surprise, 'What! Interfere with the likes of you! I should think not! He must have been a strange un to have told you that.' This was certainly most reassuring.

At the second bridge at Ballylicky, which is very pretty and covered with ivy and the river Owvane flowing over rocks, the road to the right leads to Bantry, the one straight on to Inchigeelagh, to which place I am bound to-day. After some miles there are two roads. I was misdirected for a time into that to the right, but afterwards on being more correctly informed I turned across some fields and by means of the large stones over the fordable river Owvane to near a bridge, where I rejoined or rather gained the left and proper road, where just upon entering there is a square tower and the remains of a castle to the right called Carriganass Castle, on the banks of the river. Shortly after the road I took goes for many miles over the Shehy Mountains, and through a beautiful glen. The land consists of bog and moor, and the Dance Mountain towers as the monarch above all the rest, and forms a kind of landmark for many miles. I observe a small lake to the left, which is probably part of Lake Allua. The road then descends, and after some miles I approach towards the village of Inchigeelagh. It was now dark. A dog I can scarcely see in the middle of the road prepares to dispute my progress, so I am glad to accept the friendly escort of a young peasant man that moment coming out of a cottage and walking towards the village. He says the dog is a fierce one, and would be on your shoulder at once if you touched his master. Presently the said master passed us, and on being told of the circumstance, seemed amused at the idea of a stranger being afraid of his dog. My companion was astounded at the information that I had walked from Glengarriff. He said, so long as he had a shilling

in his pocket, he would not walk. I was glad to hear from him that there was a good inn at Inchigeelagh. There is nothing like having a friend, and this countryman seems to be one of the proprietor's. He said the inn was the best in the country. It was kept by a widow woman named Brophy and her three daughters, and one of them was the very best cook in the country. When we got well into the village this friendly fellow pointed out the inn, and I bade him good-night. The inn certainly proved very clean and comfortable and the people most civil and attentive, though, as I had only some tea and eggs, I had no opportunity of testing the quality of the cooking. I was the only guest here. It appears that this inn is a good deal frequented by fishing parties during the season. There is great uncertainty with regard to inns in the more barren and unfrequented parts of Ireland; sometimes you will find none at all, but at other places where anglers resort you will meet with a good inn as here, where the greatest comfort and homeliness prevail.

The distance from Glengarriff to Inchigeelagh is about thirty miles. I found, however, afterwards, that I have not come the most interesting way. The route to-day, certainly, was wild and picturesque in the extreme, but the better road to take is that of the public car. This goes through the pass or ravine of Keamaneigh, from near which a divergence may be made to the Lake of Gouganebarra. The main road can then be rejoined, and you pass through a ravine and by a mountain lake, called Lake Allua, to Inchigeelagh. Both these lakes are popularly called the Lakes of Inchigeelagh. I intended, indeed, to select this route, but on

reaching the country after Glengarriff, I could find no one who knew it, and was, therefore, compelled to take the track which chance, rather than design, directed. However, the road over the Shehy Mountains to Inchigeelagh must be shorter than the car road by several miles.

Wednesday, September 27.—I left Inchigeelagh this morning at forty minutes past eight o'clock. The road proceeds at first through rocky ground. There is at the right-hand side on the banks of the River Lee the ruin of a fine old castle called Carrynacurra, or Castle Masters. The road, for many miles, presents nothing particular until, at a bridge about eleven miles from Inchigeelagh, you pass within half a mile to the left the small town of Macroom. From the bridge you obtain a good view of the place lying nestled back in the distance. On to Carrigadrohid, a pretty village where there is a ruined castle. Then through the villages of Coachford and Dripsey, and some way further on Inishcarra with its church. After Dripsey the river Lee flows through a pretty valley, and a few miles from Cork the castle of Carrig Rohane on the opposite bank is very picturesque.

The county of Cork had been, for some little time, proclaimed under the Peace Preservation Act, and much alarm prevailed just now in the south, lest there should be an immediate rising of the Fenians. I saw little of the newspapers, but from such of them as came in my way the account was, that Cork was in a state of panic. All I observed in my route to-day seemed to confirm this view. In the villages I pass through, there are groups of people, evidently discuss-

ing the all-absorbing events of the day. Any respectable-looking man coming from the Cork direction is surrounded and eagerly appealed to for the latest information, and one who says he saw nothing new in that morning's paper is looked upon as quite an authority. From the terrified appearance of the people there are evidently ominous rumours afloat along the country side, whether or not they have any foundation in fact. I hear one woman as I pass say, 'There's a gentleman going on; I wonder he is not afraid of being killed!' This was pleasant, certainly. As I approached nearer Cork several public cars and other conveyances full of people were coming away from the city. There was scarcely a vehicle of any kind going to Cork. This circumstance, in an opposite manner, was certainly almost as ominous as the footsteps to the lion's cave, which the fox, in the well-known fable, saw on his way to pay an intended visit to the king of beasts. Whether there was a country fair going forward to-day, or these people were really leaving the city through fear of remaining there, or they were Fenians escaping from probable arrest, or it was a mere coincidence, I never had the means of ascertaining, and therefore never knew. I only note down the facts as they actually occurred.

Long before I reached Cork it was nearly dark, and there was no moon. I am ashamed to say that, for the first and only time during my travels in Ireland, I was afraid of encountering some undefined danger. I felt very much like a child in the dark. I find myself carefully scrutinising, so far as the little light will allow, the countenances and appearance of the different

men who pass. Now three men abreast come along the road. Surely they are Fenians. Then I hear steps coming stealthily behind me. This certainly must be a Fenian with accomplices in the rear, and about forcibly to administer the Fenian oath. I look back and see a little girl with naked feet, carrying a huge loaf. Away with these childish fears! But they do not vanish. I still find myself scanning the countenances of the different people. At length I meet a soldier, a non-commissioned officer, walking alone. This is the most assuring sign I have yet met with, for, brave man though he may be, and accustomed to face danger, he would not thus stroll out of the city alone if there were an insurrection raging there; besides, he would be with his regiment. However, to make assurance doubly sure, as they say, I stop, and have some talk with the soldier. He, probably divining my fears, for I did not state them, was most civil and obliging in answering my inquiries. He said the city had been in a state of panic, but was now quite tranquil. One night in particular, an order came to the barracks at Ballincollig, near Cork, for a troop of soldiers. They immediately got ready with artillery, and men told off to protect the battery, and marched into the city, where they took up their quarters in one of the principal streets until four o'clock in the morning. It appeared that, on the night in question, the constabulary were going to make a number of arrests, and feared a rescue. No doubt such a course, though probably prudent under the circumstances, was calculated to create alarm, and hence the panic. Even in calm, quiet London, of all cities in the world the one

least liable to panics, I apprehend that, if troops were required to take up their position in Belgrave Square or the Green Park, that those of the Upper Ten Thousand who reside in these neighbourhoods would suddenly discover that their presence was required at their country seats, or that the sea-side air of Brighton would do the children good, and be off by the morning trains in different directions.

At any rate my own panic was now allayed, and I walked leisurely on. An appearance of fire startled me for a short time, but it proved to be the light of a large manufactory. As I walk along a main thoroughfare in the outskirts of the city, there is an aspect of unmistakable quiet. The men resume their usual characters—that of workmen going home, or persons moving about their lawful business. Lovers, too, are here, or those who ought to be such, sauntering up and down, or sitting billing and cooing on the banks. When I enter the city I ask a gentleman the way to the Imperial Hotel; he starts aside like a frightened deer, but recovers his self-possession almost as quickly as he had lost it, for he is strong and healthy-looking, and in the prime of life, and gives me the direction. This gentleman, catching sight of my knapsack, probably mistook me for a Fenian with some companions in the neighbourhood. By the aid of another inquiry from three young gentlemen, who seemed surprised at my not knowing such a well-known place, I reach the locality of the Imperial Hotel. In the principal streets near here groups of young men are pacing up and down, with anxious looks, and hurried and exciting conversations; but there are no police about, except

two or three here and there. At length I reach the Imperial Hotel, and am addressed by a French-looking waiter, who speaks to me in that language until I undeceive him. A gentleman just coming down the stairs claims my travelling acquaintance, on the ground of having seen me on the road, from his front seat on the car, from Killarney. I remembered him indistinctly. He complimented me on what he termed my tremendous powers of walking, and says that he himself had come ostensibly on a walking tour, having a knapsack and all that sort of thing, though he had done very little in this way as yet. He was a light, dapper-looking little man, just made for walking, though, from his dress and appearance, I should say, not likely to undergo the wear and tear and fatigue necessarily incident to such a mode of touring.

I was shown to a good room at the Imperial Hotel and soon provided with a tea-dinner. The distance from Inchigeelagh to near Macroom is eleven miles, and from that place to Cork twenty-three miles, or thirty-four miles altogether. I reached the Imperial about forty minutes past eight o'clock in the evening. My experience of this excellent hotel, I regret to say, was not altogether satisfactory. At night I was disturbed, when I wanted a good rest so sadly, by a flea or two, and another insect, I believe the largest of its species it has yet been my lot to see. I really think it must be in the practice of descending the stairs to the kitchen daily, and dining off the remains of the first-rate *table d'hôte* which is served here; but not finding human blood, it ascends upstairs again and locates itself in some bed for the purpose, after an interval, of enjoying its

dessert. I am strengthened in this belief by the account of a trial I have read since returning home. One of the witnesses in an action for house-rent, resisted because of the presence of these insects, said he had seen them walking downstairs; and in further reply to the learned judge, or one of the counsel, said, from that he should also infer that they could walk upstairs. I felt myself justified, of course, in putting an end to the luxurious career of this insect, and reaped the benefit in being undisturbed on the next night, which I was obliged to encounter here, as I had given out my things to be washed, returnable on the next evening; otherwise I should have been disposed to change my quarters. However, I would fain hope that this occurrence was an accident, not often taking place at this hotel. At a sea-port town, with travellers coming from all parts, it must be very difficult to preserve perfect cleanliness.

In the coffee-room this evening, the gentleman I have referred to mentions in my hearing that, what with travelling all day and writing letters at night, tourists work very hard. This observation certainly is very true of the pedestrian. Indeed, this class of travellers are really deserving of commiseration, and in old age should find a place on the Civil Pension List. I can fancy even Old Grumpy saying approvingly to his niece, 'Well, child, there can be no objection to this! "A worn-out pedestrian, James Hopkins, Esq., formerly able to walk, with comfort, forty miles a day, now scarcely equal to crawling three miles—£50 a year." Poor fellow! Well deserved!'

CHAPTER XIX.

Road to Blarney—A matter-of-fact Party—A Victoria-cross Man—A witty Cicerone—The Blarney Stone—A wise Resolution—The Caves, Lake, Groves—Truth without any Blarney—The Gaol at Cork—Wellington Bridge—The Mardyke—The Queen's College—An Irish Elk—The Roman Catholic Chapel—A Tradesman's View of the Fenian Movement—Reading-room at the Imperial Hotel—Table-d'hôte Dinner—A superstitious Incident—A curious Custom—Route out of the City—Village of Douglas—A Cross or Post-director—Passage Road—Passage—The Ferry—Carrigaloe—The Docks—Queenstown—The splendid View here—Road out of Queenstown—More Talk about the Fenians—Early Marriages—Ballintoy and Bellgrove—An Irish Peasant's Idea of Distances—The Esk Ferry—Ballynacorra—Middleton.

THURSDAY, September 28.—This morning I walked over St. Patrick's Bridge, through the suburbs of Cork, and five miles out into the country to visit the far-famed castle and groves of Blarney. On reaching the village, I sat down on a bank to read the account of the place contained in Murray's Handbook. When I had done so, I observed a party just entering the road near the lodge, and coming from the railway station. I ran to join them, but, on coming up, saw at once that I had made a mistake. They were, at the first glance, a matter-of-fact party with no romance. It would, I thought, be impossible to kiss the Blarney stone in such company, though the reward might be the hand of the fairest lady in the country. The party consisted of husband and wife and another lady,

and a male friend, and a Donegal man subsequently joined us. They were all Irish people. The Blarney influence seemed to operate immediately on the mind of the friend, who was a fine young man of thirty-six, who had just returned from India. He shook me warmly by the hand, and expressed the great pleasure it gave him to make my acquaintance. His career he told in a few words. He went out when very young to India in the civil service, had been through many of the great battles, had won the Victoria Cross, and having served his time was now come home for good on a retiring pension. Fancy this! Here is a young man of thirty-six, in the prime of life, without a grey hair, and whose face tells no tale of a scorching clime, retired at a period when most professional men are only just emerging from the obscurity of poverty, or want of notice, and beginning to carve a career for themselves in the world. Verily the Indian service must be a good one. No wonder that so many of England's best sons should be willing to risk the many dangers of climate, and the chances of an early death, for a reward so substantial. And yet my friend is going to seek for some employment at home, so as not to be entirely idle. A wise resolution, no doubt.

We sought out the cicerone, who was an old woman with some wit. She first took us into an outhouse, and pointed out a small stone very much like an anvil, and said, 'there's the Blarney stone.' To this statement we demurred, as absurd, though the husband kissed the stone. No one followed his example. The old woman then said that the real Blarney stone was at the top of the castle, pointing to a large block sustained

by iron girders. We therefore ascended the tower. All the party, except the Victoria-Cross man and myself, preceded us, who loitered behind, talking. When we reached the summit, the indefatigable husband said he had just kissed the stone, but recommended no one to make the attempt. The stone is certainly placed in a dangerous position for the operation of kissing. It is suspended from one side of the tower, with a vacant yawning interval between it and the parapet on which you stand. My friend, who had apparently set his heart on kissing the stone, being probably a bachelor, solemnly took off his hat, approached the place and knelt down, but he quickly returned again, and said he should not make the attempt, as he was not given to do foolish things. His party seemed amused, but none dared to question his courage. I felt inclined to say something of approval, but stood silent, in mute admiration of this brave man. It would seem like whitening the lily to say anything, or disloyal to the Queen, to venture on the liberty of praising one whom Her Majesty had so greatly honoured. And yet this man was so simple in manner, and childlike in behaviour, and so unconscious of possessing any quality superior to that of others—as is the case with all brave men—that I half regretted not uttering the words which were on my lips, for I am sure they would have given him pleasure. But how pleasant it must be, to have once performed an act which may enable one to go through life without thereafter doing any of those foolish things which many men deem courageous.

We then descended the tower of the castle, when

the party at once announced their intention of proceeding to the village inn to an entertainment they had ordered there, and which evidently formed the most material part of the day's excursion. My friend gave me an invitation to join them there, but I excused myself. The Donegal man and myself, however, persuaded them to come and see the caves, which are curious in their way. Then there was the lake to be seen, but here the resolution of the party fairly gave way. There was the entertainment, from which they could not keep away any longer. So we separated, my friend and I, after such a cordial greeting, parting with a ceremonious bow. The Donegal man and myself now remained, and we started in the direction of the lake, and by the aid of a man who refused to regard himself as a guide, but on our leaving, nevertheless claimed and received a gratuity, we found the sheet of water, and then returned to the entrance to the celebrated Groves of Blarney, so renowned in song. The keeper said he asked the remainder of our party to enter, but they excused themselves on the ground of the entertainment at the inn. We entered the groves, which, though small in extent, are certainly very well worth seeing. They consist of a garden, walks and grottos. The custodian, a lame man, is a most conscientious fellow, for, though there is no residence here, and any of the family of the proprietor come to the groves but rarely, yet, unassisted, this man keeps them in the most prim and excellent order, as if a master constantly surveyed his proceedings. Such faithful service, where there is no eye to see nor master to please, deserves to be recorded. Having seen

the groves we walked together to the high road, and then parted company, my friend returning to Cork by the railway. I found this Donegal man a most pleasant companion, and, with his fellow I met at Cong, made me think favourably of their county. It seems to show that life, amid mountains and desolate wastes, is not so unfavourable to the formation of those qualities which go to make the gentleman, as some are apt to imagine.

I was well pleased with my visit to Blarney. True, I had not kissed the stone. I had no wish to do so originally, and the desire did not come with the difficulty; and had the wish been present, I should have deemed it presumptuous to gratify it after the failure of a holder of the Victoria Cross. And looking back at the matter retrospectively, I feel glad not to have kissed the stone, because the reader will now the more readily believe that I am giving a plain truthful account of my travels in Ireland, unaccompanied by any blarney.

I returned to Cork the same way by which I had come. The road is not enlivening, but as you approach Cork you have a good general view of the city, which looks very well in the distance. On reaching the suburbs I turn to the right and pass by the Gaol, a grim-looking building, where many of the Fenians are confined. Then over the Wellington Bridge. Hereabouts there are many pretty residences by the waterside. Over the bridge to the left I proceed along a public walk with trees, called the Mardyke, or, in short, the Dyke. This is a fashionable promenade for the Corkites. But few people are here now; only nursemaids and children, and an idler or two, like myself.

To the right, about half way down through a garden, and over a wall into the main road opposite, and up to the Queen's College. I was shown over the building by a young man, who, when I remarked I had already visited the other Queen's Colleges at Belfast and Galway, evidently looked upon me as a veteran in this kind of work. The arrangements here are very much the same as at the other colleges. There is a large Irish Elk in the Museum, the only specimen I am told existing in Ireland. It is of immense size, well put together, and particularly worthy of notice. I then walk on into the city, and inspect the exterior of the new Roman Catholic Chapel, which is very fine. I should have been glad to see the inside, but, from a notice on a board, this could only be done by seeking out the address of the sexton. I asked a man near where it was. Of course the first turning to the right, and then the second to the left, and so on. But I was tired and in a hurry, and declined the search. This man told me he frequently saw persons like myself standing here desirous of seeing the inside of the chapel, but alike unwilling to walk several streets for the purpose of finding the key. He said the sexton would make a small income if he kept in attendance here. Such indolence is certainly characteristic. However, since my return, I have seen, in the *Illustrated London News*, an engraving of the interior of this chapel; presenting such a magnificent idea, that I should recommend the visitor to Cork to go and see it, especially as he will be able to do so without the aid of the sexton. For the chapel was then in the course of erection, but it is now, I believe, opened for Divine

Service. St. Anne's Church, the Grand Parade, and the Market Place, are also objects of interest to the stranger.

I went into a shop to replenish one or two articles of dress, and had some talk there with the master on the subject of the Fenians. He treated, or affected to treat, the whole movement with the most supreme contempt. He said the constabulary acted most absurdly, about eighty of them one day marching down the street guarding two Fenians who had been taken into custody. Presently a commercial traveller entered, and the master said 'I am glad to see you, Mr. So and So. I am glad to find you have not been driven away by the Fenians. Here's a gentleman who has seen everything in Ireland except a Fenian.' I had not been talking about my travels, but I presume my bronzed, sun-burnt countenance, and weather-worn dress and appearance, were beginning to tell their tale. Certainly, during the latter part of my travels, I was treated at the inns with more attention and with a certain degree of respect. It must have been clear to the observer, that I had travelled much in Ireland, had seen and learnt a good deal of the country, and was therefore entitled to that deference which invariably follows in the wake of experience.

On returning to the Imperial Hotel, I spent a little time before dinner in the reading-room adjoining. This is supplied with the English *Times*, and other newspapers, and must be a great comfort to visitors who make any stay. The *table d'hôte* dinner was moderately well-attended. The fare was good, and well-served. The visitors to Cork have been, I am informed,

dropping off lately on account of the Fenian movement, and it is freely said that the proprietor of the Imperial Hotel is the loser thereby of a thousand pounds. After dinner the tables are moved back and the room becomes a lounge, and some young ladies are beginning to settle down to the piano. But as I have some proofs sent from London to correct, I am compelled, after a look in at the Billiard Players, to seclude myself for the remainder of the evening in the coffee-room downstairs. Why, I wonder, at an hotel like this should there be any difficulty in supplying a traveller with note-paper, envelopes, and sealing-wax? I ring and ask, and ask and ring for about half-an-hour, before these articles are produced; and when they come at last, the note-paper is very sober-looking, and the wax black. This last incident, considering the county is proclaimed, would to a superstitious traveller appear quite alarming. Might it not prognosticate that, on the next day's journey in the dark of the evening, he would be received with a bullet? However, probably the humble traveller is too apt to criticise the proceedings of large establishments, which are not designed for such as he, but for those who come *en famille* and *en suite*. The Imperial is palatial in its arrangements, and, taken as a whole, is no doubt one of the best hotels in Ireland.

Friday, September 29.—This morning I observed an arrangement at the Imperial Hotel, which, though peculiar, has perhaps some advantages. On one side of the room the gentlemen travelling alone, or unaccompanied by ladies, are expected to breakfast at any of the small tables there, and on the other side of the room, in like manner, ladies and gentlemen travelling

together, or ladies only. I changed from one side to the other—of course on these occasions one always goes to the wrong place—simply because I was requested to do so, but another guest felt somewhat ruffled at the interference, and was informed the reason by the waiter.

I left the Imperial Hotel at twenty minutes past ten o'clock this morning, on my way to Passage for Queenstown. I walked down St. Patrick Street, and then turned to the right before crossing the bridge along the quay over the Metal Bridge, and between some brick-built schools and the Corn Market into the main road. This, however, is rather the route I ought, in the first instance, to have selected and ultimately did take; but for the sake of the reader's information I give it without the many breaks or interruptions. For in no other town in Ireland did I find so much difficulty in getting out as here at Cork. I was misdirected several times and it was about three-quarters of an hour before I gained the high road to Passage. A civil postman, who at last gave me the right direction, did not scruple to say that his predecessor had told me 'a lie,' in stating that the road went alongside the railway. It is clear that now everybody goes to Passage and Queenstown by the railway, and the old road is well nigh forgotten. Near the Metal Bridge is a crowded and busy part of the city. On through the village of Douglas, a very clean-looking place with some excellent cottages, among the best I have seen. Here a road to the right leads to Carrigaline. Further on there are some cross roads, that straight on leading to Carrigaline and Kinsale, and that to the left to

Passage. Here I see the first cross or post director I have met with in Ireland. It is a large upright standing, informing the traveller that it is two miles to Cork, four to Carrigaline, and twelve to Kinsale. The cross bar towards Passage is gone, and has not been replaced. On through a village called Passage Road, also very clean-looking. Here you begin to have interesting views of the river Lee and the country on the banks. There are English milestones from Cork to Passage, or Passage West, as the place is termed in full. At the sixth milestone the road passes between high rocky banks and then enters Passage, a small tidy town on the river Lee. On the opposite bank is Glen Town or the Little Island, and Smith Barry's Castle. Through Passage to the ferry, before reaching which you pass the seventh milestone. After waiting some time at the ferry, the boat arrives from the other side, and I cross to the opposite bank in company of some ladies. The place here is called Carrigaloe. I then walk on to Queenstown, which is distant from the ferry about two miles. On the opposite bank is a large residence, Mr. Courtney's, and further on, on the same side, you come in sight of Monkstown, a large scattered place, looking well at a distance. Then through a hamlet called the Docks to Queenstown. From the main road at Queenstown, a grand and extensive view presents itself to the eye of the traveller. To the right there is an enclosure of trees round a small bay, with behind, across the river, a fine wooded country with two mansions. Opposite to the left is the remaining and principal part of Monkstown. In the centre is Haulbowline Island, a little

behind Rocky Island, to the left of which is a small islet, and then Spike Island. Further to the left there is country, with Whitegate, a watering-place. To the extreme left is the celebrated Cove of Cork, a capacious harbour formed by Nature's hand, and sufficiently large to hold an immense fleet. It is about three miles long and two broad. Two men of war, the Frederick William, the guard ship, and the Hastings, and two or three others in the distance, and numerous merchant ships, are at anchor. I can see the exit of the Cove out to sea with the Lighthouse. On the heights behind me is a row of visitors' houses, from the front rooms of which the view must be truly splendid. Spike Island forms an eminence from which I believe one of the best views of the Cove is obtained, but I am informed that no one is allowed to land there without the permission of the Governor or other responsible authority. There is a ferry across for the moderate charge of twopence each person.

Queenstown is a good-sized place. There is the Queen's Hotel with a fine-looking exterior, and there are several other inns of different kinds. I entered a confectioner's for some lunch. The young woman in attendance said that the Fenian movement had driven away some of the visitors from Queenstown. On again. To the right, over the Cove, you see Aghadoe, a small watering-place. As I am winding round the bay, I stop to ask a countryman about the route. We then talk about the Fenians. He does not think there are many about, but seems reserved and suspicious. Then to four cross-roads. That straight on leads to Middleton by a circuitous route, and goes

into a main road to Cork. That to the left leads to Queenstown by a different way to that by which I have come, and the one to the right to the Esk Ferry, the most direct road to Middleton. This route I select. After a time there are two roads, one to the right being the longer road to Middleton, and that to the left which I took as being the shorter of the two. Hereabouts I asked an old woman the way. She was surprised at my being alone, and asked if I was married. I said 'no.' 'Well then, you had better look out. It would be no shame now, if you married a young girl, but if you wait much longer, you will have to marry an old girl.' A young child who was with the old woman opened her eyes with astonishment at this freedom on the part of her granny. I may here remark, that the Irish peasantry marry at a very early age, and this fact probably in some measure accounts for the great destitution and poverty which prevail among them. In an early part of my travels somewhere in the North, I met a girl one day carrying an infant child on her back, and a little girl accompanying her. I supposed she was their sister, but she proclaimed herself a young widow, left with five children. I had then just parted from a fine old woman from whom I bought some gooseberries. She had been married twice, and might have had a third husband, only she declined the proposal, and so great success seemed to inspire such confidence, that she offered to find me a wife along the country side, but I declined her services. Well, this old woman was poor enough. She begged me to make the price of the gooseberries a penny instead of a halfpenny, their proper value, in order that

she might obtain some *tay*. This request I complied with, and she departed, contented enough. To the poor young widow, this old woman was well off. 'If,' she said, 'we were all like old Nancy there, it would be a good thing. I am left a widow with five children. Is not that a pitiable condition, sir?' Yes! pitiable indeed! Poor thing, she asked nothing, and I gave her nothing. It occurred to me with sorrow, that I could do nothing to relieve such great misery. Yet it appeared to me afterwards, that I might at least have given her 'a bit of siller,' with which to buy some strong *tay*, think well of the stranger, and bury her cares at least for a few hours. At all events, these words, 'Is not that a pitiable condition, sir?' rang in my ears at intervals for many days, and the more so perhaps from such an omission. But to return from this retrospect to continue the day's journey.

I now pass through Ballintoy and Bellgrove. I was much struck with the well-built and tidy cottages in these villages. Many of them had fuchsias planted around and about. At Bellgrove I noticed the village inn, with a sign containing a coat of arms but no motto or device. I now inquired the distance to the ferry, and was told it was a quarter of a mile, but it proved considerably more than a mile. The idea an Irish peasant has of distances is of the most vague kind imaginable, indeed quite amusing. He is so precise, too. It is always so many miles from where you stand. I had been told by the old woman, that on reaching the ferry, I must halloo; and so it seemed. I did halloo, and for some time without effect. At length I saw a figure approach the bank on the other side, and

then another. Two men stepped into a boat and rowed across, and I was taken over by them. It is the river Esk which here flows into the cove, and is somewhat rapid, so that the ferry-boat requires two men. Then on, through two villages to four cross roads, the left of which I took, leading through Ballynacorra to Middleton. The road from the ferry passes some distance by the river Esk, which here opens out into a kind of lake or estuary. But it became dark shortly after leaving the ferry. On entering Middleton I asked a young woman the way to Buckley's Inn. 'Lor, sir,' she said with some surprise, 'that has been given up some time, and Mrs. Buckley has left the place.' 'Well, but I presume somebody now keeps on the inn.' 'O yes, sir, Mrs. Mahony.' 'Thank you, that will do.' After two or three more inquiries, I reach this inn, and am accommodated with a bedroom without any difficulty, which I rather feared there might be, as I am in a proclaimed county, and arrive here late. The servant is a pretty girl named Katie, but so morose-looking that I half suspect she must have had some love affair which has gone off in the wrong direction, and thus led her to become misanthropic towards men. However, she is civil enough, and soon places before me a hot dinner. Perhaps it is necessary to assume this kind of manner, as a species of armour against the young men who come in here, for though some comments are made on her behaviour in her absence, there is not a word in her presence. About ten o'clock a number of young fellows arrange themselves round the table, and begin playing three-card loo. But I ask Miss Katie if my room is ready, and she brings me a candle quietly, and

I retire. The distance from Cork to here is about eighteen miles, namely seven miles to Passage Ferry, two from there to Queenstown, five from thence to the Esk Ferry, and four from there to this place. Middleton is celebrated for its whisky, there being two or three distilleries here, but I did not find the whisky-punch so good here, I thought, as at a great many other places. This, however, may be according to the usual fate of travellers to the places of manufacture, whose common experience is, that they either cannot procure the article at all, or obtain one of an inferior quality. The principal distillery was close adjoining the inn, and I certainly suffered from the disadvantages of noise and heat occasioned by such propinquity.

CHAPTER XX.

Morning after the Feast—An unobservant Officer—Familiar Sounds—A negligent Boots—Market-day—Village of Churchtown—Two old Ruins—A Chapel—Castlemartyr—Earl of Shannon's Seat—Killeagh—Ahadoe or the Maiden Estate—A Country Girl—More Talk about the Fenians—Rockmanleigh—View near Youghal—Union Workhouses—Youghal—St. Mary's Church—House and Garden formerly of Sir Walter Raleigh—The first Potato—The Devonshire Arms—Ferry over the Blackwater—Kinsalebeg Church—Springfield—Whiting Bay—Ardmore and Ruins and Well—A pretty Girl's account of St. Clenan's Stone—Main Road to Dungarvan—Story of a Shipwreck—An ignorant Fellow—An intelligent little Girl—A beautiful Glen—A half-drunk Labourer and Fenian—Dungarvan.

SATURDAY, September 30.—On coming down this morning I enter the coffee-room, which presents somewhat of that appearance rendered so celebrated by different painters in a favourite subject 'The Morning after the Feast.' I ring again and again, but there is no response. It was not particularly early, either. At length Katie appears, giving me a look as if I had done an injury by requiring her services. I order breakfast, and after a very long interval, during which I presume the fire was lit, and the kettle boiled, Katie announces the breakfast as served in the next room. Here a fine ham is on the table, and everything tidy enough. An officer is looking out of the window, and with a stentorian voice is asking a sergeant whether *that* is the way out of the town. How little he must have observed matters while here. I was surprised to

find a small body of soldiers in the town. My attention was first aroused to the fact just now in the coffee-room by hearing the—to me as a volunteer—somewhat familiar sounds of words of command. On looking out of the window I see a file of soldiers in the back street, undergoing their preliminary drill before starting. They were here, I found afterwards, on account of a Fenian disturbance—which I did not then know of—at Dangan, not far off, where one of the rioters was shot dead by a constable, but who I believe, at the inquest, was fully acquitted of all blame. My boots were not cleaned on getting up, and I asked the functionary of that name to attend to them, but in vain. On paying my bill I requested Katie to bring my boots, but whether the gratuity I gave her was insufficient, or what I know not, but she never reappeared, though I rang again and again. I began really to fear I was a suspected character, and this was a *ruse* to delay my departure. Presently I waylaid the master on the stairs, and asked him to bring my boots, which he did after a while. On going downstairs and out into the shop, the mistress said 'This is the wrong way out, sir.' 'Never mind, it will do as well.' I emerged into the street, leaving probably the boots at the other exit, waiting for his gratuity. I was glad to have thus given him 'the slip,' as they say in the vulgar tongue, for, under the circumstances, I should certainly have considered it my duty as a traveller, and as a protection to others to be saved from the like inattention, to withhold the usual gratuity.

I left Middleton this morning at twenty minutes past ten o'clock. It was market-day. The things on

sale were cabbages, nails, baskets, &c. &c. Through the town, and over the bridge to the left. Then on through a small hamlet, and the village of Churchtown, shortly before reaching which, I pass a gentleman's residence called Brookdale House. About the thirteenth milestone from Youghal there are, in the grounds to the right, two old ruins, one a simple square tower capped with ivy, the other a picturesque-looking castellated ruin with ivy also. The road then proceeds through open and well-cultivated land, with a chapel behind a sheet of water to the right. Then on to Castlemartyr, about five miles from Middleton, and ten from Youghal. I visited Castlemartyr House, the Earl of Shannon's seat here. It is not exactly shewn to the public, but the woman at the lodge very civilly expressed her opinion that I might walk through the grounds. The mansion is a large white-looking building with two sides, the middle forming a kind of half-square with four pillars before the door. The inside is not shewn, but there is I believe nothing in particular to see there. The grounds are very extensive, and planted with fine trees. The best view is from the bridge right and left over the lake. The shore to the right is planted with evergreens, oaks, arbutus, and fir trees alternately, so as to show the beautiful tints. The autumnal tints are beginning to appear, and, with cows before the house, the picture is enchanting. There is a good view also of the grounds and lake, by walking on the path to the left through a small iron gate. Here is the old castle, a fine ruin, consisting of a large square tower, and some walls covered with ivy behind. The two churches are no longer existing, though the site of one of them

is used as a churchyard. On the lake or shore to the left some groups of Indian grass have a peculiarly fine effect. There is a waterfall from the right to the left part of the lake.

Castlemartyr is a clean-looking small town of one street. The national school is prettily situated in the midst of a garden. I took some refreshment here at a small public-house. There are, however, two inns further on, the one with a sign or coat of arms, kept by Mr. Bellaney, being apparently the best. At the seventh milestone from Youghal I enter Killeagh, a small town of two streets. The church is prettily situated with a churchyard on the left on entering the town, and there is a chapel at the other end. There is an inn here, kept by James Hayes. Adjoining are the grounds of Ahadoe, called the Maiden Estate, from the circumstance that it has never left the hands of the Brooke family. On leaving Killeagh there are two roads to Youghal, that to the right the new and longest road, and the one straight on the old and shorter road, from which again there is shortly a turning to the right, being the proper route to Youghal. However, I kept straight on for about a mile out of my way by mistake, until a country girl informed me of my error. We walked in company as far as the turning to Youghal. She was a fine well-grown girl and very intelligent, and was, I inferred, working in some manufactory, near here. We talked about the Fenians. She said she did not know any who were such to her knowledge, but they would not disclose their connection with the movement to strangers. My friend moreover remarked, that you heard more of the Fenians at a distance than

at the supposed spot, as I observed was also my own experience. She was a native of the county of Waterford, and when on a visit to her friends, was constantly asked 'What are the Fenians doing in the county of Cork?' But when back in Cork again she heard nothing about them. At the cross road this girl and I parted company with the familiarity of old friends. It was not 'Good morning,' but 'Good bye!' Strange that those who meet for the first and last time should become so well acquainted in a short time. Perhaps it is the consciousness of this circumstance that opens the heart and touches the feelings.

Then through a village called Rockmanleigh, and for many miles over a cross road with hedges on either side studded with beautiful blackberries, though I did not feel inclined to stop and pluck any of them. As you approach Youghal, the sea bursts upon the view, and affords a pleasing change to the prospect, with an island off the shore to the right. From Castlemartyr to within a mile or two of Youghal the road proceeds over a flat but well-cultivated country. On reaching, however, a view of the sea, the old road proceeds up hilly ground, leaving a fertile valley or table land below, to the point where the new road with the telegraph joins in from the right. The two roads here unite in one, which proceeds to Youghal, with a good footpath for the pedestrian. On approaching the town, the Union Workhouse is a conspicuous building to the right. I frequently pass newly-built workhouses of splendid dimensions. I regret that I did not apply for admission to one of them—not as a vagrant, but for the purpose of seeing the arrangements and work-

ing of the establishment. If, however, the interior comforts are at all in conformity with what one would expect from the exterior aspect of the buildings, then the destitute and vagrant poor must be well cared for in the workhouses in Ireland.

Youghal is a pretty town, situated on the side of a hill. In the descent there is a fine high fir-tree stripped of foliage, and growing alone. I presume it has a history. As I enter the town and stop to look at a turretted ruin, an old man, apparently paralytic or a cripple, sitting at a doorway just within the threshold, beckoned to me with his stick, and began relating the history of the building. Poor fellow! How monotonous must be his existence. He seemed quite pleased at the idea of meeting with a stranger to whom to tell the already many-times-told tale. As you enter the centre of the town, there is a fine entrance with a clock, being, I presume, one of the old city gates. I put up at the Devonshire Arms Hotel. The distance from Middleton to Youghal is about fifteen miles.

Sunday, October 1.—I went out before breakfast this morning and visited St. Mary's Church. The clerk's wife affected to make it a favour to shew me the building on a Sunday, an idea which I would not admit. However, she was very civil. The church is a very interesting edifice. I observed the carved-oak pulpit, the monument to Harford Mayor in 1618, the double piscina, the tomb and figure of the Earl of Desmond the founder of the church, and his wife, and the font of black marble. Also a monument to Richard Lord Boyle, consisting of himself and two wives and fifteen children by his second wife. I ascended the

tower, called Cromwell's, from which there is a very good bird's-eye view of the town and neighbourhood, and the bridge over the river Blackwater. Close adjoining the church is the house which—or more probably its predecessor on the same site—formed the residence of Sir Walter Raleigh, and in the garden of which he planted the first potato introduced to the British dominions. I was informed that the place is not shown on a Sunday, so I did not ask admittance, though probably it would have been accorded to me as a stranger. But I am always careful, when travelling, not on this assumption to do anything which may prove intrusive. I believe the exact plot of ground is pointed out where the first potato is alleged to have been grown, and the stranger here would do well to pay a visit to this most interesting residence. However, while standing on the top of Cromwell's tower, I have a very good bird's-eye view of the house and garden, particularly of the latter, which looks most neatly kept.

The Devonshire Arms proved a comfortable hotel, except that the door of my bedroom could not be unlocked without the aid of the boots. Fortunately he was able to get into the room as it was on the ground floor, and then to release me, otherwise I must have remained imprisoned for some time. This difficulty, no doubt, often occurs, as the boots soon heard and divined the cause of the noise, yet no carpenter is sent for to mend the door. I left the hotel this morning at forty minutes past ten o'clock. I walked to the ferry, to cross the river Blackwater, which divides the counties of Cork and Waterford, this being more convenient than the

bridge higher up. I was told I should have to wait half an hour for the regular ferry boat, so I hired two boatmen to take me across for sixpence, but no sooner had I stepped into their boat, than the other came rowing up. I rose with the intention of jumping ashore, feeling that I had been misled, but the boatmen hastily pushed off and prevented me, and explained they meant the ferry boat would wait half an hour for passengers. I made a virtue of necessity, accepted this explanation, and recovered my good humour, which I was sorry to have lost; for the *ruse*, if one at all, was harmless, and the poor fellows seemed so anxious to recover my good esteem, and were so glad to make this unexpected sixpence, and received it so contentedly when we reached the other side, and did not ask for more. Going across I had a good view of the town, and of one of the ruined Abbeys covered with ivy. Youghal also looks very well from the opposite bank. I am now in the county of Waterford. I take the road to the right — after returning from going a short distance out of my way—near Kinsalebeg church, and pass through a hamlet or village called Springfield, and by the shore of Whiting Bay to Ardmore, a small watering-place. Here there are some interesting and well-preserved ruins, consisting of a cathedral, oratory and round tower. The cathedral is supposed to be closed, but the cicerone had ingeniously put to the padlock, but without turning the key, so I was able to enter the place without seeking for him or her in the village. The principal curiosity, however, about the cathedral consists in some curiously carved figures on the wall at the western entrance. The

oratory is a small building apart from the cathedral, and the round tower is one of the most perfect I have seen. There is a ladder up to the first story, where there is a door admitting you to the inside, by which the dimensions and architecture of the interior may be seen. But there being no one at hand with the key of the door, I did not ascend.

Having inspected the ruins, I asked at a cottage the way to St. Clenan's Well. Two sturdy-looking women who were coming out said, 'they had no English' for me, but on reaching the confines of the village, they civilly asked a man to show me the place, and he walked some distance until I was in the proper direction. The Well is a very primitive kind of place, and a resort of pilgrims to the shrine of St. Clenan. There was a woman praying here now. Two or three figures of our Saviour on the cross, and of saints, are about on the walls. A woman keeps the Well, or rather is in attendance with a glass. You are expected to drink a glass of the water, which is nothing but ordinary spring water, and the gratuity of one penny quite satisfied the old woman who has charge of the Well. There is, I believe, one particular day in the year devoted to a pilgrimage here, called of course St. Clenan's Day. The task to be performed consists principally of crawling on the knees round St. Clenan's Stone, with devotions the while. I am informed by the old woman that the stone is nearer the village, pointing in that direction; so, on my return, seeing a very pretty girl standing outside a cottage near the shore, looking at the sea, I stop to enquire where St. Clenan's Stone is situated. She points it out there down below, not far

from where we stand. I asked whether people still crawled round the stone on St. Clenan's Day. She said, 'Oh no! Not the people here, only the country people, who come from all parts on that day.' I then observed the stone was in the wrong place, it ought to be removed up to the Well. It was evident that, though the inhabitants of Ardmore no longer worship at the shrine of St. Clenan's, yet they have still a quiet sort of veneration for the celebrated stone. The girl's face assumed a solemn expression. She looked at me as if I had made an heretical remark, and said with emphasis, shaking her head, 'No, that could not be, no one could move that stone; however high the waves rolled in, they had never been able to turn the stone aside, or to wash it less.' I did not go down close to the stone, but it looked only two or three yards square, or on which one person only could sit with comfort. It is in the midst of sand, and only left dry at certain times of the tide; so the process of crawling round the stone must be dirty and difficult, which circumstances perhaps give zest to this kind of penance. I could have willingly stayed longer, in the company of this beautiful girl, but nothing more occurred to say, so I was obliged to wish her good day, and walk on. Ardmore is a place of sea-side resort to a limited extent, and I saw some visitors about. I observed a tidy-looking inn. Those who like a few weeks' quiet by the wild sea waves, far removed from the busy haunts of men, could not do better than come here for a change; but of course, in such a spot, the great majority of persons would after a few days become oppressed with *ennui*.

After obtaining some biscuits at a small shop in the

village I got into the main road to Dungarvan. This winds along the shore for some miles. It is a rocky, iron-bound coast, and extremely dangerous to shipping. One man told me he had witnessed a shipwreck about this time last year in a storm. We were standing in the road as it ascended a hill, and he pointed out the very spot in the distance. The ship came driving towards the shore and then stuck fast, and shortly afterwards broke all to pieces. Fortunately, by means of rockets—there was no life-boat near—they opened a communication with the ship, and saved all the crew.

Further on the present road joins the main telegraph road to Dungarvan. I ask a countryman where the telegraph starts from; he does not know where it is going to, he cannot tell. After some miles I fall in with a little girl, who volunteers to show me a short cut through some lanes and fields into the main road again. I accept her escort, and we walk together. She is an intelligent child and leaves me at her parents', a road-side public-house, running away when she got there without giving me any warning, so her attentions were entirely disinterested, for there was no opportunity for giving her a gratuity, had I so wished. Perhaps she felt modest at the idea of being thought to have so prematurely secured a beau, for her young companions about the house seemed amused at our strange companionship. On again along the main road for a short distance, when I am once more directed into a short cut through a beautiful glen abounding with fern, and wild flowers. Then down into the main road

again, and on to Dungarvan. Shortly before reaching the town a half-drunk labourer joined me on the road, and proposed we should keep one another company into Dungarvan, for, he said, 'there are some queer boys about here sometimes.' This strange kind of protection I was obliged, by the force of circumstances, to allow. He had with him a kind of hoeing shovel, and kept oscillating about in the road, so that I was obliged to do the same. I fear a stranger would have taken us to be both in the same condition. We had some talk about the Fenians. He as good as admitted he was one of them, and said he should be ready when the time came to make that axe bloody, brandishing it at the same time over his head, in such an unsteady way, that I was fearful it might come down on my own. I told him I thought the Fenian movement was confined to the towns. He said he thought so too, but that if the leaders sent agents round through the villages, he believed that the peasantry would join. He had been lately up in Tipperary, and they were there all strongly in favour of the movement. He said, moreover, he was in a public-house the other day, drinking with some soldiers, when they said, 'As for ourselves, you know, we are all Fenians to a man,' the 'we,' I understood, referring to the Irish soldiers in the regiment. On entering Dungarvan it was about seven o'clock, and dark. The countryman offered to show me to the hotel, but on going down the main street, he glided away suddenly without saying a word, into a side street or alley. Whether he feared being given into custody as a Fenian, or what was his reason for this

sudden movement I know not. I put up at the Devonshire Arms Hotel. There have been no milestones to-day, but the distance must be about twenty miles, namely six miles from Youghal to Ardmore, and fourteen from thence to Dungarvan.

CHAPTER XXI.

Dungarvan Churchyard—Painful Reflections—A young Peasant Man—Road from Dungarvan—Village of Lemybrien—Ballycorrig Fair—Talk about the Fenians—A pretty Cottage—Superior Dwellings—A Simple Idea—Mountain-pastures—Milk in abundance—Small Town of Kilmacthomas—Interior of a Cottage—A creditable aspect of affairs—Prominent Milestones—Adelphi Hotel, Waterford—The friendly Brothers—A lively Party—Their ideas of the Irish Peasant—A confident Adviser—Bridge at Waterford—An old Tower—Opinion of the Adelphi Hotel—An independent Shopkeeper—A self-appointed Guide—The Park—Passage—Suspicions of the Police—The Ferry—Ballyhack—Leave Munster—Duncannon—A Constable and Fenianism—Nelson Bridge—Wellington Bridge—Taghmon and Experiences there—Wexford—Landlord and Tenant.

MONDAY, October 2.—In the morning, before breakfast, I paid a visit to Dungarvan parish churchyard. It is situated in the most picturesque part of the town, on one side of the bay. From here you have a good view of the ruins at Abbeyside, a kind of suburb of Dungarvan. I was enquiring about them of a sailor, when he said, 'I perceive, sir, you are a stranger.' These words spoken so often in the course of my travels fell for the first time strangely on the ear, for I had come to visit this churchyard in order to discover the grave of a sister who lies buried here; and it seems passing strange that I should be a stranger on such a spot. It appears not to be the practice even with the best families in the south to place any memorial over

the graves of their relatives, so I had to seek out the sexton's wife, who lives in a newly-built neat-looking house at the corner of the churchyard. She kindly pointed out the family tomb I sought, and after a few enquiries, with excellent taste left me to my own reflections. Poor sister! 'After life's fitful fever she sleeps well.' Dungarvan is a dirty-looking sort of town, but this spot is something apart from the place in general. It occurred to me that if I had ever the choice of resting anywhere at Dungarvan it would be here in this churchyard, so full of old associations and memories, so calm and peaceful, except when the sea washes up with its ceaseless murmurings.

On returning to the hotel I was relieved to find myself the only occupant of the coffee-room. I felt little inclined to pursue my journey this day. But what shall I do? I am painfully reminded that between the living and the dead there is a great gulf fixed. In order to live it becomes in a great measure necessary to forget the dead. We in our turn shall pass away and be forgotten; but however humble the actor's position on the great stage of this world's theatre may be, it is necessary that he should play out his part until the black curtain falls, and he goes to his rest.

I left Dungarvan this morning at twenty-five minutes past ten o'clock, on my way to Waterford. The road goes over the bridge. After two or three miles, and while still absorbed in melancholy reflections, I met a young peasant man. He was reposing by the wayside with his bundle, and started up and joined me at once. A lucky meeting, for he served soon to divert my thoughts, and I apparently lightened his journey. He

proved a most agreeable fellow, and moreover was not inquisitive. He asked me not where I had come from, nor whither I was going, nor the object of my journey, nor any other question; and yet he took me for and treated me as a gentleman. Would that travellers could always be so treated by strangers! How much more pleasant would travelling become under such circumstances. My friend soon took me a professedly short cut from and to the main road. We walked along country lanes and cross-roads on the outskirts of Sir Nugent Humble's domain. From a hilly bye-path a good view is obtained of Dungarvan Bay and Helvick Head. We came out into the main road again near a hamlet called Pike. The road then passes through the village of Lemybrien, and shortly afterwards we came in view of Ballycorrig Fair, to the right, which is being held to-day. We see the people and booths in a large field in the distance. There are only two or three houses there, but no town or village; nothing in fact but open country, yet my friend informs me that this fair was some years ago one of the most important in the south of Ireland. It was always celebrated, too, by a faction fight of some kind or other, and a large body of police was always in attendance there to keep order. But now the fair has by degrees dwindled down to a very small affair. Presently we meet a man who has just come from the fair. He speaks of little doing there. We walk on and have some talk about the Fenians. My friend thinks the movement a most mischievous one, but considers that the Government are taking up matters in too serious a spirit. The Special Commission then in contemplation would be a

mistake, as it would make martyrs of the offenders and visit them with too great a punishment. Anything like a sentence of ten years' penal servitude would be absurd, and would be considered by the people as unjust, considering so little mischief had been done. It would be better to punish the offenders before the ordinary tribunals or by the stipendiary magistrates. Three months' imprisonment with hard labour for the first offence would be ample punishment, to be increased on a second conviction. Shortly afterwards my friend said that was his house, pointing to a cottage to the left, and wishing me good morning turned into a field, and across to it by a short cut. It was a clean-looking pretty cottage, planted with flowers in front, and had the appearance of as romantic and pleasant a dwelling as could well be imagined—where indeed love in a cottage might be realised. An elderly woman, apparently his mother, was at the door ready to give the young man a welcome. He was a fine strong fellow and with a mind above his class, and altogether such a son of whom any mother might well be proud.

On my road to-day I have observed how particularly neat and clean the cottages are. They are mostly built of stone, and, as my friend informed me, are whitewashed outside by the occupants two or three times a year. The dwellings about here certainly speak of a superior order of inhabitants. But my friend told me that on the Monavullagh range of mountains, which we see to the left of us, there dwells a peculiarly simple and wild set of people, who rarely come down into the villages in the valley, except for the purpose of buying provisions, and who live in huts of a rude

kind. When the telegraph wires were first set up along this road, they walked to look at them wonderingly. Their idea was, that the poles and wires were so put up for ornament; but what puzzled them much was, why they were not on both sides of the road. When told that these things were designed as a means of communicating with distant places, with the speed of a flash of lightning, they were incredulous, and scarcely believed such wonderful news. These mountains are chiefly used as pastures for cattle. We saw some calves coming along, and my friend said they had just been driven down from the mountains to fatten in the meadows. They are kept up there about a year, and become remarkably healthy, but very lean from the spare diet. On remarking to my friend that milk was very plentiful in Ireland he replied, 'Yes, as plentiful as that stream flowing there,' pointing to a river we were just approaching. This indeed was no very exaggerated statement, for I found milk bountifully supplied everywhere without stint or limit.

At the thirteenth milestone from Dungarvan, about half a mile to the left, there is the small town of Kilmacthomas. Between here and Waterford I pass through only hamlets and by detached houses. I went into a cottage for shelter from the rain. The principal room was a good one, and there was a chamber to the right with two or three beds, and an outhouse beyond. It was now nightfall and dark, without a moon, and generally unpleasant walking, on account of the wet. It was market-day at Waterford, and vehicles of all kinds and foot-passengers were coming out of the town. Fortunately, except here and there, all were

pretty sober, or it would have been difficult in the dark to escape the vehicles or prevent coming in conflict with some drunken pedestrian. But there was a little quick driving, and nothing more. The aspect of affairs altogether was certainly creditable. I reached Waterford about half-past seven o'clock in the evening. The distance from Dungarvan is twenty-eight miles. There are milestones all the way, apparently newly put up, and, as if to make amends for old deficiencies in this respect, they are carefully placed in prominent niches, as if they were so many statues. It is strange that in a civilised country like Ireland milestones should be so rare, and signposts unknown. Without these useful aids to travelling the stranger is always very much at a loss, and continually liable to go astray.

At Waterford I took up my quarters at the Adelphi Hotel. I asked the waiter what I could have for dinner. He replied anything I chose—soup, fish, and various other good things—naming them. I thought this was merely the usual *ruse* at a first-rate hotel, and being interpreted meant chops or steaks, but on coming downstairs and enquiring again for this seemingly imaginary dinner some turbot was at once produced, and then two or three other courses. I should have gone away under the impression that such fare was daily forthcoming, only it transpired in the course of the evening that a secret society called the Friendly Brothers was having one of their periodical dinners here to-day, and hence the abundance of unlooked-for fare. In the course of the evening a lively party of gentlemen came into the coffee-room to smoke, and

partake of whisky-punch. One of them, whose father was a landed proprietor, spoke of the want of sincerity on the part of the peasantry—that they would assent to everything you said, whether they really thought so or not. He was speaking severely to a peasant woman the other day, when she went into hysterics. Going on farther, he complained to a neighbour how excitable this woman was. 'Oh!' she replied, 'so and so knows nothing, or she would have known how to plaster you.' This seems equivalent to 'soft sawder' in England, and the idea of such administration made my friend extremely irate. I suggested that such a course was probably owing to the characteristic politeness of the Irish peasant, but this notion did not seem to be received with much favour. I am afraid this gentleman will remember the peasant's unfortunate expression to the end of his days, and always think when he is addressing his poorer neighbours that they are endeavouring to 'plaster' him. Later in the evening, a gentleman permanently settled in the house had some talk with me about my travels. He asked to seemy map, and at once with great confidence suggested a route to Dublin. With all my experience I was led to follow his advice on the next day's journey to Wexford, with what result will appear in the sequel. But the route through Wicklow I afterwards discovered — fortunately in time — would have taken me through the least interesting part of the county, and away from all the remarkable spots. On asking my friend where the Seven Churches were, he pointed to a place on the map, somewhere in the Vale of Avoca, and about ten miles, or upwards, away

from their correct locality. So much for local information, generally considered so useful to the traveller.

Tuesday, October 3.—In the morning, before breakfast, I walked along the Quay to the bridge over the River Suir. From the centre of the bridge there is a fine view of the town, and of the banks of the river rising up in parts with hilly sides, and studded with pretty residences. On the bridge there is the following inscription:—'In 1793, a year rendered sacred to national prosperity by the extinction of religious divisions, the foundation of this bridge was laid at the expense of associated individuals, unaided by parliamentary grant.' It is stated that the bridge was begun on April 30, 1793, and opened on January 18, 1794, and that the expense amounted to 30,000*l.* At the corner of the Mall, a principal street leading from the Quay, there is a curious old tower, the history of which is recorded in the following inscription: 'In the year 1003 this tower was erected by Reginald the Dane. In 1171 it was held as a fortress by Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke. In 1463, by Statute 3rd Edward IV. a Mint was established here. In 1819 it was re-edified in its original form, and appropriated to the police establishment by the Corporate body.' On the wall of the tower there is a cannon-ball, which was thrown in there on one occasion.

The waiter pronounces this morning that the dinner of the Friendly Brothers was a failure, though he alleges no reason beyond the one that the expected number did not come to partake of the feast. He thinks that no such secret societies should be permitted to exist. Perhaps they talked something treasonable

in his presence. However, they were very quiet guests, for though they dined in a room upstairs, I heard no singing or noise. This hotel, the Adelphi, is certainly one of the best, cleanest, and most economical I have encountered in Ireland. It is situated near the Quay, and my bedroom, a very good one, capable of being also used as a sitting-room, overlooks the River Suir, with an extensive view. If I may judge from an incident this morning, the shopkeepers of Waterford must be a very independent class. I was desirous to obtain a receipt stamp, and was directed to a stationer's shop, to which, however, I could not obtain admittance, and while looking for some other entrance, a boy came by, and with a knowing smile said, 'They are at breakfast, sir.' 'Well, is there no one in attendance just now?' 'No, sir, they always close the shop during breakfast time, from half-past eight to nine o'clock, and on no account admit any one.' Cool certainly! I had to go some distance to the post-office to obtain the stamp.

I left Waterford this morning, at twenty minutes past ten o'clock. Shortly after leaving the hotel, I was followed by a self-appointed guide, a young fellow employed at one or other of the inns as an occasional boots. He was civil but tiresome, and I got rid of him by the aid of a copper or two, which he had really earned, for from his information I stopped to inspect the Park, which I did not know existed at Waterford. It is a fine enclosure, with several public buildings skirting one side of it. On to Passage, a small town where there is a ferry across the river Suir. All along from Waterford to here there are

pretty views of the river and its banks, and gentlemen's residences. On arriving at Passage, my presence there evidently excited the suspicions of the police. One of the constabulary was standing at the door of the barrack. He went in immediately and fetched out a brother constable, and both together they came down to the Quay. One of them addressed me on the weather, or some topic, and my dialect evidently seemed to remove their suspicions. After some conversation, I asked the same constable whether there were any Fenians about. He replied, looking up towards the sky, 'No, there ain't a Fenian anywhere about in this neighbourhood.' 'Then why,' thought I, 'do you come down to have a look at the stranger?'

I now cross the ferry, in company with a family party who had just come up. The charge for each person is three-halfpence. On the other side is Ballyhack, a village where there is the ruin of an old castle. The river Suir divides the counties of Waterford and Wexford. I here leave the province of Munster, the southern division of Ireland, which consists of six counties—Clare, Kerry, Cork, Waterford, Limerick, and Tipperary. I have walked through all these counties except the two last named, which I have not visited. On from Ballyhack to Arthurstown, with a view of Duncannon, farther up to the right, on the banks of the river Suir. About a mile out of Arthurstown I perceive a constable coming quickly up, evidently bent on a Fenian expedition. When he reaches me, though a fine young man, I fancy I detect signs of fear. He looks pale and slightly agitated. No wonder, for if his suspicions were true, in this wild, lonely,

and deserted road a revolver would make his strength as available as that of a little child. 'A fine day,' he says, a common mode of greeting in Ireland. 'Yes,' say I, 'a fine day.' Here there is a pause, each being evidently at a loss how to continue the conversation. At length, on a slight rise in the road I adjust my knapsack. Then the constable says, 'You must find that very heavy to carry.' 'Not so heavy,' I reply, 'as it looks.' It would indeed be heavy if it contained revolvers. We then engage in general conversation, and wishing indirectly to remove this man's suspicions, and really wishing for such information, I ask him about the route I should take. He says I shall find an inn at Wellington Bridge, 'where,' he adds, looking me straight in the face, 'there is a police barrack convanient.' This, of course, would not be convenient to a Fenian. I, however, stated that my probable destination to-day would be a small town which he mentioned to be further on, named Taghmon. Was I sketching or simply walking to see the country? I was half inclined to stop this bye-play or *double entendre* and ask the constable whether he had not come out from Arthurstown suspecting me to be a Fenian, but I partly thought this course dangerous and partly wished to escape in another way. I therefore produced Murray's Handbook, on the plea of looking for the places he mentioned. It now began to assume a worn appearance, consistent with and indeed only to be accounted for on the ground of much travel, and I think its production served more than anything else to remove the constable's suspicions. While I was looking at the book he was busily employed peering over my shoulder and

into the knapsack, evidently to discover if there were any revolvers there. But seeing nothing, at the next turning he wished me good morning and made as if to take the road to the left to Duncannon, from which, however, on looking back, I saw him returning into the main road to Arthurstown. I mention these circumstances in detail, particularly to show how the police in Ireland perform their disagreeable duties of surveillance. This constable was civil throughout and gave no offence from beginning to end, nor rise to any unpleasant feelings in the mind of the traveller beyond those necessarily incident to being the object of suspicion.

The country now became wild and desolate, neither was there any incident to relieve the monotony of the journey. I had been informed by my friend at the Adelphi Hotel that by coming this route I should cut off ten miles or more, thus bringing Wexford within a good day's travel. The information, however, proved wholly inaccurate. The car-road from Waterford to Wexford, and which I intended to take as bringing the traveller through two or three small towns, at one of which a midway stoppage might be made, is I believe about thirty-seven miles. The present road *may* be two or three miles shorter, but certainly not more. I told my friend as politely as possible how often I had been misinformed, and of the attendant inconveniences, but he said he felt quite certain on the subject, and had often travelled both roads. I now felt very angry with my friend, but what could I do? There was no going back. Besides, what could I say? Was not the information voluntary and accepted at my own

risk? Moreover, is there not an old proverb, to the effect that you should not look a gift horse in the mouth? So I make the best of things and walk on. Shortly after leaving Nelson Bridge there are the remains of a castle of some extent on the banks of a river to the right. Then on to Wellington Bridge, where there is a large and very promising-looking wayside inn kept, as the constable told me, by Mrs. Murphy. I should have acted wisely to stay here, but the afternoon being still early and the weather fine, I thought I would reach a small town off the main-road called Taghmon, situate about ten miles from Wexford. At Wellington Bridge there is a small village or hamlet. I observed the constabulary, but there was no life about the place; not a single policeman was to be seen lounging about, to my comfort indeed, as this being an altogether exceptional route, my appearance with a knapsack would or rather might excite suspicion. Two or three miles beyond Wellington Bridge, after one false start, I take a bye-road leading to Taghmon. I walk on for miles through small villages and hamlets until it becomes dark, and I have constantly to enquire the way. At length I enter a main-road and after walking a few miles to the right reach the small town of Taghmon. I ask for the principal inn, and am directed there. I enter a kind of shop, where the master is sitting, and ask him for a bed. Without his countenance undergoing the slightest change, or his face relaxing a muscle, he says that all his beds are engaged. I walk out and look up at the house, which is a very large one, but not a light appears at any of the windows nor any sign of life or habitation.

I return to the shop and tell the master this, and that I find it difficult to believe his statement. I adjure him to speak the truth, for I was weary, and hungry, and thirsty, and Wexford is ten miles away; but he says he is speaking the truth, and that I should have a bed only they are all engaged. I then walk back to the second inn in the place, where the master says I may obtain a bed. I go into the shop and ask the woman there for a bed. She replies they are all engaged, but I may obtain one at the hotel. I say I have been there, but the master says that all his beds are engaged. This statement of the master's the woman evidently does not credit, but after some parleying, adheres to her original reply, that she has no bed to let; but coming out of the shop she points somewhere in the dark, and says that I may obtain a bed at one of the lodging-houses on there. Of course I at once leave this hopelessly inhospitable woman, who I regret to say was in middle life, well-dressed, and good-looking. She ought to be old, ugly, ragged, her person the copy of her mind. On my way down the street again, and as a last resource, I went into a small-looking beerhouse, the owner of which standing at the door had invited me to enter on first coming into the place. He asked me why I had been refused accommodation at the hotel and inn. I said of course I could not tell. I wished to see the bed, when an elderly woman, apparently the man's wife, came forward and said, in an unpleasant tone of voice, 'Oh! the gentleman wishes to see the bed, does he? He is particular. Let him go on and get a bed where he can.' No such great difficulty, thought I, madam, as you may

imagine ; I shall sleep this night in one of the best bedrooms in the best hotel in Wexford. The man also asked me whether I intended to remain more than one night, as if probably to remove some lurking suspicion. Of course I said no. Only fancy remaining more than one night at Taghmon. Did any English traveller ever sleep a night there, I should like to ask? If so he should have been considered a prodigy and his effigy appear at Madame Tussaud's. Moreover, when dead his skin should be preserved in the British Museum. 'Oh! papa, do look here, the skin of a traveller who slept a night at Taghmon, what can it mean?' 'Never mind, child, come on; I suppose the skin of some man who was fool enough to sleep on the top of a volcano in Italy, and became suffocated.'

After such inhospitable treatment, there was nothing to be done but to walk quietly out again. To stop and reason with such people would be folly and time thrown away. On leaving the town I stopped a moment to ask a group of boys and girls the road to Wexford, which with characteristic politeness they told me, with composed faces; but no sooner was my back turned than ringing peals of laughter reached my ears, and one voice said: 'See, they are all joining the movement.' So here was the key to unravel the conduct of the innkeepers. They took me for a Fenian, or fugitive from the proclaimed county of Waterford. I was reminded also of my imprudence in telling the constable I intended to put up to-night at Taghmon. There is a telegraph from Arthurstown to Wellington Bridge. Had he sent on a telegram there, to the effect that a suspicious character, supposed to be a Fenian, was on

his way to Taghmon, and that the innkeepers there should be warned of his approach? Possibly, but this I don't know, and never shall know. Certainly the master of the hotel gave me the idea of a man who expected such a guest as I was, and who had made up his mind to tell a lie and to stick to it. I felt inclined on quitting the town, metaphorically speaking, to shake the dust from off my feet, and, indeed, though parched with thirst, I was so angry as, in fact, to punish myself, and refrain from asking either of the innkeepers for a half-glass of whisky and water, which I presume would not have been denied me.

It was now seven o'clock, and with no nearer town than Wexford, about ten miles away. Fortunately the moon shone bright and clear, as if to cast a ray of kindly welcome on the path of the lonely and weary traveller. I only passed two or three peasants, who in reply to my 'Good night!' returned rather a gruff response. Then about ten o'clock I reached the neighbourhood of Wexford. There was a wayside inn, I observed, two or three miles from the city, but I did not seek admittance there, fearing the same result as at Taghmon. At length I am endeavouring to decipher a milestone, when two or three respectable men passing say cheerily that I am not far off the city, now only about a mile. On entering Wexford, two or three persons civilly enough direct me to White's Hotel, where without any demur or difficulty I soon find myself located in a good bedroom on the first floor, adjoining the coffee-room. The distance walked to-day must be about forty miles, or at least thirty-seven, namely, in detail, nine miles from Waterford to Passage,

one from the Ferry to Arthurstown, thirteen from there to the turn off the main road, four from thence to Taghmon, and ten on to Wexford.

There were in the coffee-room at White's Hotel a landed proprietor and his agent, apparently here to receive rents. Their talk was how so-and-so could contrive to pay so much, and that so-and-so ought to pay more. It was rent! rent! rent! I must say that their conversation made my blood feel rather cold. Of course I mean metaphorically speaking, for after a forty miles' walk unfortunately it could not do so literally, or such conversation would have proved very welcome. Presently another agent entered on the scene, having come by a late train from Dublin. He spoke of some drain, which seemed common to both, intended to take the fresh water into the sea, but which in reality brought the salt back again, as he would prove to them to-morrow by the taste; an experiment the landed proprietor and his agent seemed by no means to relish, nor perhaps the further expense such a discovery would entail. However, the landed proprietor, whose name I heard, may be for aught I know to the contrary one of the most humane, benevolent, and charitable in all Ireland. Still such conversation made me, on looking back, feel the less wonder that the poor peasantry should view me with suspicion, as a possible spy of the landlord, seeking for information with the view to raise their rents.

CHAPTER XXII.

Object and Nature of present Work—Courtesy and Politeness of the Peasantry—Dialect—Personal Aspect of the Irish—The Constabulary—The Fenian Movement, its Causes and Consequences—Self-confident Character of the people—Want of a Middle-class of Gentry—Nationality—Division of feeling in different Provinces—The present Church Establishment—Hotel Bills.

It has not been my object in the present work to speak in any way *ex cathedrâ*, or to wish it to be assumed that I have made any discoveries simply because I have walked round Ireland, and spent ten weeks in the country. On this account I have interspersed here and there, by way of digression in a day's journey, such observations as have from time to time occurred with reference to the manners, habits, and customs of the Irish people, and the nature and characteristics of the country. I profess to write a book of travels and nothing more. But at this period of my pedestrian wanderings, several reflections occur together, too long to be brought before the reader in the shape of digression, and therefore I devote a separate chapter to their consideration.

The first remarks I have to make concern the peasantry, the class of whom I saw more than any other in Ireland. Their courtesy and politeness were something surprising. As a pedestrian traveller with an imperfect map, and finding few milestones, and no

direction-posts, I was obliged to make constant enquiries with reference to the route to take. But these were invariably answered with cheerful readiness, and only in two or three instances, arising probably from ill-health or some local disturbing cause, did I ever receive what may be termed a short reply. The peasant or farmer would often put himself to some inconvenience to answer one's questions. If riding he would bring his horse to a standstill, or driving would stop the vehicle. A man would allow his team to go on regardless of the trouble of overtaking them, and be surprised at receiving an apology for delaying him. A boy going down hill with a donkey-cart would slowly and with difficulty bring the animal to before receiving and answering a question. When you entered a peasant's cottage or hut, the soul of its possessor in a short time raised one above the insignificance of his dwelling. In dialect also the peasant is very superior, his language being pure, simple, and easily understood, and swearing seems scarcely to exist as a perceptible habit. I regret to say that, as regards courtesy and politeness, the peasant class seemed superior to many of those I met in the ranks above them. Frequently on leaving an hotel in the morning did I reflect that in Ireland nature must have made some mistake, and given all the land and property to men and women, but left the *gentlemen* and *gentlewomen* poor indeed! However, as dyspeptic feelings were removed by exercise, and the morning air from the heathy moor fanned my cheek, then these hypochondriacal or misanthropic notions passed away, but still the wish remained, and continues now, that something

might be done to alleviate the condition of the poor Irish peasant, to give him a better dwelling, and more healthy diet, and suitable clothing, and a higher education.

It may have been fancy arising from use, but so nevertheless it seemed, that there was less brogue about the dialect of the peasant class than in the case of that of the higher grades. Certainly when in the north I supposed that all my English-Irish friends must come from the west, when in the west that they come from the south, and when in the south that they come from the east, and when in the east I was at my wit's end to know, as the Americans would say, where they were raised. I could only account for the circumstance on the ground that they must practice the brogue one hour every morning before breakfast, or a more philosophical reason would be that the educated mind is more tenacious of old associations, and less liable to be influenced by the language of a new people among whom their lot may be cast, more especially as the Irish, contrary to the Scotch, entertain no shame but rather pride in preserving their native dialect.

In person the Irish men are rather above than below the middle stature, of good features, and sometimes handsome. The women are fine in size, and though a good deal of exaggeration exists in this respect in the writings of travellers, yet their countenances are always pleasing, sometimes beautiful, and occasionally pretty. Both among men and women light or flaxen hair is the prevalent colour, and the Irish are generally of a pale complexion. The peasantry are remarkably robust. I frequently saw children standing and playing

with naked feet in pools of water, and without a covering to the head. It may be said, indeed, that such a system destroys the weak or sickly child and leaves only the robust alive. It may be so, for I have no statistics at hand either to support or refute such a theory. Certainly on the whole the much-hacknied expression of O'Connell's was I should think true, that the Irish peasantry are the finest in Europe. No one who only knows or hears of the lower order of Irish from scenes, descriptions, and police reports in London and the large provincial towns, and during harvesting operations in the country districts, can form an idea of what they really are in their own native villages.

No traveller in Ireland can fail to observe the constabulary. They are a remarkably fine body of men, drilled, disciplined, and arranged in barracks very much like soldiers. They are armed with cutlasses. Their fidelity to the Crown is something wonderful, and no feeling of religion, nor tie of nature or friendship, is ever known to cause them to swerve from the path of duty. Again and again did I hear it stated that in the event of a Fenian rising the constabulary could be relied on to a man, but not so the military. This distinction certainly surprised me, for *à priori* as the logicians say, one would suppose the reverse to be the case, that the constabulary living, moving, and having their being among the people would be much more ikely to be influenced by them than the soldiers, who come from a distance and are so often moved about. However, the subsequent accounts all seem to support and confirm this view, disaffection being found to prevail to a certain limited extent in the army but not at

all among the constabulary. Many of them indeed in different parts of the country are resigning, professedly on the ground of low pay, but there is some reason to believe that the fear of an insurrection has had something to do with such a result. But if so this course is honourable enough, for it must be a terrible thing in the event of a civil war to have to fire on you know not whom, father, mother, sister, brother, son, or one dearer than all. No wonder that some of the constabulary should seek early to escape from the possibility of so dreadful an alternative. The system of police, however, in Ireland presents some defects. It is too military in its organisation, and not sufficiently civil or domestic. The barrack mode of life makes the men indolent. It does not appear customary for them to parade the towns and country in beats, as in England. On fair and market days the constables are seen here and there among the people, and on the occasion of a party or faction fight, or in the case of an arrest or a search for arms, they muster in force, but otherwise they are very idle. I have seen a map attached to a Book of Travels, I think Sir F. B. Head's 'Fortnight in Ireland,' on which the barracks of the constabulary in Ireland are indicated by black dots. Now a suspicious character with such a map in his pocket, may roam throughout the length and breadth of Ireland without the police knowing anything of his sayings or doings, so long as he does not attract public notice by some infringement of the criminal law. Indeed except on the occasion of the constable who chased me out of Arthurstown on suspicion of being a Fenian, I do not remember seeing one of that body in the open

country during all my travels. It must be obvious that such a system of lax police gives great opportunity to any demagogue to hatch a plot or conspiracy in secret, and continue his machinations among an ignorant peasantry until it becomes politically dangerous to the country. Happily for the pedestrian traveller the Irish people have a great regard for the stranger. Moreover, highway robbery is almost unknown, otherwise the pedestrian might easily be robbed or murdered without the slightest chance of his cries for help being heard by the police.

The Fenian movement naturally led me to dwell a good deal on its causes and consequences. Though all classes with whom I came in contact concurred in condemning the actions of the Fenians, yet there nevertheless existed even among educated men of the middle class a deep-seated feeling of discontent, of the most undefined and undefinable kind. Vaguely did they talk. Sometimes Ireland was not an integral part of the Queen's dominions, and should be governed differently; again the Queen should come often and the Prince and Princess of Wales. But whatever the form of expression it was rarely one of contentment. This circumstance I thought a fatal symptom. It would seem to show or illustrate that the lower orders of society must have some real causes for discontent, though it may be difficult to state or realise them. At all events it should not be taken for granted that because the Fenians have not broken out into open rebellion, therefore their numbers will fade away and their strength through very inaction become powerless. I consider the most dangerous sign to be that by no

taunts of cowardice or want of patriotism, or threats, or menaces, from the more violent of their own party, have they been induced to measure their power with the constabulary and military. If so we should have known and clearly ascertained their power and its results. But it may be that the Fenians are biding their time, and awaiting a more favourable period for action. The best way to disarm them would be by the introduction of legislative measures calculated as far as possible to ameliorate the present condition of the people. The landlords where necessary should be empowered to grant leases, and the value of improvements should be allowed to the tenant, and larger farms should be created, so as to give rise to a better class of farmers.

One great difficulty with regard to Ireland is the self-confident character of the people. It becomes difficult to make them believe that any of the evils under which the country labours can be of their own creating. Something English or foreign, such as the existence of the Union, is universally referred to as the cause of present evils. I must say I think it to be regretted that the Union should be looked upon as such an irreversible measure. Grievances fully and freely discussed are half redressed. I am inclined to think that a legislature of Lords and Commons, with the Lord-Lieutenant at the head, and a veto on any Bill on the part of the Crown, would be found well suited to the genius and spirit of the Irish people. But the idea is utopian, and must be abandoned. If the Irish could only be prevailed upon to look within themselves a good deal might be effected; but here they present a

striking contrast to the English character. If I might presume to draw an estimate of my own countrymen, I should say that one characteristic is that of modesty. The English are unquestionably a great people and have achieved a high position among the countries of the world, but while on the one hand they know how to advance, so also they know how to retreat. Probably no people that have ever ruled on earth have at times suffered so much as the English. They have been subjected to every form and kind of injury which the malignity, cruelty, or vicious passions of man could suggest or invent. But still the English people go on conquering, and to conquer. They will hear of trials and difficulties in distant dominions, and will pity and alleviate, but will never consider them as insurmountable. A little of this national energy vigorously exerted by the Irish people themselves with regard to their own local difficulties would effect wonders.

In discussing the affairs of Ireland, frequent stress is laid on the evils arising from a system of absentee landlords. But I think one great defect in the social condition of the country is the want of a middle-class of gentry. The farmers for the most part, neither in education, manners, dress, nor position, are sufficiently different from the peasantry in any material degree to influence their views or opinions. The consequence is that a dead level pervades the population, and if any lover of democracy wishes to see such a system in actual practice, he cannot do better than visit the country districts in Ireland. In all my walks through the villages, it was only very seldom that I saw a lady, young, middle-aged, or old, visiting the poor, or moving

about in any way for diversion or exercise, in carriages or on foot, along the roads, and hardly ever a gentleman walking anywhere. The fact is that the middle classes of Ireland do not, as a general rule, like living in their own country, and taking it for better and for worse. Among the men their best and brightest spirits come to England, and join the ranks of the church or the bar. Bringing with them that peculiar self-confidence, which may be said to be an Irishman's *forte*, and fighting the battle of life in a more prosperous country and under conditions more favourable to success, they frequently outstrip native competitors, though of equal if not superior talents and abilities. In a country so well prepared for adventurous spirits as England, perhaps the gift of admitting and seeing no difficulties of one's own creation may indeed be an element of success. England, too, is looked upon as a kind of foreign country by the Irish, in which their fortunes may be pushed better than in their own, and the success of one man necessarily leads to many following in his path. Consequently the most eloquent Irish preachers among the clergy fill our pulpits, and a youth of more than ordinary talent who chooses the career of an advocate, selects as a matter of course the forensic arena in England as a more favourable stage on which to exercise his abilities. But not only so, even middle-class families of small independent fortunes, who may live anywhere they please, as a matter of free choice come to reside in England. In every circle of society, both in London and the provinces, Irish families are to be encountered, amounting in the aggregate probably to more than all the

middle-class families resident in Ireland. These, amid their new associations, preserve a wonderful love of the old country from which they come; so much so as to fire up at the slightest disparaging allusion to any of the sights, customs, or habits of Ireland, and though they may have left their native place since childhood, and never visited it since. Indeed I fear I may have given some offence by the freedom of observations here and there throughout the present work, and therefore I would take this opportunity of solemnly asking forgiveness for every sentence, word, or letter, which may be considered offensive or disparaging to any of Irish birth or lineage.

But to proceed. What, I ask, would become of England, if all her talented sons went to France to push their fortunes there, but nevertheless were in the habit of *talking* of their native country being the greatest on earth? It is needless to answer the question. The Irish, indeed, have no waters of Babylon by which they sit down and weep when they remember their native country, nor do they hang up their harps upon the trees that are therein, nor is it necessary to *require* of them a song and melody in their heaviness, for on the slightest pressure they are willing to sing us one of the sweet songs of Erin, though it be in a strange land. But still they may say with truth, 'If I forget thee, O Ireland, let my right hand forget her cunning; if I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, yea, if I prefer not Erin in my mirth.' NEVERTHELESS, THE WANT OF A TRUE, EARNEST, AND REAL NATIONALITY IS THE BANE AND DESTRUCTION OF IRELAND.

It is curious also to remark what a division of feeling there exists in Ireland as respects the different provinces, which could scarcely be greater if a separate king ruled each at the present day. In the north the inhabitants look upon the west and south as, comparatively speaking, almost barbarous, or certainly uncivilised. Again in the west, I found comparisons drawn to the disparagement of the south. The only province which seems common to all the others is Leinster or the east, because of Dublin. Everywhere throughout Ireland the capital is spoken of with something like veneration. When we consider the moderate limits of Ireland, in round numbers three hundred miles long and two hundred broad, and containing thirty thousand square miles, it is remarkable that there should exist so little unity of feeling among the people. The Irish like the English do not travel much in their own country, and this probably is the main reason of such a result. It is said that James Stephens, the Head Centre of the Fenians, has travelled throughout Ireland, visiting every village. I can scarcely believe it, for being, even as his enemies admit, an honest, though a mistaken man, I think if so he would abandon his insane attempt at rebellion. At all events, if the other centres his dupes would do as I have done, and walk round Ireland, they would feel convinced of the folly of their proceedings. Neither as regards geographical limits, nor population, nor size of cities and towns, nor natural fastnesses, is Ireland at all capable of coping with the strength of England. THE THING CAN'T BE DONE.

It remains to make a few observations on the much-vexed question of the present Church Establishment in

Ireland. This matter certainly deserves and requires the greatest possible attention. Nothing can be more unsatisfactory than the state of the Protestant religion, especially in the country districts. Late services, empty churches, scattered congregations, and general inattention and listlessness prevail. I am myself a Protestant, and the son of a clergyman of the church of England, and all my present and future hopes and fears are mixed up with this faith, yet I declare that I would sooner see the Roman Catholic faith prevail in Ireland in the same active manner as I witnessed it in France—Brittany and Normandy—than the present dead-alive Protestantism. But such an extreme alternative is by no means necessary. At present, each religion stands in the way of and deadens the other. Both are neutralised. The Protestant churches are empty, gloomy, and lifeless, but if anything, the Roman Catholic chapels are still more so. Of course I am speaking of matters generally. Here and there will be found in Ireland a newly-built church or chapel, well attended and served, and which really speaks to the heart of the people. But these are exceptional instances. The best remedy for the present state of things perhaps would be, if the church revenues were collected by a commission, in the same way as is done with reference to those of the bishoprics in England, and divided alike among Protestant and Roman Catholic priests according to the needs of each parish. I think this would be better than by appropriating particular parishes to each religion, according to the prevalence of either creed, because by adopting such a course, those of the other faith would be unprovided for, and

the evil of the present scattered congregations would be continued. I think great advantages would accrue from a state recognition of the Roman Catholic religion in Ireland; persons would then be able freely to follow their own persuasion, without let or hindrance. But I am afraid that one consequence of a state religion is that a good many join it professedly, and because it is the most respectable thing to do, or a course most likely to promote their advancement and success in life. In these persons the church has not friends, but concealed enemies. However, there is not much probability of any change taking place in the present church establishment in Ireland for some time to come. This is I think to be regretted, but a step in the right direction is that the subject has become one considered fitting for calm, quiet, and impartial discussion. A few years ago the annual debate with reference to the grant to Maynooth gave rise to angry discussions, and produced quite a commotion in the country. Now it is allowed in silence. Moreover, it was made a hustings question, and in some boroughs candidates were required solemnly to pledge themselves to oppose the grant. Now the subject is rarely, if ever, even referred to at elections. The history of religious differences, therefore, as regards Ireland for the past few years promises much in the future.

For the benefit of the economical reader, I close the present chapter with three hotel bills from those incurred in the south of Ireland.

The Lake Hotel, Killarney.

1865		s.	d.
Sept. 22.—	Dinner	3	6
	Punch	0	8
	Apartments	2	6
	Attendance	1	3
„ 23.—	Breakfast	2	6
		10	5

The Imperial Hotel, Cork.

1865		s.	d.
Sept. 27.—	Tea	2	0
	Bed	2	6
„ 28.—	Breakfast	2	0
	Washing	1	3
	Dinner	3	6
	Claret	1	6
	Bed	2	6
„ 29.—	Breakfast	2	0
	Waiter and Chamber-maid	2	0
		19	3

Adelphi Hotel, Waterford.

1865		s.	d.
Oct. 2.—	Dinner	2	6
	1 Whisky Punch	0	7
	Bed and Attendance	3	0
„ 3.—	Breakfast	1	8
		7	9

CHAPTER XXIII.

Description of Town of Wexford—Slaney Bridge—Enniscorthy—Vinegar Hill—Ferns—Consequence of Inhospitable treatment at Country Inns—Ruins of Augustinian Monastery—Gorey—More Talk about th Fenians—Inch—Incivility at an Inn—A suspicious Dog—Arklow—Wooden Bridge—The second Meeting of the Waters—A runaway Horse and Cart—The Wooden Bridge Hotel—A Protest—The Vale of Avoca—The real Meeting of the Waters—Want of Enterprise—Rathdrum—Attendance at Irish Inns—The Avonmore Valley—Clara Bridge—Laragh Bridge—The Vale of Glendalough and the Seven Churches—Treatment of Car-horses—Roundwood—Fenians meeting for Drill—Enniskerry and Hotel there.

Wednesday, *October* 4.—This morning before breakfast, I walked out to see the town. It was market-day. The women with various articles on stands and in baskets, filled up the narrow streets. Wexford is a more ancient-looking town than hardly any I have seen in Ireland. This fine morning the streets with their market arrangements looked quite picturesque, and—which would be a recommendation to some—foreign. Indeed 'Market-Day, Wexford,' would form a most pleasing scene for a painting for the Royal Academy. I strolled down the back streets and on to the quay, where a very different sight presented itself, that of the bay with shipping. The Roman Catholic Church at Wexford is a building worth seeing. I left the town this morning at a quarter past nine o'clock. I walk along the road near the bay, until I reach the

bridge over the River Slaney. This is a very beautiful spot, and there are on the heights here the remains of a castle, and a round tower. I take the road on to Enniscorthy, a distance of fourteen miles from Wexford, though very leisurely, for I am tired with my long walk of yesterday, and the weather is very warm. Moreover the road is a dull one, there being little to enliven the attention beyond a peep of scenery here and there. Enniscorthy is a pretty town, with Vinegar Hill near, so celebrated for the battle fought there in the Rebellion of 1798.

I stopped a short time at Enniscorthy to take some refreshment at an unpretending little inn near the exit from the town, and then walked on to Ferns, the road to which also does not contain anything of interest. Ferns is a small village-town and was formerly the seat of a bishopric, therefore by means of this association with the past it assumes an importance which it would not otherwise possess. There is at the entrance a castle. I did not see the interior, but there is, I am informed, a chapel and groined roof worth observing. After entering and looking at a church which happened to be open, I went on and put up at Lett's Inn here. As I was groping my way about a dark passage I asked the route upstairs, when a young man in the shop pointing it out said, 'I believe you are no stranger here.' Who he took me for I know not. As it was now nightfall, and this the only inn in the place, I felt justified in walking on upstairs in silence for fear of some demur being made to my admission, if a stranger pure and simple. I am sorry to say that the inhospitable treatment I have experienced at the inns

in two or three of the towns in the course of my travels, makes me generally suspicious at all the small places I reach after nightfall, though generally of course without reason. It is on the same principle that a burglary once in three years leads all the families in a county to adopt the safeguard of shutters, bolts, and bars. I found Lett's Inn comfortable enough. I was the only guest there. The distance walked to-day is twenty-two miles, namely, fourteen from Wexford to Enniscorthy, and eight from thence on to Ferns.

Thursday, October 5.—I left Ferns this morning at a little after nine o'clock. I walked through the grounds attached to the Roman Catholic Bishop's Palace, which are generously thrown open to the public, into the road on the other side. I saw the ruins of the Augustinian Monastery, which are just inside the palace domain. They consist of a tower, up which there is a staircase, and of some walls with windows. The domain is well-wooded and nicely kept. The house or palace is good but plain. On through two villages to Gorey, distant ten miles from Ferns. A quiet pleasant road, without anything striking. Near here I had some talk with an old woman about the Fenians. She seemed to think the matter had blown over. I asked whether the peasantry cared anything for the movement. She replied, repeating the expression twice, 'The devil a pin. The devil a pin.' Nevertheless I have found among the peasant class strong symptoms of a desire to preserve a strict neutrality between the Government and the Fenians. This looked to me as if the peasantry would support the side which as an

actual fact showed strongest in the field. Hence the importance of the Government preventing any actual outbreak, cannot well be overestimated. The peasant class evidently have a lively personal or traditionary recollection of the failure of so many attempts at rebellion, that they have grown cautious. But if a Fenian army were able to take the field, and keep it even for a few days, the Irish are so impulsive that I fear the peasantry of the neighbourhood would rally round such a standard, though it might only be successful for a time. I find the peasant when I meet him on the road, seems to take a general though indefinite interest in the Fenian movement. The usual way he introduces the subject is by saying, 'Well, sir, there are tracks of war.' This word 'tracks' was constantly used, and seemed, I thought, very significant. There were certainly tracks of war but nothing more. On asking what the Fenians were going to do, the ready answer was that *they* wished to have Ireland to themselves. At other times it was 'Well, it seems *they* are determined to have Ireland to themselves,' without it appearing quite clear who *they* meant, but one inferred of course that the Fenians were thereby referred to. The pronoun *we* in these conversations was rarely if ever used. It was not '*We* are determined to have Ireland to *ourselves*.'

Gorey is a nice small town, consisting of one long street containing two or three inns and some shops. I should say it is a rising and thriving place. On to a village called Inch, where I stayed to take some refreshment at a roadside inn. I first entered the house at the private door, thinking that the entrance, and

walked into the parlour. The servant girl somewhat abruptly in reply to my order, said I had made a mistake and this was not the inn. I apologized and went out, and entered through the shop into a kind of tap-room, which to my surprise I found adjoined the parlour I had just left. The same girl whom I took of course to be the servant of the next or private house again appearing, I asked her why she did not show me through; but she did not condescend to give any reply. I mention this incident to illustrate the kind of rudeness or incivility which I regret to say the pedestrian traveller has reason to fear encountering occasionally at roadside inns throughout Ireland, but I trust that as tourists scatter themselves more about the country these barbarous discourtesies will gradually vanish away. A large dog here seemed almost as inhospitable as the people. He kept looking fiercely at me, though he accepted some bits of biscuit I threw into his mouth, but all the while his eyes were never off me for a moment. Poor dumb animal! He evidently thinks I am laying a trap, and views me as a suspicious character. If he were human he might be reminded of the line,

Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.

On to Arklow ten miles from Gorey. Arklow looks pretty as you approach the place, with the sea and small shipping to the right and two or three churches in the centre. But as you near the town it does not show to so much advantage, the streets being not good even for a small town. Just before approaching Arklow you pass out of the county of Wexford into that of Wicklow. On to Wooden Bridge, four miles from Arklow. Good

scenery commences on leaving Arklow, and continues all the way. It consists of banks, covered with trees and foliage, and hills rising above the river, which passes from the valley into the sea.

Shortly before reaching the Wooden Bridge Hotel the rivers Aughrim and Avonmore unite, and joining in one stream pursue their course together to the sea at Arklow. At this spot the guidebooks make out a second meeting of the waters, and according to Murray's Handbook the more beautiful of the two. It was twilight; I am standing near a wall looking at the scenery, and endeavouring to discover this second meeting of the waters. The scene was calm and quiet, well befitting so romantic a spot. But all of a sudden the scene changes with pantomimic quickness. I hear shouts, noise, and the rushing of wheels. I look behind and see coming towards me at full gallop a runaway horse and cart. Fortunately the driver seemed to have the horse well in hand, and the reins were tight. He was guiding the animal bravely, but behold, whether the driver suddenly lost his presence of mind, or the turn of the road just here alarmed him, whatever the cause suddenly he dropped the reins and jumped out. His disappearing form was all I saw for a moment, and death appeared imminent; but no, he has escaped the wheels and is on his legs again. Now relieved of fear as to the safety of the driver, all my thoughts were concentrated on my own position. It was certainly one of extreme danger. The horse and cart came on with pace undiminished, and moreover, the animal with nothing now to control him, was leaving the middle of the road and gradually nearing the side. Yet there

seemed nothing open to me but to remain still. The bank on the other side was too high to climb even if there had been time to cross, which there was not, and the wall in front also could not be got over with sufficient quickness. Nearer in my direction came the vehicle. It was an anxious moment. But suddenly one of the wheels of the cart came off, and went spinning along the road within a few yards of me. The effect was instantaneous. The horse having to drag the cart slackened his pace at once, and while passing nearly opposite to where I stood at a slow trot, he was stopped by a peasant man who was just approaching. I called out to ask the driver if he was hurt, but he made no reply. Poor fellow! I suppose he was too much frightened to answer my question. I should have thought, indeed, that the peril he had escaped would be sufficient to excite the sympathy of his greatest enemy. But no, presently there came running along another driver with whip in hand, who commenced abusing him most vociferously. As far as I could make out the first driver had brought his cart into contact with that of the other, and hence the run away and the latter's anger. I thought at first they would even come to blows, and therefore I waited awhile by them, for in spite of the proverbial folly of interfering in street quarrels, I should have felt inclined to make this case an exception, and take the part of the poor driver, so frightened and perhaps hurt internally, and who certainly had just passed through a crisis which might have proved fatal to life. But fortunately for this resolution the second driver was induced to go back and rejoin his cart, somewhere in the distance

out of sight. Presently there came by another Jehu, who was driving furiously. The party in this cart seemed somewhat the worse for liquor. Altogether my entrance into the quiet region of Wicklow was by no means of a peaceable kind.

When I reached Wooden Bridge it was quite dark, but the illuminated windows of the hotel enabled me to reach it without any enquiry. I asked the waiter, an elderly man I saw on entering, whether I could have a bed. He replied he thought not, as they were quite full, however he would ask the chamber-maid. On the appearance of this person, a young girl, she said to the waiter in an undertone not intended to reach my ear that there were no sheets aired, but he would not admit such a flimsy excuse, and said as if chidingly, 'Go and ask your missis.' The girl went and returned, and with altered manner addressing myself, said she could make me up a bed in a sitting-room, which proposal of course I gladly accepted. The girl led the way to this room and was civil, only reasonably enough tossing her head aside when I presumed to give her advice as to how to make a sofa-bed, saying she had often made up one. I mention this incident in detail, with pleasure, the more so because here and there I have had occasion to make unfavourable comments on the conduct to me as a stranger by Irish innkeepers. Here certainly was a striking contrast the other way, for as a traveller though I may be charged the same I do not expect an innkeeper to put himself to any special or exceptional trouble on my behalf. The case of illness only excepted, I think an innkeeper is fully justified in refusing accommodation to a traveller where

all the beds usually let are occupied; especially as in this case the waiter informed me if I went by railway to a place he named, a little further on, I could most likely obtain a bed. And most assuredly I should have fully believed the waiter's statement that the house was quite full, for here there were present those signs of occupation which in the other instances in the course of my travels which I have mentioned, were conspicuous by their absence. Here the hotel was so lit up that in the dark night I found it, as I have already stated, without enquiry. As I entered, an old gentleman was coming down the stairs with lighted candle; the coffee-room the waiter was just coming out of looked full of guests, and there was a clatter of knives and forks and plates in the background. All was bustle, animation, and life, bespeaking a full house. The Wooden Bridge Inn is a convenient distance from Dublin, and is much resorted to by the citizens, not only on day excursions but for short visits. It is situated near the Meeting of the Waters and in the heart of the Wicklow scenery. The hotel no doubt does a thriving custom, and well is it deserved. If all landladies were as hospitable as the one here, how much easier and pleasanter would it have been to walk round Ireland!

Friday, October 6.—Early in the morning, before leaving the hotel, I walked out in order to ascertain more clearly the situation of what is termed the second Meeting of the Waters, but could not discover it near here, so I presume the spot indicated must be that near the wall where the accident to the horse and cart occurred. For there the rivers Aughrim and Avonmore

appear to unite, and in friendly intercourse proceed to join the sea. But I must enter a solemn protest against the guide and handbooks giving sights in duplicate. Such a practice, if it spread, would be most alarming to tourists, who already find their energies taxed to the uttermost in getting through the prescribed programme. Moreover, as Moore is related to have stated that, as a matter of fact, he wrote his celebrated and charming song neither at the first nor the second Meeting of the Waters, surely one such would be sufficient to answer every purpose of sentiment or imagination.

I left the Wooden Bridge Hotel this morning at half-past seven o'clock. I walk through the vale of Avoca. I pass by a pretty little church covered with ivy, and then on through or rather near Newbridge, a small town with a newly built church to the right. From here the mining operations begin, and the rocks and sides of the hills look peculiar and striking with the different colours, particularly one overhanging rock. On to the real Meeting of the Waters. Here the rivers Avonmore and Avonbeg unite their streams, and you see clearly the point of junction. The vale of Avoca struck me as disappointing on the whole, and as far inferior to many valleys not known to fame which I have seen during my tour. This spot, however, is a lovely one. I am standing on a bridge over which the road passes. The morning is beautifully fine, and the sun shines with its early splendour. Before me I see the Meeting of the Waters and a great part of the vale of Avoca, and above is Castle Howard enveloped amid dense foliage. The view altogether is most striking.

Yes, this is the real Meeting of the Waters, and the reader should not be beguiled into devoting his attention to any other. There is a small wretched-looking ale-house here, where scarcely any tourist would like to eat or drink. This shows a want of enterprise. I believe that a small romantically built inn, if erected at this spot, would answer very well. Most parties would certainly partake of some meal or refreshment here, and many would stay the night.

On to Rathdrum. About two miles before reaching this place you pass through fine avenues of beech and other trees, and to the right there is a beautifully wooded ravine. Rathdrum is prettily situated, and the hotel here, called by the same name, is a good one. The distance from the Wooden Bridge Hotel to Rathdrum is eight miles. I breakfasted at the hotel here. The coffee or sitting-room was some distance from the other part of the house, and the girl asked me if she had omitted anything. I said I could not see anything wanting, but when I had finished my first cup I found there was no slop basin. On ringing the bell the servant girl was quite amused at the omission, being apparently conscious that there would be some article missing. This circumstance reminds me that except at the first-class hotels in Ireland the attendance at table is not good, more arising, however, from inadvertence or a kind of native carelessness, than from inattention. You sit down to dinner and soon find that there is a knife, fork, spoon, plate, or glass wanting, or there is no bread or water; some one or two or more of these articles or others of a like necessary kind are sure to be absent. And except at two or three hotels, that at Sligo

being one, I found no napkins. This is a defect which the hotel-keepers of Ireland would do well to remedy, for although a very small matter it much influences the minds of the educated class of travellers, more indeed than most of them would like openly to acknowledge.

I asked the girl if she could tell me where Clara Bridge is to be found. She replies with a toss of her head that she does not know anything of such places, and I must ask the master in the shop. Does the girl imagine, I wonder, that I am asking about some improper place of rendezvous? On leaving Rathdrum I walk through plantations on the banks of the Avonmore river, and through or rather over the Avonmore valley. This is very beautiful, and Clara Bridge, a village or hamlet, is situated in the hollow, and with a green meadow above and the autumn foliage presents such a picture of scenery as it is difficult to describe. Then on to Laragh Bridge, a village prettily placed. Before crossing the bridge I turn to the left, and a walk of a mile brings me to the Vale of Glendalough and the Seven Churches. Here there are several houses and a good hotel. The ruins consist of the cathedral, the lady chapel at a distance covered with ivy, and St. Kevin's Kitchen and a round tower. The other churches are scattered about the valley and neighbourhood. There are two small lakes here called the upper and lower, and the view of them with the mountains above is very fine. The distance from Rathdrum to Glendalough is eight miles.

I now retrace my steps to Laragh Bridge and proceed to Roundwood, distant six miles from Glendalough. On my way a party whom I had observed at the Seven

Churches pass me in a car. The poor horse is so tired that though the road is level he can only walk for a while. I have elsewhere spoken of the good treatment by the Irish of their dumb animals, but I am afraid I must except the case of the car-horse. Over and over again have I seen a poor horse actually come to a standstill for a moment or two, and frequently to a walking pace, through sheer fatigue and over-exertion. I declare I would much rather walk than ride on cars so driven. Perhaps the fault *may* rest more with the owners than the drivers. At any rate I should recommend for the sake of humanity, that those tourists who travel about in cars should not merely ask the route, distance, and fare, but also how many miles the poor horse has already drawn the car to-day.

Roundwood is a prettily situated place with a good hotel. I ask an old woman the way to Enniskerry. She tells me, but says, 'Sure, you are not going to walk there to-night.' Further on one of two young women observes somewhat sarcastically that I am a late traveller. Do they take me for a Fenian, I wonder? I saw good views as long as light prevailed, and there being a moon could see then that the scenery was fine, consisting of mountains and sylvan places. Part of the road lay over a moor. Shortly before reaching Enniskerry, I saw at one place in the road about a dozen young men standing about as if waiting for somebody. One of them very civilly gave me the direction, and I walked on. Soon afterwards there came bounding over the hedge, into the road, a soldier. I asked him the way which I really wanted to know and he civilly told me, and we passed on. We were mu-

tually surprised at the encounter, but he was the more alarmed of the two, for of course I did not expect to be attacked by a soldier. His errand, however, was probably one of high treason, the greatest crime known to the law, though frequently punished more lightly than any other. I suspect this to be a party of Fenians, about to undergo their nightly drill by this soldier. But with this exception I did not anywhere observe any other drilling party in the course of my travels, though, as the reader may remark, I am frequently walking late at night.

Enniskerry is distant from Roundwood about nine miles. I reached the place about nine o'clock and put up at Shirley's Hotel. This is a comfortable inn, and no demur or difficulty of any kind was made at admitting me, though at this unseemly and, under present circumstances, suspicious hour. The season, however, is quite over, and I am the only guest—the last perhaps this year at this tourist inn. No bedroom even is ready for the reception of the traveller. The house is evidently laid up in ordinary for the winter. Enniskerry, I think, would be found a very convenient resting-place for making excursions in this part of the Wicklow scenery. Moreover, the place itself is pretty and romantic, and I feel sure that at Shirley's Hotel the tourist will be well and comfortably accommodated.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Birds Singing—Bray—A dusty Road—Shanganagh—Killiney Hill—An old Man's recollections of Dalkey Island—Kingstown Swimming Baths—Suburban Districts—Unpleasant Attention—Merrion Square—Public Buildings and Principal Streets—Macken's Hotel and experiences there—The Imperial Hotel—A Wet Morning—Christ Church Cathedral and Service there—St. Patrick's Cathedral—Rathfarnham—The Post Office at Dublin—Nelson Monument—Trinity College—St. Stephen's Green—The Exhibition—Hall of the Four Courts—Phœnix Park—Evening at the Exhibition—A case of Overcharge—A suggestion to Tourists in Ireland.

Saturday, October 7.—I left Enniskerry this morning at half-past seven o'clock, before breakfast. I walk to Bray, three miles distant. It is a pretty road with a good deal of foliage, and once again I hear the birds singing. We in England scarcely appreciate these sweet warblers enough, they are so common, but in Ireland, on account of the general absence of hedges and trees, you meet with them only occasionally. In Australia, where the birds are clothed with all the colours of the rainbow, the English emigrant is said to consider their beautiful plumage a poor exchange for that power of song denied by nature to them, but freely given by her to the birds of his native country. I looked round and about Bray, which is perhaps the most fashionable watering-place in Ireland, a kind of Brighton, but at any rate the chief sea-side resort of

the inhabitants of Dublin. The principal trade street is Main Street. From here at right angles runs a street called the Forts, or Queensborough Road, a fine thoroughfare principally composed of private and lodging-houses. The sea front must be more than a mile, with fine houses and Breslin's Marine Hotel. Behind this hotel is the station, and behind that again the International Hotel. Both these hotels are superb buildings. To the right of the esplanade is Bray Head, an abutting promontory. In the rear are the Wicklow mountains, and to the left Killiney Hill with its numerous houses, and below Dalkey Island. There is a walk immediately facing the sea, and behind a very broad esplanade, intended to be covered with turf but become very dry. Here there are seats. Altogether Bray possesses a good situation and fine sea, but the shore is pebbly and bad for bathing. There are ladies' machines or boxes in front of the esplanade. There was only one lady bathing this morning. She walked into the sea along a plank, and kept up by a rope held by an old woman. The gentlemen's machines I presume are behind the Bathing Establishment. The season here is evidently now quite over. Few people are walking about. A solitary carman is driving up and down, and offers for a moderate sum, which he would probably have scorned a month ago, to take me to Powerscourt, and the Waterfall, and the Devil's Glen, so I presume these are the popular sights for the frequenters to Bray.

I partook of breakfast at some Refreshment Rooms in the Queensborough Road, and left Bray at half-past ten o'clock for Kingstown, distant seven miles.

The road was most dusty, and dry-looking, for there had now been a long drought. The hedges were covered with a white canopy of dust. The walking was heavy, and in striking contrast with that of yesterday, through a beautiful country free from dust. These seven miles appeared as long as double the distance the day before. It was evident that I was approaching the great city of Dublin, the metropolis of Ireland. It seems strange that these associations should affect us so much. What matters that white canopy of dust on the hedges? Does it really make one thirsty? Nonsense! Yet somehow or other there is a difference between foliage sparkling with the morning dew, and that covered with dust. At the bridge under which the railway passes, there is a pleasing glimpse of country, with the sea beyond. Through Shanganagh, shortly after which you pass out of the county of Wicklow into that of Dublin. At Killiney I ascend a high hill for about a mile. A car-driver offers to take me over the top, 'for,' he says kindly, 'I see you are fatigued;' but in pursuance of my plan, I decline his services. One advantage, however, of climbing a hill, is the pleasing change arising from the descent on the other side. It was so in the present instance. The descent was easy and pleasant, and you have a fine view of Kingstown, and the bay and harbour, which are spread out like a panorama.

Shortly before reaching Kingstown I had some conversation with an old man in the road. He said he just remembered, as a boy, hearing of the strange proceedings which used to take place annually at Dalkey Island. I am not giving the reader any borrowed

information in this my work, though I am almost tempted to do so on the present occasion. Suffice it to say, that there used to be an annual procession by boats from Dublin to Dalkey Island, where a king, usually a tradesman, was appointed to reign for a single day. Petitions and addresses were presented, embodying prayers for redress of all the grievances, real or imaginary, under which the country suffered or was supposed to suffer. The proceedings were of the most grotesque and amusing kind, and conducted with a mock solemnity of royalty which seems to have been very successful. In 1798 the Government considered it prudent to stop this annual procession, and it was never afterwards renewed. The island remains still, I believe, as it was then, a barren, uninhabited spot.

On reaching Kingstown I availed myself of the splendid swimming baths here, to have a plunge into the sea, which I found most refreshing after such a dusty walk. These baths are open to the sea, and at the same time protected by the bay, so as to secure a wide, but perfectly safe berth for the strong swimmer. They are the best kind of baths I have seen in Ireland. The charge is only threepence, and may be, for aught I know to the contrary, less on subscription; and the youths of Kingstown have only themselves to blame if they are not among the best swimmers in the world.

Then on through Monkstown, Blackrock, Merrion, a kind of sea-bathing place, and Donnybrook to Dublin, distant by the road seven miles from Kingstown. These are all suburban districts, and closely built and thickly inhabited, and present an appearance of genuine prosperity. My walk from Kingstown to Dublin was by

no means a pleasant one. I seemed to attract general attention, the suspicion, I presume, being that I was a Fenian. I wished to change a Post-Office order awaiting me at Dublin, and to reach there before four o'clock, forgetting, or not knowing, that the Office closed at two o'clock on Saturdays, therefore my pace was a hurried one. Moreover, as I am one of the English Volunteers, probably there may have been something soldierlike about my style of walking. My appearance, with unshorn beard, and carrying a knapsack, certainly savoured more of the military career than of that of the civilian. However, whatever the cause, I was stared at in such a way as I have never been before in my lifetime, and hope I shall never be again. Young men on foot stared. Young men on the roofs of omnibusses stared prodigiously, grinned, and made observations. Those inside stared. Elderly gentlemen on horse and foot stared. Old ladies stared. Young ladies forgot their modesty and stared, and did not look pretty in my eyes for their suspicions. Persons in cabs, though leaving the city for railway stations, and therefore going far away from danger, stared from behind portmanteaus, sponge-baths, and heaps of luggage. The police stared, but happily the *Habeas Corpus* Act was not then suspended. Men, women, and children, all stared. The slightest starers were those who had a legitimate right to stare, namely, the police. They contented themselves with one quiet look. Perhaps they had already made some ludicrous mistakes, and were determined to make no more, or perchance they thought, that if really a Fenian, I could not do better, for them, than to walk on, and become entangled in

the meshes of the net which the Dublin Detective force were placing in every direction; or, may be, they at once surmised the real truth, that I was only a harmless tourist from the wilds of the Wicklow scenery. What could I do amid all this staring? I could not cry out along the streets, 'My good people, I am not a Fenian, but only a tourist.' Nor could I dive into a cab, if inclined, at this the eleventh hour, to give up my mode of travel, for I must emerge again somewhere. Had I been the celebrated James Stephens himself, and as the Head Centre entered Dublin, leading the van of an American Fenian Army, I could not be more the subject of public observation. 'If people stare thus in the suburbs,' thought I, 'what will it be when I reach Sackville Street?' As a dweller in a great city, however, I am surprised it did not at once occur to me, that the best remedy for this predicament would present itself in the crowd. Certainly so it was. As I approached Dublin, the staring, to my great relief, became less and less, until, by the time I reached Merrion Square it almost ceased, and when I arrived in Sackville Street, beyond perhaps a passing look, which every person unusually dressed or equipped naturally attracts to himself, even in the crowded city, the staring, as if it had been a phantom of the imagination instead of a reality, vanished altogether.

Merrion Square is very large in area, with a fine enclosure, and some good houses. Here, the reader will remember, Daniel O'Connell lived; but I was unable to observe the house, as its number is not given in Murray's Handbook. This is an omission which it would be as well to supply, as even now some curio-

sity exists as to the residence of this historical character. But the omission I thought, nevertheless, significant. It seemed to show how fleeting and unstable is the fame acquired by agitation and rousing the passions of the people. The compiler of the most recent Handbook to Ireland does not think it would interest the stranger, who enters Merrion Square for the first time, to have pointed out the Dublin house of the celebrated agitator.

I observe to-day some of the principal parts of the city on my way to and from the Post-Office, and in looking about for an hotel. Among the public buildings the Bank, Post-Office, Custom-House, and Trinity College, look grand and conspicuous. From Carlisle Bridge, perhaps, the best and most characteristic view is obtained, and the one which, in prints and pictures of Dublin, I have been most accustomed to see. Right and left are the fine quays and the noble Custom-House, and in front is Sackville Street, with the Nelson Monument, and the Post-Office. College Green, Westmoreland Street, and Grafton Street, so well known to readers from its being the address of Messrs. Hodges and Smith the leading Irish publishers, are well worthy of notice.

Macken's Hotel is described in Murray as 'comfortable, and much frequented by military men and bachelors.' Accordingly I first applied here for a bed, and being entrusted to the tender mercies of the boots, we ascended up, and up, and up, until we reached the top floor. Here I was shown into a small, close kind of room, with the bed far back in a narrow recess. Probably a military man would like such quarters;

they would remind him of many a pleasant barrack, and would certainly be better than the cold ground and single blanket of some hard campaign. But as a civilian, without any such pleasing associations, the prospect of sleeping two warm nights in such a room was anything but agreeable. So I said, that in the country last night I had a far better room, and therefore expected at Dublin not to fare worse. With my umbrella, also, I probed the recess, to show how far back it really was. Then the boots said he thought there was a better room disengaged, and showed me another a slight gradation better; and on my again demurring, another, and again another or two, until we had exhausted this top floor. As I was still not satisfied, the boots observed that possibly a good room might be disengaged lower down, but by this time my suspicions were aroused that I was not being well treated; so, with the remark that I should like to try elsewhere, and might return again, so as to leave retreat open if necessary—for I had been informed on the road of the difficulty of obtaining accommodation in Dublin—I departed. Shortly before, on my way to Macken's, I met one of my old fellow-travellers, one of the three with whom I walked from Kilkee to Kilrush. One of his companions, a clergyman, had returned to his duty, not finding a substitute, and the other afterwards because his visit had expired; so my friend, now alone, had just arrived by railway from Belfast, and was also, like myself, looking for an hotel, but we went our own way. But afterwards I met him again in Sackville Street, and as he had been unsuccessful in finding an hotel, I told him exactly my experiences at

Macken's. He seemed to think one of the bedrooms I described, better than sleeping in the street, and was for trying them, though, as an actual fact, he walked off in company with a youthful touter, who was going to show him some wonderfully good and cheap place. I met my friend again and for the last time, in the Exhibition Building on Monday evening, when he informed me that the youthful touter's place proving utterly inadmissible, he went on to Macken's, and informed the boots he had been directed there by me. The boots thereupon expressed the hope that I should return, and at once showed my friend into a good bedroom on the *first floor*. I was very glad thus to hear, that my firmness had produced fruit so early, and that, too, without giving offence. I am also particularly pleased to add that my friend stated that Macken's was the best hotel he had stopped at during a month's holiday in Ireland. As to myself, after leaving Macken's, I tried Morrison's Hotel, which was full, then the Prince of Wales, a commercial establishment in Sackville Street, which was also full, and finally the Imperial Hotel, where I was at length accommodated with a pretty good bedroom, though on the top floor. I did not go out again during the evening. The Exhibition was not open to-night.

Sunday, October 8.—The beautiful weather we have lately had, is evidently drawing to a close. The morning is wet, otherwise I intended to walk to the Phœnix Park before church. About half-past ten o'clock I left the Imperial Hotel to proceed to Christ Church Cathedral, which I found my way to after some enquiries. It is a fine though by no means magnifi-

cent building, and contains some interesting monuments. The service was very well performed, and the well-filled church, fervour and devotion, formed a striking contrast to the country churches and congregations. The Fenian movement was now approaching that stage which ultimately led to the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* Act, and the arrest of the leaders, and the sudden collapse of the whole conspiracy. The anthem, therefore, seemed to be selected as if appropriate to the present state of affairs. It was from the second Psalm. Certainly two or three of the verses seemed to strike home. 'Why do the heathen so furiously rage together, and why do the people imagine a vain thing? Let us break their bonds asunder and cast away their cords from us. He that dwelleth in heaven shall laugh them to scorn, the Lord shall have them in derision.' The sermon also had reference evidently to the existing state of society in Dublin. The text chosen was from the seventh chapter of Zechariah, and part of the tenth verse, 'Let none of you imagine evil against his brother in your heart.' From what the preacher said, I imagine that a kind of panic just now periodically prevails in Dublin, every one entertaining suspicions of his neighbours. Such a state of feeling no doubt presents one of the most dreadful features of civil war or commotion. After the service I walked past St. Patrick's Cathedral, and viewed the exterior, which is very grand. Then through Harold's cross and Roundtown to Rathfarnham.

I spent the remainder of the day with some relatives of mine here, who were much surprised to see me, and still more so when I stated that I had been upwards of

two months in Ireland, and had walked from Belfast round the country to Dublin. I was amused also at my friends starting the same objections and raising the like difficulties as to my mode of travel which so often, and again and again, I had met, and answered in the course of my travels, but which are now fast fading away, for my long journey nears its conclusion, my solitary wanderings are drawing to an end. I stayed the night at Rathfarnham. It is a suburban village prettily situated at the foot of the Dublin mountains, and containing many villas and residences. In the village itself I observed nothing particular, except that 'Beeds' were to let at one house. What would the owner have thought, if I had gone in and asked for a thousand of them to purchase, and take away? One thing, however, is clear—this person is fortunate enough not to have a single enemy, or surely he or she would soon be informed of this incorrect spelling. It is no doubt an enviable thing, to read in a biography or an obituary of some distinguished man, that he never made an enemy; but is such a peaceful mode of passing through life always attended with advantages?

Monday, October 9.—After breakfast this morning, I parted from my friends, and walked through Rathgar and Rathmines, suburbs with elegant houses, to Dublin. I first went to the Post-Office to change an order. I regret that, neither on Saturday nor to-day, did I find the officials at all civil. There is an old proverb, which says that 'civility costs nothing,' and as an elderly man remarked lately in my presence, apropos of a row near him, in the pit of a theatre, 'a little courtesy will go a long way,' and when displayed towards a stranger

travelling alone in a strange land, it will go a very long way indeed.

I then ascended the Nelson Monument, from which a good bird's-eye view of the whole city is obtained. Such view, however, is not altogether satisfactory. You are too near the houses, and too immediately above them. I like the plan—which I generally adopt—of obtaining a general view of a town or country from an eminence. But then you should not be too close, or you will see too much. At a distance, and with the aid of a little imagination, you can realise the idea, for a few brief moments, that the town in the valley there contains everything that is beautiful, good, and great.

Then on to Trinity College. There is a very small museum here, the principal curiosity of which is an old Irish harp. I inspected the hall—where a dinner for a moderate price is served to those members of the college, who wish to partake of it on every day of the year—and the chapel. Here the cicerone considered his duties to be over, so I sauntered through the great quadrangle. Here a young man in cap and gown suddenly came up, and shook me warmly by the hand, as if we were old friends. At first, though of course I responded to the greeting, I supposed he had made some mistake, as I could not recollect ever meeting him before. But after one or two remarks, it dawned upon me that he formed one of the four in whose company I ascended Mangerton Mountain. Recognition, on the undergraduate's part, was more easy than mine. He had most materially changed his habit, but mine remained unchanged. My friend very kindly showed

me over a new wing, recently added to the college, and also the library, which is very capacious, and well adapted, with its many recesses, for study, though my friend said that, for the purposes of real work, he preferred the quiet of his own rooms, with which sentiment most frequenters of public libraries, however well managed, will be inclined to agree. This young gentleman also spoke with the gratifying experience of success, for he had recently come out the first in his class, and, no doubt, thoroughly enjoyed the short and well-deserved holiday tour he had just taken.

I parted from my friend—to meet, I fear, no more—in the quadrangle, and started for the Exhibition Building. I passed through St. Stephen's Green, a splendid square of houses, with a most extensive enclosure. I found the Exhibition very much like a miniature of the English International in 1862. There were the same collections of fabrics and articles, and the same picture galleries, though all on a much smaller scale. As my time was so limited, it was indeed a comfort to find that the building could be seen, and walked over, though certainly not explored, in so short a time. The spinning machines for flax particularly interested me, after my travels through the north. I was informed by the gentleman I met at Strabane, that there was here some fine flaxen material expressly manufactured for the Princess of Wales, which, however, I failed to find.

About four o'clock I left the Exhibition, *en route* for the Phœnix Park. On my way along the quays, I strolled into the Hall of the Four Courts. Some repairs were going forward, and a workman came up,

as I was standing in the centre of the Hall, and asked me if I would like to see the Court where the celebrated Mrs. Yelverton's case was tried. I was rather taken aback, as they say in the vulgar tongue, at the idea of having come on such a ridiculous errand. However, as, either way, I wished to see the Courts, I replied, 'Yes.' The man then took me into the Court of Common Pleas, and having seated me in the Judge's chair, where I felt very much like a fish out of water, he said, 'Here Chief Justice Monahan sat, who tried the case.' I was then requested to shift my position, and appear in the witness-box, which having done, the man seated himself opposite, and said, 'Now, there Mrs. Yelverton stood while she was being examined, and just hereabouts sat Major Yelverton.' I thought at first this self-constituted cicerone must be a bit of a wag, as they say, and be playing off some practical joke; but it was all done so seriously, that I became persuaded he was in earnest. No wonder, after this, that Mrs. Yelverton's Readings should attract audiences. The other Courts, I was informed, are similar in size to that of the Common Pleas. I must confess I was rather disappointed with the much-vaunted Hall of the Four Courts. The exterior presents certainly a grand appearance, but the Hall is small in dimensions, though the idea, borrowed no doubt from Westminster Hall, is good. The Courts in dimensions are only about the same as those of the Metropolitan County Courts. But no doubt I saw the celebrated Hall of the Four Courts under disadvantages. Repairs in progress, and workmen about, and rubbish scattered here and there, gave the place somewhat the appearance presented by the unfurnished or uninhabited house, or of the mansion

and grounds which have been long to let. Probably a different aspect would be given to the state of things when the Courts are seen in full working order, with venerable judges sitting on the bench, counsel pleading or pacing up and down, or walking quickly to and fro, in the Hall, or discussing knotty briefs with excited clients, and all the other paraphernalia of justice.

I then walked on to the Phœnix Park, but by the time I reached the Wellington Monument, it was twilight, and I could only see imperfectly the dimensions of this far-famed enclosure. I then returned, and entered the Exhibition again for the evening. Here, in the first-class Refreshment Room, I am sorry to say, I had to complain of an overcharge, for it was the only occasion during my travels in Ireland. I had a cold meal of chicken and ham, roast beef, and veal and ham pie, bread and a pint of beer, and for this I was charged three and sixpence. I complained to the head-waiter. He produced the Bill of Fare, according to which a regular dinner was forthcoming for two and sixpence; so this put him clearly out of court, as allowing sixpence for the beer, there was clearly an overcharge of sixpence. I appealed to my experience of the International Exhibition, to the effect that a better cold collation was served there for two and sixpence, including beer, but the underwaiter, who said he was there, denied my statement. I appeal, however, to many among my readers, whether, at the International Exhibition, they did not partake of chicken and ham, cold meat, and veal and ham pie, all or either of these according to fancy or appetite, with potatoes, salad, and pickles, for two shillings. I was told Ireland

was not England, as indeed it is not. The head-waiter then, as evidently an afterthought, said, that according to the *carte*, the dinner was to be served up to eight o'clock, and as it was now past that hour, the meal must be treated as one of courses, and on that principle I had been charged moderately. Here I fairly lost my temper, and declaring the matter an imposition, and putting down the three and sixpence, left the room. I had no sooner, however, emerged into the crowd, than I felt sorry for this exhibition of anger for so slight an overcharge, and was half inclined to return and apologise to the waiters, particularly as, throughout, they were civil, which is not always the case on these occasions, for, when once the barrier of respect is thrown down, a gentleman is often attacked with a torrent of abuse, which he finds it difficult to know how to encounter. But, on turning the matter over, I could not discover that the waiters were right, and consequently myself in the wrong, for, though there was no fish for dinner, the charge nevertheless looked, as they say vulgarly, 'fishy.'

The Exhibition closed at ten o'clock, and I returned to the Imperial Hotel, which, I may mention, I found comfortable, and also economical. I was sorry to see so little of Dublin, but the general course of my travels precluded a longer stay. A convenient practice for tourists in Ireland to pursue, and which I found many of them I met adopting, is to make Dublin your head-quarters, leaving heavy luggage there, and then to go out on short excursions, to the different interesting parts of the country. The railway companies seem to encourage this plan of travel, by issuing ex-

cursion tickets on favourable terms. One advantage of this method of travel, in a country where so much rain prevails, is, that you can return to Dublin if the weather prove unfavourable, where, in museums and other in-door places, the time may be profitably spent until the sunshine again tempts the tourist to seek the country, and its varied beauties.

CHAPTER XXV.

Santry—Swords, and Antiquities there—Mystery of the Round Towers—A homely Landlady—A bad Egg—My Hostess's View of the Fenian Movement—The Green Ribbon—Malahide—Balrothery—Balbriggan—Gormanstown—Aspect of the Country—Out of Dublin into Meath—Drogheda pronounced Droyda—Courtesies to Strangers—The River Boyle—Enter Louth—The Ruins and Crosses at Monasterboice—Torrents of Rain—Dunleer—Castlebellingham—Dundalk—The Hotel there—Church and Lord Roden's Grounds—Roman Catholic Chapel—An eccentric Commercial Traveller—A new Stipendiary Magistrate—Shutting the Door—Irish Conviviality—Remarks on Travel in the central Counties—Hotel Bills.

Tuesday, October 10.—I left the Imperial Hotel, Dublin, this morning at half-past seven o'clock. It was fine. I was soon out in the country, for London is the only city where it is possible to linger long in the suburbs. The roads, from the recent rain, had become clean and soft, and such as to invite a long walk. The first place which attracts my attention is Santry. This is quite a model village; the houses are remarkably good, and the whole aspect of the place pleasant in the extreme. Then on to Swords, about seven miles from Dublin. This place is celebrated for its antiquities, which consist of the remains of a church, round tower, and castle. The round tower is one of the most perfect in Ireland. I am sorry not to be able to give the reader some account of these curious structures, so peculiar to the country, and about which

so much has been said and written and so many conjectures formed; but without extracting or abridging the information on this subject contained in Dr. Petrie's learned work, which, by the way, I have not read, I have no means of doing so. The round towers of Ireland meet the traveller at every turn, but they look down upon him from behind the centuries without containing any tablet, memorial, or record of their strange origin and purpose. All is silent here! A silence which may be felt! For as the stranger sits down and calmly surveys one of these round towers he becomes lost in astonishment; wrapt in wonder the imagination goes back to past ages, but finds no resting-place; there all is enveloped in doubt and obscurity.

Having surveyed the remains, I sought out the inn to have some breakfast. Here I found a most homely and pleasant landlady, such as I expected to find commonly at Irish country inns. I first took my seat in the tap-room, assuming indeed there was no better, for at an inn I think it is best to reverse the practice of taking the lowest place, and to obtain as of right the best quarters accessible. But presently the hostess came and escorted me into an inner room, where the breakfast was neatly laid out, and a newspaper was forthcoming. The only slight point of variance was about the quality of an egg. I maintained that it was a bad one, but the old lady insisted that it was perfectly good, and had only turned that colour 'in the biling;' however, as she did not press the point, but at once volunteered to procure another, I did not further argue the matter. I may here remark how wonderfully good the eggs are in Ireland. Only on three occasions

throughout my travels did I meet with a bad egg, namely, at the Victoria Hotel, Belfast, the Imperial, Dublin, and here. I had some talk with my hostess as to the Fenian movement. She made very light of the matter, and said it was all owing to the attornies, counsel, and newspapers, who had made a great fuss out of nothing. There was a young man taken up here as a Fenian, the only evidence against him being that he wore a green ribbon round his hat. This act seemed to excite her most supreme contempt. I was reminded by it of the lucky circumstance, that in selecting my hat I had chosen one with a black ribbon as the more sombre colour. Had I unfortunately selected a green ribbon I should in the most perfect innocence have subjected myself to a good deal of suspicion, of the cause of which I should have been most profoundly ignorant; for until now, strange as it may appear, my attention had not been directed to the colour appropriated as a badge by the Fenians. I believe, however, that had I appeared at the inn at Swords late at night with the fatal green ribbon round my hat, this good, kind, old-fashioned, hospitable woman would have given me food and lodging.

On again. Nearly opposite Swords you have a pretty view of Malahide, a small watering-place. Then through Balrothery, where there is a round tower, Balbriggan, and Gormanstown, to Drogheda. The country along here is fine, and you catch occasional glimpses of the sea, with here and there a bay or inlet. Near Gormanstown you pass out of the county of Dublin, and enter that of Meath. On reaching Drogheda—pronounced, by the way, Droyda—it was dark. I

applied for a bed at the Imperial Hotel, but was told by the landlady that they were full. At first I thought this statement a repetition of what I had encountered in some other quarters, but on further enquiry I found that the Sessions were now being held in the town, and after that information of course I implicitly believed the hostess. Further on in the same street I was very well accommodated at an hotel, the name of which I forget, and it is not downin my notes. The distance from Dublin to Drogheda is about thirty-two miles. The river Boyle falls into Drogheda Bay.

Wednesday, October 11.—I walked out before breakfast this morning to see the town of Drogheda. I went through St. Lawrence's Gate, a finely preserved old castellated ruin. Then down to the harbour and saw the railway bridge over it, consisting of fifteen arches, twelve of one kind and three of another. I looked at the old bridge, which is apparently being pulled down, and a new one erected in its place. I left Drogheda at half-past eleven o'clock. The day was wet. I was directed out of the town by a man. I did not wish to trouble him. 'But surely,' he said, 'I may do this small thing for a gentleman I shall never see again.' There is, I always think, something touching in the slight courtesies which strangers pay to one another. Poor fellow! he said that he was run at on one occasion by a mad bull, which had made him very nervous ever since. I cross the bridge over the river Boyle and enter the county of Louth. At a distance of about five miles I turned aside to the left, and visited the ruins of Monasterboice. They consist of a round tower, two churches, and particularly of

three gorgeous crosses, said to be the finest in Ireland. Two of them are covered with devices of various kinds. A third was pulled down by Cromwell's soldiers, and the three pieces are lying on the ground. There is also an old monument to one of the native Irish kings. I was directed to Monasterboice by a boy, who left me in a field in sight of the place and went to his cottage. I gave him a small gratuity, and this brought out his brother to look after the stranger. This second boy showed me about the ruins. He pointed out on one of the crosses a fryingpan with a woman's hand, the tradition of which is that she was frying some food on a Sunday when her hand became stuck to the frying-pan, so that it could not be removed. The device is certainly a strange one, and this legend concerning it is probably as near the truth as that which has no doubt been discovered by many antiquaries. I was in hopes that the boy had a number of other such stories to tell, but his information began and ended with the frying-pan. It was pouring in torrents, and I fancied the rain might have damped the boy's memory, but after some probing questions I found that his store thus early was exhausted.

I then rejoined the high-road, and passed through the small town of Dunleer, seven miles by the direct road from Drogheda, but about ten miles by the détour I have come. Then through Castlebellingham, eight miles from Dunleer. This is a pretty little town. The church and school and surrounding houses are most romantically situated. Then on seven miles to Dundalk, which place I reached about half-past seven o'clock. It had been raining more or less all day, and latterly

in torrents. I was nearly wet through, and my boots were in a most dirty condition. I applied at the principal hotel, Arthur's, for a bed. The young man I spoke to went into an inner room, and as some interval elapsed I was afraid under the circumstances that some foolish suspicion or other was brewing. I could not help on these occasions feeling that there was some ground for suspicion. Fancy! only fancy, a tourist on pleasure bent, appearing at an hotel late at night, thoroughly hot, weary, wet, and dirty. Does not the thing seem incredible? In the present instance, however, the young man shortly appeared, and said that I might have half the young woman's bed. I could only smile in reply, for to have pursued the matter in the same vein would have been wanting in gallantry towards a virtuous girl. But this unseasonable banter had the effect of making me feel at once thoroughly at home. Presently a good-looking young woman appeared, and said with great simplicity that I might have No. so-and-so. I replied I did not know the room, but I presumed it would be large enough. 'Ah,' said a common fellow standing near, 'that'll hold he well enough.'

Thursday, October 12.—A very wet day. I was unable to leave Dundalk. In the afternoon the weather cleared up a little. I walked out and saw the church, which is very old, with a tower covered in the lower part with ivy, and with a steeple of wood coated with copper. This, discoloured by the weather, looks very peculiar. I walked in the grounds of the Dundalk demesne belonging to Lord Roden. The house is a small brick one. There is a muddy stream with a bridge. From

here the view of the grounds and church and house is very fine and romantic. A boy was collecting sweet chesnuts in the grounds, and I joined him for a while. I was reminded of my own boyhood, and recommended him to put the chesnuts in a jar and bury them against Christmas. Strange he had never thought of this as regards sweet chesnuts, but had buried horse-chesnuts against the time of some eve, when they were burnt. On leaving the grounds I visited the Roman Catholic chapel, which looks well outside, and has a magnificent interior.

It was now time to return to the hotel to partake of some dinner, which two young fellows had the forethought to order early in the day. There was a new arrival, a commercial traveller, who afforded me some amusement by emphasising every order to the waiter by the word 'quick!' 'Waiter, bring me a half glass of whisky, quick!' 'Waiter, when will that 'ere dinner be ready, quick!' This last order struck me as particularly cool, inasmuch as in the ordinary course of things he would have come in for a pot-luck dinner, instead of the regular meal which was forthcoming through the forethought of others. At length four of us sat down to dinner. I thought the new comer would prove somewhat obstreperous, but the contrary was the case. He turned out agreeable in the main. On only one matter did he become a little restive. He made the remark that a great many glasses of whisky and water must have been drunk on this table. This led to some enquiries from the waiter, and elaborate calculations on my part, when our friend said that such abstruse questions were not suitable for discussion at

dinner. I gently reminded him that he commenced the topic, to which he good-naturedly assented, and the matter dropped. Another of the guests here is a barrister, just appointed stipendiary magistrate of the district. He came in to a late dinner. The English 'Times' which he had and left about, was much in request during the day, being a rarity at an Irish inn. I engaged the magistrate in some little conversation about the Fenians, but he was evidently on his guard and could not be brought to say much. However, he volunteered one observation, the expression of his surprise that none of the middle classes should have joined the movement. In the course of the evening the stipendiary in quitting the room left the door open. 'I wish,' said a gigantic commercial traveller just arrived, 'that our new stipendiary would shut the door after him.' The commercial was busy with his papers, and had to rise for the purpose of shutting the door. I thought this remark very true. However great or distinguished a man may be, he soon becomes a bore unless he observes the common courtesies of life. Suppose yourself staying for a month in winter time in a cold country house with the Prime Minister, Chancellor of the Exchequer, or Poet Laureate, who on going out of the room habitually left the door open. Would not our respect for these mighty characters give way before some pettish feeling of the moment?

During dinner two country gentlemen entered the coffee-room, one elderly, the other young, and sitting down by the fire ordered a half glass of whisky and water each. One half glass led to another, and that to others, until about eight o'clock, when the elderly

gentleman's car was announced by the waiter. This of course led to another half glass of whisky and water, but then a game of billiards was proposed and they retired to the billiard-room, where, I presume, the same process of half glasses went on, to judge from their state of exhilaration when they again appeared in the coffee-room. Then oysters and porter were ordered, and when I retired about ten o'clock they were still seated at table, and one of the guests at breakfast next morning stated that when he retired much later they were not gone. At supper the younger of these two told a story to his elder companion which well illustrates the laxity of the Irish system of police. He said that one night in company with two boon companions, who, however, were too far gone to render more than the most trifling assistance, he put out every street lamp in the town, beginning at one place he mentioned and ending at another. Now such a thing could not occur in a much smaller town anywhere in England.

The conviviality on the part of these gentlemen this evening represents a very common occurrence in Ireland. I was at first surprised at the apparently abstemious habits of the Irish gentry. To take only a half glass of whisky and cold water seemed to be the excess of moderation. But I quickly discovered that the half glass was merely the thin side of the wedge, and only a prelude to a night's jollification, whereat the number of whole glasses of whisky and water drunk by each individual would be somewhat startling. The practice is generally about as follows. A party of three or four gentlemen meet at an inn and

propose to take a half glass of whisky and cold water each. After a little conversation, in the course of which the half glasses are drunk, a discussion arises as to what they shall take next—shall it be wine, beer, or brandy, or whisky? The decision, as might be expected, is generally in favour of the national liquor, and the order goes forth, 'Waiter, another half glass of whisky all round.' Then some more conversation, and after less discussion a similar order. As the talk becomes warm, in a kind of interlude, some one of the party who may happen to be older or looked upon as leader, takes upon himself to give the waiter a like order, which is now repeated again and again in a haphazard manner, sometimes by one and sometimes by another, or by two or all. After about two hours thus spent, and when the party are thoroughly hilarious and uproarious, though rarely drunk, or, to use a more refined expression, intoxicated, there is a pause in the conversation, and a discussion ensues as to the propriety of going home. This proposition is generally carried, that is so far as the second reading or principle is concerned. Then a further discussion ensues as to what they shall have before going home, and after various liquors being considered the almost invariable conclusion arrived at is the favourite order for another half glass of whisky, which is repeated two or three times, and then the party breaks up, and the surprise is that they can assume a standing position at all, but somehow or other a party of Irish gentlemen will generally contrive to leave an inn in good order and so as to avoid anything like scandal. At these convivial meetings cigars sometimes prevail, but so far as my observation extended

I should say that the Irish, taking the classes or whole people generally, are not such great smokers of tobacco as the English.

At the next stage I pass out of the eastern province of Leinster. I regret that I have seen less of this province than of either of the others. The counties I have walked through more or less are Wexford, Wicklow, Dublin, Meath, and Louth. The seven remaining counties I have not visited are Longford, Westmeath, King's County, Queen's County, Kilkenny, Kildare, and Carlow. These, with the counties in the other provinces I did not visit, namely, Monaghan and Cavan in Ulster or the north, Limerick and Tipperary in Munster or the south, and Roscommon in Connaught or the west, form more or less the central counties of Ireland. I can only speak of them thus generally from the descriptions of other travellers. I should say that these central counties are not at all suitable for the pedestrian traveller, nor, indeed, the tourist in search of mere pleasure or recreation. Here and there, however, in these counties will be found an exception to this general description. Roscommon contains some pretty scenery, and there are mountains and passes in Tipperary, and the course of the Shannon above Limerick is, I believe, worth exploring. A large extent of bog-land is comprised within the range of these central counties. I have seen a map attached to some book of travels showing the position of this bog-land, and certainly the configuration is very extensive. But though these central counties possess few attractions for the tourist, yet a car journey through them would prove most interesting to the enquiring and ad-

venturous traveller. I am inclined to think also that some of these counties, such for instance as the King's County and Queen's County, would be found in a higher degree of civilisation than many other parts of Ireland.

In pursuance of my plan for the benefit of the economical reader I give here two hotel bills as specimens of the charges in the eastern province of Leinster.

Imperial Hotel, Sackville Street, Dublin.

1865.	s.	d.
Oct. 7.—Dinner	3	6
Sherry	1	6
Lodging	2	0
Servants	1	0
,, 8.—Breakfast	2	0
Lodging	2	0
Servants	1	0
,, 9.—Washing	1	3
Paper	0	2
Soda	0	6
Lodging	2	0
Servants	1	0
	17	11

Arthur's Hotel, Dundalk.

1865.	s.	d.
Oct. 11.—Tea and Chops	2	0
Hotel and Chambermaid	2	0
,, 12.—Breakfast	2	0
Dinner	2	0
Punch	0	6
Hotel and Chambermaid	2	0
Breakfast	2	0
	12	6
Waiter, 1*s.*; Boots, 6*d.*	1	6
	14	0

CHAPTER XXVI.

Pedestrianism puzzling to Waiters—View of Dundalk from the Bridge—An accidental change of Route—Village of Flurry Bridge—Out of Louth into a corner of Armagh—An asthmatic Guide—A Mountain Path—Worn-out Boots—Offer of a Pony—A sympathetic old Woman—Nature of Scenery—Come astray—Difficulties of a Short Cut—A very fine View—A suggested Excursion—A faithful Guardian of the Homestead—Narrow Water and Ferry—Cross into County Down—Warrenpoint—Rosstrevor—Wedding Parties—Sanxter's Hotel—Party there—Distance from Dundalk—Civility of Irish Car-drivers to Pedestrians—The Mourne Mountains, Killowen—Kilkeel—Change from Fine to Wet—Again in Ulster—Country people's Expressions there about the Weather—Annalong—Bloody Bridge and Waterfall—Advantage of Walking in Rain—Newcastle—Annesley's Hotel—Dundrum—The Castle and View therefrom—Clough—Seaforde—A Funeral—Crinolines—A Fenian—Ballynahinch—Mrs. Walker's Hotel—A fine old Dog—A *Ruse*—The Distance.

FRIDAY, October 13.—Pedestrian travellers seem to puzzle waiters a good deal. They are never in a hurry, while others are rushing to and fro and declaring loudly that they will be too late for the train. Thus this morning, while the rest are going off by the omnibus, I am sitting quietly in the coffee-room reading the paper. The waiter rushes in very considerately at the last moment, to ask if I am going by this train. 'No, I am walking.' I left Dundalk this morning about twenty minutes past ten o'clock. From the bridge on leaving the town you have a fine view of Dundalk and the bay. In the rear rise the Mourne Mountains with

Slieve Gullion towering above the rest. To the left a good view is obtained of the abbey covered with ivy, with the modern church on the hill above. From the town the scenery continues good, consisting principally of the ranges of the Mourne Mountains. On the road I observe good direction-posts and milestones.

I had intended to proceed from Dundalk to Newry to-day, and thence by stages to Belfast, being desirous now to bring my travels to a termination, but, as often happens to pedestrian travellers, my route was changed by mere accident. Shortly after leaving Dundalk I fell in with an intelligent countryman, who advised me to make what according to his account would be a short détour over the mountain to Rosstrevor, and thence, of course by another short distance, to Newry. I need scarcely add, perhaps, that the information thus given proved very inaccurate as regards distances; though in the result I did not regret following this man's advice, as thereby my journey to Belfast proved much more picturesque and interesting than would have been the case had I pursued my intended route through Newry. There is, however, some very wild and desolate country between Dundalk and Newry, which would perhaps repay the pedestrian to explore.

Until between the seventh and eighth milestone from Dundalk I keep to the main road. At or near the village of Flurry Bridge, prettily situated in a hollow, I pass out of the county of Louth, and traverse a corner of that of Armagh. Just after leaving the village, and beyond the junction of the old and new roads from Dundalk, I took a path to the right, leading over the mountain. A countryman kindly insisted on showing

the way, though by so doing he brought on a bad attack of coughing. I sat down on a stone for some time for him to recover, but at last thought it best to wish him good morning, and thus allow him to walk his own pace. On looking back shortly afterwards I was glad to see the poor man joined by a sympathetic woman, a neighbour. The path indeed was hilly and trying, even to the pedestrian, but it soon became much worse, and then rugged and stony. My boots had now worn so thin as not to be a protection against a stone. Latterly I was in daily fear that the boots would appear with them in fragments, having broken to pieces in the cleaning. To a person seeing me from a distance I must have resembled very much the picture of a man doing penance in the olden time by walking between hot ploughshares. At least so I presume from the way I was now addressed. A countryman called out suddenly from a field near a house, 'How far be'st gwoing?' 'I don't know.' 'Thee daun't knaw?' 'No.' 'Where be'st gwoing?' 'To the ferry.' 'Ah, thee be'st right for that, because I were thanking that if the stones did hurt your feet we would have out that 'ere pony of ourn for he to ride.' 'Thank you, I will walk.' 'Well, straight on, although there be several short cuts and windings to them as knows the way.' 'Thank you.' I am sure a pony here would have been of very little assistance, unless very sure-footed. My impression is that we should have tumbled down together, each blaming the other, and with faults on both sides. Two or three miles further on I met an old woman who gave me her sympathies on the badness of the travelling, and some

directions as to the route to the ferry. The scenery here is wild and desolate, with a valley underneath, but without anything very striking. After some distance I reach a boy at work, who, with a peculiar smile of triumph on his countenance, says, 'You have come astray, sir.' In reply to my enquiry how, he explains that I should have taken a certain winding path over the hill yonder, but to my relief he admits that I may as well now go forward as back. I then emerge into a road which I see winds round the valley, and I determine to follow it and pursue no more short cuts, at least for to-day. But on enquiring of a peasant woman here who is standing outside her cottage the way to the ferry, she becomes so persuasive, as to the shortness of the path down there through the fields instead of the long way round the road, that I find myself again committing myself to the labyrinthian difficulties of a short cut. On and down, and thump thump, until of course I soon see my folly. About midway, however, I am rewarded somewhat by one of the finest views I have seen in Ireland. I am standing on a lofty hill. At my feet there is flowing by a mountain stream. Expanded before the eye there is the whole extent of Carlingford Bay. To the left is the Newry river winding its way through a beautiful valley, while below is Warrenpoint, which though not very picturesque nevertheless gives variety to the scene. In the distance rise the Mourne Mountains in all their grandeur. Altogether the panorama is enchanting, and the sun is shining and giving brightness to the picture. I should strongly recommend the visitor to Warrenpoint or Rosstrevor to make an excursion to this lovely spot.

The prescription would be as follows. Take a car to Narrow Water—for of course a walk of three or four miles at the sea-side would be out of the question—then cross the ferry and ascend the hill. Enjoy the view. Sit, stand, flirt, eat, drink, read, sketch, write, according to taste or inclination. Then return to your destination the same way.

The wild and rugged path ends at last at a place called Narrow Water, where there is an old castle. I had to give up the path in despair and make my way through a cottage garden. The dog, that faithful guardian of the homestead, was absent on the hill, but seeing or hearing my movements he quickly returned, and as I passed down the lane, there the faithful creature was at another ingress to the house barking and preparing to dispute my entrance. At Narrow Water there is a ferry. I cross to the other side into the County Down and proceed to Warrenpoint, a watering-place about two miles distant. This is beautifully situated on Carlingford Bay, and I believe the charges here for lodgings are very moderate, as it has not become a place of fashionable resort. Then on two miles to Rosstrevor, but it is dark before I reach there. Two wedding parties pass me in cars, the bridegroom in each case having his arm around the waist of his bride. The drivers drive quickly, and the parties are a little elevated, but there is no appearance of undue hilarity, still less of intoxication or indecorum. I put up at Sanxter's Hotel. A party consisting of uncle, aunt, and nieces, are occupying the coffee-room, but the ice is not broken on either side. 'Perhaps he is a Fenian,' I hear one of the young ladies say. This impression

probably annoyed me and conduced to silence. One good thing she said. Somebody had told her that the Fenians thought, if successful, to be all kings and queens. The good taste, however, of such a discussion in the presence of a supposed Fenian may be doubted; but perhaps politeness is not a thing to be shown to rebels. The distance walked to-day is about sixteen miles, namely about eight miles from Dundalk to Flurry Bridge, four from thence to the Ferry, and four more from there to Rosstrevor.

Saturday, October 14.—I left Rosstrevor about ten minutes after ten o'clock this morning. It is a sweetly pretty place. The road winds along the Bay of Carlingford, and commands fine views of the little town and the Carlingford and Mourne Mountains, with Warrenpoint in the distance and the village of Omeath on the opposite side of the bay.

On leaving Rosstrevor a car-driver very civilly directed me the best road to take; and as this is my last opportunity of doing so, I would wish to observe that on all occasions throughout my travels I met with the greatest civility and courtesy from the car-drivers. They never ridiculed my proceedings, but on the contrary often complimented me on my powers of walking. I thought such conduct the more creditable, as I was pursuing a mode of travel which, if generally adopted, would deprive the car-drivers of their livelihood. Their occupation would in such case be gone.

The road from Rosstrevor proceeds at the foot of the Mourne Mountains, of which splendid views are obtained, and not far from the sea. There is a good scene from a bridge three or four miles from Ross-

trevor. Two or three miles from Kilkeel there are two roads. I took that on the left, being the shorter, and about as picturesque, though more inland. Through Killowen, where I was particularly struck with the neatness of the farm and other houses in this village. The rooms, and windows especially, presented an air of great cleanliness, and there was a stone seat at the door, on which to sit of an evening and smoke a pipe, or have a chat with a neighbour.

I then pass through Kilkeel, which is ten miles distant from Rosstrevor. This is a small town by the sea-side, but not particularly inviting-looking as a watering-place. The weather during the morning had been beautifully fine and clear, but from here, about half-past one o'clock until half-past six o'clock, when I reached Newcastle, it poured with rain, and the Mourne Mountains and all appertaining to them became obscured in mist. I am now again, after my long travels, in the northern province of Ulster; and I am particularly reminded of such circumstance to-day by the countrymen's expressions about the weather—'A soft day, sir.' This is the only term used in the north with reference to a wet day, whatever it may be, whether showery, rainy, or pouring in torrents. This afternoon the rain is coming down most steadily, and I feel almost annoyed at the unchanged and unchangeable expression, 'a soft day,' so often repeated. Surely, my good man, it is something more than soft. It is rain, wet, drenching, drowning, unless you think I am 'soft' to be out in such weather, in which adaptation of the expression I fear I must agree.

I pass through Annalong, a small place about seven miles from Newcastle, and other villages. About two

miles from Newcastle there is a fine waterfall, at a bridge—I presume that called Bloody Bridge. I also observe other smaller waterfalls. One advantage certainly of walking in the rain is, that you see the mountain-streams, rivulets, and waterfalls to perfection. I approach Newcastle, which is prettily situated beneath the Mourne Mountains. The road here runs close along the shore, and at the extreme end of the place I reach Annesley's Hotel, where I put up. The distance from Rosstrevor to Newcastle is about twenty-two miles. I find Irish milestones along the road to-day. Annesley's Hotel is a very large establishment, and thoroughly clean and comfortable. The good blazing fire proved cheerful and pleasant, after my long walk in the rain. The waiter tells me that the house has been very full during the season, and that frequently they had to turn people away. But now the season has departed, and the hotel is all but deserted, and I am the only occupant of the coffee-room.

Sunday, October 15.—I left Newcastle this morning about half-past ten o'clock. I took the road to Dundrum, passing over a flat sandy country. About halfway I cross a bridge. Then on round to Dundrum, which is a small village or town, with a diminutive pier. I see no vessel of any kind, except a small sailing-boat high and dry on the strand. I ascend to the castle, which is situated on a hill overlooking the town. It consists of a large round-tower, extremely well preserved, enclosed by a wall also very perfect. Besides these, there are the ruins of other buildings adjoining. Near are the ruins of an old mansion. The view from a kind of turret ascended by steps, where I

sat down and wrote these lines, is very magnificent. To the right you have the Mourne Mountains, lying close together, with Slieve Donard towering above the rest. Beneath them there is Newcastle, the houses of which are seen faintly. Then there is an expanse of flat sandy country between Newcastle and Dundrum. The small town of Dundrum occupies the centre of the prospect, with the river winding out to the sea, and the bay beyond. To the left, again, there is an expanse of sandy country, with villages, hamlets, and houses scattered here and there. To the extreme left, Downpatrick is plainly visible. In the rear there is a fine cultivated undulating country. Just before you below, are the ruins of the mansion, and inside the ramparts the ruin of the old tower. On the whole, such a varied and striking prospect is, I should think, rarely to be seen anywhere as that from this turret of Dundrum Castle.

After leaving the castle, I returned down into the road, and continued my progress. As you leave Dundrum you have a good receding view of the Mourne Mountains, and of the castle embosomed in trees. On to Clough, a large village. Here is a small tower, the remains of a castle. Then through Seaforde, a good-sized village. Here is a newly-built church, which looks well. Seaforde House is to the left, and the road proceeds along by the wall of the domain, and to the right is a plantation, with a row of fine laurel trees fronting the road. On through a hamlet, where there is a chapel. I observe a funeral coming up here. From this place I notice the girls wearing crinolines, but for the most part of moderate dimensions. Then through another hamlet where there

is a mill. There is a row or two of good brick-built houses—for the workpeople I presume. Hereabouts, some children playing in a farmyard said, 'There is a Fenian.' Then on to Ballynahinch, by the time I reached which place it was dark. I observed the church at the entrance, and lit up for the evening service it looked very well. The spa is about two miles from the town, and there are lodging-houses and walks, but no hotel; at least, so I am informed by some boys. So I was obliged to put up at Mrs. Walker's hotel in the town. This is, however, though unpretending, a very clean and comfortable inn, and the charges are most moderate. Mrs. Walker and her daughter personally attend to the comfort of their guests. There is a fine old dog in the coffee-room, who puts up his paws and begs in the most amusing style. I give him some bits of tough steak, and envy the dog's superior digestion, but, as I afterwards thought, without reason, for the poor animal is soon stretched on the floor asleep, but with his limbs twitching, and snoring heavily as if disturbed by nightmare or unpleasant dreams. The servant is gone out for the evening, and on retiring I find my room unattended to. Here is a petty difficulty. I do not like directly to ask my hostess' pretty daughter to do a menial office, so on returning to the coffee-room I ring the bell and request her to tell the chambermaid, who only exists in my own imagination, to attend to matters. This *ruse* evidently succeeds, for presently my hostess' daughter returns, and says, with the dignity of a mistress, 'Your room is ready, sir.' The distance to-day is about seventeen miles, namely five from Newcastle to Dundrum, and twelve from thence to Ballynahinch.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Watching the Rain—The Spa—A Fenian Sympathiser—Leave Ballynahinch—State of the Roads—A Comparison—Reflections—Villages of Glassdrummond and Temple—Autumnal Appearance of the Trees—Suburbs of Belfast—Rain, Rain, Rain—Young Women without Umbrellas—Interior Views—Drenching Torrents—A Restaurant—Go on board the Steamer—Farewell to Ireland—Bad Passage—Reach Fleetwood—A Fenian Adventure there—Return to London—Farewell to the Reader.

Monday, October 16.—The large dog was in the coffee-room again this morning, begging his daily bread. An elderly gentleman describes him as an old practitioner. After breakfast there remained nothing for me to do but to watch the rain, which was coming with that steady down-pour which indicates a wet day. It is clear that the long continuance of fine weather, like all things finite, is come to an end at last. I was desirous to walk out and visit the Spa, which I might have done in the early morn had I risen for the purpose; and now the weather forbids any extra excursion. I can take any kind of waters, and have tasted many of them at home and abroad, but if a guide-book speaks truly, I should have been sorely tried by these waters of Ballynahinch, for they are said to be like 'the scourings of an unclean gun.' In the course of the morning a young gentleman on a car came in to have some breakfast. He introduced the subject of

the Fenian movement by saying in that ambiguous way, 'Well, it seems *they* are determined to have Ireland to themselves.' This remark led to some discussion, and the young man quite brightened up when I suggested the possibility of the juries disagreeing on the trial of the Fenian prisoners. This is the only instance I have encountered of a man among the middle classes expressing or showing any sympathy towards the Fenians.

I left Ballynahinch this morning at half-past eleven o'clock, though it was still raining. The roads were in a very broken state. A poor woman I passed, carrying her baby on her back, described the weather as dreadful for travelling, as indeed it was. It required no little resolution to walk this last short stage of about fifteen miles of my long journey; but it would have been pusillanimous in the extreme to give up my plan of travel on account of the discomfort of this its last stage; and yet I feel almost inclined to do so and to take the train to Belfast. I am reminded of the comparison so often drawn between the journey of the traveller and that through life. One of the most painful and pitiable things I ever read of is that of a man sixty years old, or upwards, falling by his own hand. How many trials and struggles, think I, this man must have endured with fortitude and resignation in his earlier years. Even under the most favourable and happy circumstances he must have borne much, and yet he is breaking down in the eleventh hour, when his pilgrimage is all but ended. Perchance, too, some slight thing—the last ounce which breaks the camel's back—has thrown this man's mind off its balance. A domestic annoyance or squabble, a pecuniary difficulty,

a slander, misconduct of a child; trifles—at least compared with the terrible penalty they incur—which in the pride of strength and manhood he would have borne bravely, and brushed off one by one as they occurred in the struggles of life.

It was curious and interesting in these last days of my travels to remember and reflect upon the numerous objections and difficulties which here, there, and everywhere, and again and again, had been raised, or suggested by so many persons during my journeyings as to the mode in which they were pursued. Some indeed of these difficulties proved correct, but for the most part they turned out to be imaginary. However, whether real or imaginary, all the difficulties incident to a walk round Ireland are drawing to a conclusion, or have proved to be chimerical.

I pass through a village called Glassdrummond and Temple also a village, where there is a Co-operative Store Company, Limited—the only one I have seen in Ireland. The trees now present an autumnal appearance, very different to that which their equivalents displayed on commencing my travels, and I am reminded that it takes time to walk round Ireland.

I now approach the suburbs of Belfast. I am nearly wet through and my boots thoroughly soaked. Oh! for one brief hour of sunshine to dry my things—prosaic thought! and gladden my departure from the shores of Ireland; but no—rain, rain, rain—nothing but rain. Rain greeted my arrival at Belfast, and rain now accompanies my departure therefrom. I was surprised to see so many respectable-looking young women in the streets walking without umbrellas. We seemed to ex-

change sly glances as we past, as if there were a kind of freemasonry between us, or we belonged to the same society of fools. In striking contrast with the outward aspect of things looked the interior of the many comfortable houses and fashionable residences I passed. Here was an elegantly-dressed young lady, looking wistfully out at the weather from a well-furnished drawing-room. The day deprived her of a walk, drive, or ride; that was all. There was an old lady propped up on pillows, in an armchair, seated at the fire with her back to the window. To her, perchance, sunshine and rain are alike indifferent; both have lost their significance, as she will probably never leave the house again.

At length, when I reach the main streets of Belfast the rain came down in drenching torrents. I am desirous to find some coffee-house, or place where I can partake of a light meal before going on board the boat, but I see everything to be sold except food. Watches, chains, jewellery, boots, shoes, drapery, stationery, music, clothes, hats, umbrellas, but no eatables. At last, when nearly drenched to the skin, I find a restaurant near the Imperial Hotel, which I enter. I suppose it is opened just here, in order to catch those waverers who may be hesitating between a good high-priced dinner and a cheap moderate one, or perhaps to induce persons staying at the hotel to economise a little, by coming here now and then to dinner. The waiting-girl very kindly took my dripping boots and socks to the fire to dry, and I remained here until near the time of departure of the boat, and then walked to the quay. I returned viâ Fleetwood. When I took my ticket there

was a police-constable lounging about the crowd, and another engaged close to the collector's box in reading a newspaper, as if he had come there to avail himself of the light. Both no doubt were really engaged in looking after persons supposed to be Fenians, but I was not interfered with in any way. I walked on board the boat, which was appropriately enough called the Prince Patrick. She sailed at eight o'clock. Farewell! Ireland. Nevermore will the mysterious stranger be seen wending his way along your country-roads. Never again will he stand on the threshold of a remote inn at nightfall, weary and footsore, seeking food and lodging. Nevermore will he be refused accommodation there. Farewell! Ireland. Perchance a long farewell! As a pedestrian, Farewell for ever!

Tuesday, October 17.—It was a bad passage, and I was very ill. 'This is dreadful work,' said an elderly gentleman on deck in the same condition. Looking at the matter retrospectively I was somewhat relieved to hear a lady in the train say that even the stewardess was sick. Towards morning I had some sleep, and was awoke about six o'clock by the steward, who called out, 'Now, gentlemen, we are going in; you will only just have time to dress for the train.' We reached Fleetwood at half-past six o'clock this morning, being very good time, only half an hour beyond the advertised period of ten hours. On stepping ashore I considered that having reached England all the romance of travel was over; and I should have been inclined to part with the reader here, but it was not so to be. At Fleetwood I encountered a more extraordinary adventure than any which happened during my walk

round Ireland, and I shall relate it in detail for the benefit not only of the reader, but of that gigantic devourer of literature, the future historian; who, it is imagined, will read every book, review, magazine, novel, and newspaper of the period. And the circumstances I am about to relate are certainly peculiarly characteristic of the present state of Irish affairs.

On landing at Fleetwood I had not sufficiently recovered from sea-sickness to render it pleasant to proceed at once by the train then about to start, especially as no business required my immediate presence in London, so I determined to walk about the town, have some breakfast, and then leave by the ten o'clock train. As I walked along the road from the quay a policeman passed me quickly, with some observation about the state of the weather, to which I responded, taking no notice of the circumstance, for I thought he was one of the railway police. I then strolled about the town—which by the way is very clean and well-built of brick—and then on to an enclosure near the sea, which forms a lounge and promenade for visitors. After more than an hour thus spent I was returning to the town, when the same policeman came up again, unobserved by me; and the following colloquy ensued: 'So you are come over to look about you, I see.' 'I have been taking a tour in Ireland, and am now returned.' 'How long have you been in Ireland?' 'Ten weeks.' 'What is your name?' 'So and so. Oh! I see you take me for a Fenian, but you are mistaken.' 'Are you not one by name James Stephens? You answer the description.' 'No, here is my card.' 'Anybody can carry that,' not deigning even to look at it. 'I will show you my

Murray's Handbook.' Equally incredulous. 'I should like you to come and see the sergeant, in order to clear up the matter.' 'I suppose if I refuse you intend to compel me.' 'Such a course will only serve to increase suspicion.' Well, there was something in this view, so I agreed voluntarily to go to the constabulary. It was clear that this policeman, who was I found specially appointed to look after the Fenians, had formed the fixed idea that I was the celebrated James Stephens, the Head Centre. There was then a reward of 200*l.* offered for his apprehension, and the hope of gaining this large sum doubtless stimulated the policeman's imagination. The reader may be reminded that at this time Stephens had not been arrested. After his arrest and escape the reward was very much increased, to I think 1,000*l.* or 2,000*l.*; so that if there were really any resemblance between myself and the Head Centre, travelling on my part in Ireland under such circumstances would have been dangerous indeed!

There were some incidents which no doubt served to raise suspicions in the constable's mind. He said, in reply to my enquiries, that he was on the quay when the passengers landed, and saw me first there, and had watched me ever since. I recollected that I had forgotten to wind up my watch last night, and was doing so at the clock near the landing-place. This would indicate a hurried or troubled mind. Then I had grown so thin from excessive walking, that my clothes hung loosely and required continual adjustment. This would look like a recent change of habit for the purpose of disguise. On my way to the constabulary I told the policeman that I had travelled all round Ireland

without this suspicion attaching to me, that I had seen notices offering the reward for the past two months, and that Stephens by this time must be in America. 'Then if so he is beyond our reach.' But the more I talked the more fixed apparently became the idea in this man's mind that I was James Stephens. It appeared certainly better to remove such a foolish suspicion in these early morning hours, rather than have my footsteps dogged during the remainder of my stay at Fleetwood, and perhaps detained at the last moment while stepping into the train. But these circumstances serve to show how rooted a suspicion may become when it once seizes hold of the mind, and goes far to justify that exact and scrupulous care with which evidence is sifted and examined in our criminal courts of justice.

I felt conscious indeed of a slight trepidation of voice as I approached the station-house, which I think the policeman perceived; for the position was not a pleasant one—that of entering a station-house on suspicion, however groundless or unfounded. On entering the outer room of the constabulary, the sergeant's wife appeared with a look of surprise. The policeman said to her, with an air of authority, 'Call up the sergeant.' Meanwhile the constable exhibited the only point of civility he displayed throughout the transaction. He asked me to take a seat in the inner room, which was full of children; but I excused myself on the ground of there being a fire there, and not having quite recovered from sea-sickness, I preferred the fresh air. This reply evidently excited more suspicion, and he gave me a long searching look, as if he had secured

his man. Probably the policeman thought I did not like to sit down for fear of betraying my changed guise, or perhaps causing a creak or rattle from some concealed revolver. No doubt, the reward would be divided between the sergeant and his mate. What a splendid haul on this early autumn morning! What thoughts of spending, and how one hundred pounds coming as a windfall could be most advantageously applied, must have passed through the mind of this policeman as he was watching my every movement during that hour and a half.

At length the sergeant, a very fine man, appeared in his shirtsleeves. I said: 'Here, this man has been foolish enough to mistake me for James Stephens.' 'You come from the south?' 'Yes.' He then quietly produced the description of the Head Centre, while I stood still as if my portrait were being taken. He read it to himself slowly and deliberately, and looked up at apparently each description of form or feature. He then seemed satisfied that there was a mistake, but still asked questions as to my country, birthplace, residence, profession, and object of travel. All which questions I answered fully, though I felt a little angry, and could not help saying that matters had never come to such a pass as this in Ireland, and they must be more hungry after the money here in England, though a richer country. The constable said, it was not for the money; but the sergeant was more honest, and observed frankly, 'Two hundred pounds, you see sir, is a large sum.' Probably he was thinking of those little ones yonder, and for whom no doubt he found it difficult to provide. In reply to my question, the ser-

geant and constable now expressed themselves satisfied, and the sergeant hoped I was not offended, observing that there were all kinds of bad characters, such as thieves, and others, who come over by this route—a consoling circumstance certainly to those who travel thereby. I replied there was no use in being offended, and wishing them good morning departed. I thought, however, under the circumstances, that a formal or regular apology should have been offered by the sergeant and constable, as it would certainly have been accepted.

I could not help thinking of the contrast between the Irish and English police, and much in favour of the former. Under circumstances like the present, an Irish constable would have beat about the bush a long time. We should have walked together in the most amicable conversation for some time, and at the train probably the Irish constable would have suddenly discovered that he was going in the same direction, or would quietly and unobserved have entrusted the surveillance to a detective. Indeed, I never return from foreign parts without being painfully struck with the want of courtesy on the part of the English people as compared with the inhabitants of the Continent. It seems a pity that my countrymen—here a little of the sweet—who possess more substantial qualities than those of any other race, should not—here the bitter—also add the softening grace and mellowing influence of politeness.

The incident I have just related in detail seemed very strange and unaccountable. It appeared wonderful that I should have walked unmolested round Ireland, and yet on landing in my own country be placed under

a species of arrest—for it was something more than surveillance—on suspicion of being James Stephens, the Head Centre of the Fenians. I could not altogether forget the scene I had just passed through, during the remainder of my journey. I had some breakfast at a coffee-house, and then left Fleetwood by the ten minutes past ten o'clock train. A lady in the same carriage, who has been staying at Belfast, makes some playful remarks on the difficulty of catching Stephens. What would she have thought if I told her of the morning's incident? A pigeon is let fly from one of the carriages. Does it relate to any suspicion about myself? At one of the stations a stout burly-looking official comes to the carriage and stares fixedly at me. Has he been warned of a suspected Fenian?

We pass through Preston, Crewe, Stafford, Lichfield, Rugby, Bletchley, and other places to London, where we arrive at ten minutes past six o'clock in the evening. I have some dinner at a coffee-house, and then walk to my residence.

And now having, after my long wanderings, returned to the place from whence I started, and where I now write, I wish the reader affectionately Farewell!

INDEX.

AAS

Aasleagh, 113
Adragoole, 129
Aghadoe, church of, 222
Annaghdown, ruins of, 162
Annalong, 386
Ardderry, 141
Ardmore, 300
Arklow, 341
Arthurstown, 315
Ashford House, 146
Aughrim River, 342
Avoca, vale of, 346
Avonbeg River, 346
Avonmore River, 342, 346, 348; valley of, 348

Badinage, 117
Balbriggan, 370
Ballinamallard, 59
Ballinderreen, 181
Ballintoy, 290
Ballycastle, 18
Ballycorrig Fair, 308
Ballyhack, 315
Ballykelly, 42
Ballylicky, 270
Ballynacken, castle of, 198
Ballynacorra, 291
Ballynahinch, North, 389
Ballynahinch, West, 138
Ballynakill, 130
Ballysadare, 88
Ballyshannon, 70
Ballyvaghan, 189
Balrothery, 370

CAR

Bantry, Lord, his domain, 262
Bathing, not good in the lakes and rivers, 63; at Leenane, 121
Bealaha, 210
Bed-making, 19
Beds, suggestion for obtaining clean, 161
Beggars, remarks on, 30, 52, 53, 55, 60, 62, 253; a poor idiot, 258
Belfast, 3, 393
Bellahy, 91
Belleek, 68
Bellgrove, 290
Benarm, 259
Benlevy, mountain of, 144
Birds singing, 222, 351
Blackrock, 354
Blarney, 278
Bloody Bridge, 387
Botanists, information for, 146
Boyle River, 371
Bray, 251
Bridge, cost of building a, 209
Brown Flesk River, 222
Bundoran, 74
Burying-place, 102; the strangers', 148; at Ross Abbey, 157
Bushmills, 32
Bye-paths, 156

Caha Mountains, 261
Cairns Hill, 86
Car-drivers, civility of, 385
Car-horses, treatment of, 349
Carlingford Bay, 383

CAR

Carncastle, 10
Carnlough, 10
Carrekenedy, 110
Carrickfergus, 7
Carrick-va-rede, 20
Carrigadrohid, 272
Carrigaloe, 287
Carriganass Castle, 270
Carrig Rohane, 272
Carrynacurra, or Castle Masters, 272
Cars, expense of, 17; travelling by, 79, 110, 117, 119, 138
Castlebar, 103
Castlebellingham, 372
Castle Howard, 346
Castlemartyr, 295
Central Counties, 378
Chicken, 143
Church Establishment, 333
Churchtown, 295
Claddagh, the, 173
Clara Bridge, 348
Clare-Galway, 163
Clarinbridge, 181
Cleggan Bay, islands off, 130
Clew Bay, 106
Clifden, 132
Cliffony, 82
Cliffs of Moher, 199
Climate, 81
Clooneen Castle, 162
Cloonmealane, 222
Clough, 388
Coachford, 272
Coleraine, 36
Collooney, 88
Cong, 144
Constabulary, 326
Conviviality, 376
Cork, 275, 282
Corkscrew Hill, 189
Corned provisions, 165
Corranroo, village and abbey of; 188
Corrib Lough, 144
Cregg, 162
Croagh Patrick, 106, 109
Cross, 155

DUN

Curiosities, a seller of, 137
Curiosity, as to mode of travel, 191
Currabeg Monastery, 162
Cushendall, 15
Cushendun, 17

Dalkey Island, 353
Delphi, 117
Derryclare, Lake of, 138
Devenish Island, 63
Dogs, 99; a crowd of, 198; a fierce animal, 260; another of the like nature, 270; an old practitioner, 390; an inhospitable brute, 341; a faithful animal, 384
Donnybrook, 354
Doonbeg, 209
Dooney Rock, 85
Douglas, 286
Dripsey, 272
Drogheda pronounced Droyda, 370
Dromore, 55
Drumcliff, 83
Dublin, approach to, 356; Merrion Square, 356; public buildings, 357; Carlisle Bridge and principal streets, 357; Macken's Hotel, 357; Imperial Hotel, 359; Christ Church Cathedral, 359; St. Patrick's Cathedral, 360; Post-Office, 361; Nelson monument, 362; Trinity College, 362; St. Stephen's Green, 363; the Exhibition, 363, 365; Hall of Four Courts, 363; Phœnix Park, 365; advice to make headquarters, 366
Dumb animals, treatment of, 136
Duncannon, 315
Duncarbery Castle, 82
Dundalk, 372
Dundrum, 387
Dungarvan, 306
Dungoury, castle of, 181
Dunleer, 372
Dunluce Castle, 32
Dunseverick Castle, 22

EDU

Education, want of, 164
Eggs, 369
Ely Lodge, 64
Enniscorthy, 338
Enniskerry, 350
Enniskillen, 59
Erriff Bridge, 111
Esk Mountain, 259
Esk River, 291

Farmers, 122, 130; daughter of, 144
Farms, acreage and rent of, 48, 59
Farranfore, 222
Fenians, 107; talk with a peasant man about, 199; conversation on subject of, 207; suspicion as to being, 218; story of alarm created by, 219; talk with policeman about, 222; conversation about, 255, 257, 284, 296, 308, 339, 370; an alarmist, 268; expected rising of, 272; disturbance at Dangan, 294; one of them, 304; suspicions of police, 315, 355, 384, 389, 395; a middle-class sympathiser with, 391; causes and consequences of the movement, 328; at drill, 349
Ferns, 338
Fishing, 111, 180
Flax, processes of preparing, 48, 49; price of, 52
Fleetwood, 394
Flurry Bridge, 381
Freagh Castle, 206
Funerals, 223, 388

Galway, 165, 167
Garron Tower, 10
Giant's Causeway, hotel there, 23; the caves, 24
Gill, Lough, 85
Glassdrummond, 392
Glencorrib, 155
Glendalough, Vale of, 348

ISL

Glen Dunn, 17
Glengarriff, 266
Glenharm, 10
Glynn, 9
Gorey, 340
Gormanstown, 370
Grange, 83
Green Fields, 186
Guides, remarks about, 20, 24, 145, 225, 230

Harold's Cross, 360
Hazelwood Park, 84
Headford, 160
Hen's Castle, 144
Hog Island, 214
Hospitality towards strangers, 184
Hotel charges in the north, 33; to a commercial, 54; in the west, 180; in the south, 335; in the east, 379

Inagh, Lake of, 138
Inch, 340
Inchigeelagh, 271
Inishcarra, 272
Innkeepers, inhospitality of, 319
Inns, known by names of proprietors, 15; inhospitality of some of them, 39; roadside 65, 163, 340, 369; festivities at, 95; remarks on by fellow-travellers, 114; proprietor of called 'the master,' 145; incivility at, 165; difficulties of obtaining admission to at night, 186; distinction between Protestant and Roman Catholic, 262; attendance at, 347
Irish—mile, 7; Church Mission, 134; in person, 325; self-confident character, 329; want of a middle-class, 330; division of feeling, 332; gentry, their selfishness or reserve as to cars, 16
Island Magee, 9

JOY

Joyce's Country, 121

Kelp, manufacture of, 133
Kenbane Head, 19
Kenmare, 253
Kilcolgan, 181
Kilgarvan, 253
Kilkee, 210
Kilkeel, 386
Killalough, 199
Killard Church, 210
Killarney, approach to, 223; description of, 224; Roman Catholic cathedral, 225; Lord Kenmare's domain, 225; view from Green Hill there, 225; the Flesk Bridge, 227; Lake Hotel, 227; Muckross Hotel, 230; Abbey of Muckross, 231; grounds of Muckross House, 231; Brickeen Bridge, 231; Dinish Island, 232; Old Weir Bridge, 233; banks of the Long Range, 234; the Tomies Mountain, 234; views of lake district therefrom, 235; O'Sullivan's cascade, 236; Kate Kearney's cottage, 237; a guide, 238; Gap of Dunloe, 238; beauties of, 241; Lord Brandon's cottage, 240; cottage of the dark-eyed Bridget, 240; prescribed programme for seeing the lakes, 245
Killeagh, 296
Killeen, 164
Killeries, 121
Killiney, 353
Killowen, 386
Kilmacthomas, 310
Kilrush, 211
Kiltullagh Castle, 161
Kingstown, 354
Kinvarra, 181
Knocknarea, mountain of, 88
Kylemore, 123; glen of, 128

Laghtgeorge, 163

NAR

Landlords, 322
Laragh Bridge, 348
Larne, 9
Leenane, 113
Lehinch, 205
Lemybrien, 308
Letterfrack, 129
Liscannor, 201
Lisdoonvarna, the hotel, 190, 197; spas, 196; situation of, 198
Lissoughter, mountain of, 139
Listowel, 217
Lodgings, rent of, 205
Londonderry, 43
Lugnabrick, mountain of, 142
Lynch's public-house, 140

Macroom, 272
Malahide, 370
Malahiffe, 222
Mangerton Mountain, ascent of, 246; mountain-dew girls, 247; Devil's Punch Bowl, 248; summit of, 251; descent of, 252
Maps, Wyld's, 36, 42, 51, 57, 149, 150; Cassell's, 214; Stanford's, 214
Mask, Lough, 144
Maum, 141
Maumturk, mountains of, 141
Meals, delay in serving, 124
Meeting of the Waters, 342, 345, 346
Memorials of the dead, 147
Merrion, 354
Middleton, 291
Milestones, remarks concerning, 38, 60, 212
Militia, 8
Milltown Malbay, 206
Monasterboice, 371
Monavullagh, mountains of, 309
Monkstown, 354
Morecambe Bay, 2
Mourne mountains, 380, 385
Moyne Castle, 155

Narrow Water, 384

NAT

National Schools, 114, 155, 256
Nelson Bridge, 318
Newbridge, 346
Newcastle, 387
Newtown, Castle of, 189
Newtownlimavady, 39
Newtown Stewart, 52

Omagh, 53
Oorid, Lough, 140
Oranmore, 181
Owvane river, 270

Passage Road, 287
Passage (Waterford), 314
Passage or Passage West (Cork), 287
Peasantry, their diet, 37; wages, 59; reception in a cottage, 43; paying visits to, 49; an inquirer, 56; a curtsey, 57; a show of learning, 59; nature's garb, 61; a cottager's dwelling, 135; a small cabin, 189; a woman and her pigs, 199; state of cabins in west and south, 263; their early marriages, 289; ideas of distances, 290; an intelligent child, 303; a most agreeable fellow, 308; neat and clean cottages, 309; their expressions about the weather, 386; girls wearing crinolines in the north, 388; their courtesy and politeness, 323; dialect, 325
Pedestrians should refrain from salted articles of food, 212; not walk too quickly, 213; their claims, 277
Pigs, 49
Pleaskin, 22
Police, laxity of system of, 376
Portrush, 33
Port Stewart, 36
Post Director, 287
Potatoes, custom of serving, 90
Potheen, manufacture of, 183, 188

STR

Predecessors, 104
Priest's Leap, 259
Proprietors, liberality of, towards strangers, 135
Provinces, division of country into, 179

Queen's College, 4
Queenstown, 287
Quilty, 208

Rathdrum, 347
Rathfarnham, 360
Rathgar, 361
Rathmines, 361
Recess Inn, 138
Religious Station, 102
Rockmanleigh, 297
Roman Catholic Priests, 129
Ross Abbey, 156
Rosshill, 144
Rosstrevor, 385
Rough Glen, 261
Round Towers, 368
Roundtown, 360
Roundwood, 349

Salthill, 179
Santry, 368
Scattery Island, 214
Seaforde, 388
Seaside, custom of resort to, by peasantry, 14
Seven Churches, 348
Shanfolagh Mountain, 142
Shanganagh, 353
Shehy Mountains, 270
Shindilla, Lough, 140
Sion Mills, 51
Slaney River, 338
Sligo, 83
Spoiling the country, 132
Springfield, 300
Stone, distinction in living in houses of, 46
Strabane, 49

SUN

Sunday, card-playing on, 195
Swineford, 92
Swords, 368

Taghmon, 318
Tarbert, 217
Temple, 392
Testimonial, value of, 151
Tobercurry, 88
Touters, 219
Tralee, 219
Trillick, 57
Tullaghan, 82
Turf as an article of fuel, 152
Turlough, 102

Union Workhouses, 297

YOU

Vinegar Hill, 338

Warrenpoint, 384
Waterfoot, 14
Waterford, 311
Weather, 139
Wellington Bridge, 318
Westport, 105
Wexford, 321, 337
Whisky-Punch, how to make it, 125
White House, 6
White Rocks, 32
Whiting Bay, 300
Wooden Bridge, 341, 344

Yappa, 109
Youghal, 298

LONDON
PRINTED BY SPOTTISWOODE AND CO.
NEW-STREET SQUARE

00060650

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Ms.Vaidehi Thakar
on 06 November, 2019